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# THE BOOKMAN

## MASS EDUCATION

By John Erskine

THE present objection to numbers in American education is a strange thing — the very last notion we might have expected to color our thinking in these years of grace. The war gave us occasion to observe that one quarter of our adult population cannot read or write, and that only a small percentage of the young folks reach high school, to say nothing of college and the technical school. The war also reminded us — especially reminded those who had missed the opportunity — how necessary training is for success in the modern world, and how equally necessary it is for happiness in life. We remembered suddenly that education was one of the great privileges the republic is supposed to offer, and we developed overnight, as it were, a will to get learning of some sort; the young people prepared to go a little further in their studies than they otherwise would have done, and the adults began to use whatever means was available — night schools, extension lectures, correspondence courses — to make up for lost time, or to revive an intellectual interest that had begun to droop. Our schools and colleges are therefore crowded to the doors, and he or she who now comes forward to teach anything is likely to get a welcome almost terrifying in its eagerness and in its generous trust.

All this would seem natural to our history. We are a nation of immigrants, and the ancestors of few of us left any great intellectual opportunity to come here. Some of us, on our arrival, forgot for a time that the mind has its needs; we seemed to have an interest only in the novel chance to make money and to comfort our bodies. If we have found a better wisdom, after experience and second thoughts, isn't the outcome something to be thankful for?

Apparently not. The schools and colleges, instead of rising to what is perhaps the biggest emergency in the record of education, are resolved to keep out the crowds, and the few institutions — a university or two, an occasional lecture system, a correspondence school



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here and there — which try to meet the need, all the greater because so few are trying, are dismissed from our regard with a phrase; they are "intellectual department stores" or "degree factories"; they encourage that bad thing, "mass education".

When you consider it, there is no reason why a university should not be an "intellectual department store" — that is, a place where the community can get any kind of instruction it needs. There are people, of course, who think that a school is necessarily a good one if it does not teach Latin and Greek, and others who feel more cultured because nowhere under the shadow of their alma mater can one learn anything about the domestic arts. But you have to be pretty far gone in your own anæmic fears for culture before you are satisfied with such negative ideals of education, or can be glad that your alma mater meets so few of the world's needs. As for the "degree factory", you have only to look into the records to see that most of the masses now crowding the large institutions are not there for degrees at all; those who expect to teach must have degrees for professional reasons, but the others are after the substance, not the label. These phrases, "intellectual department store" and "degree factory", are harmless. The phrase that carries a sting in it is "mass education". If it does carry a sting, it must be because we are conscious of something really wrong in our education of numbers.

Not in the numbers themselves, but in the way we are trying to educate them. Those colleges which limit their enrolment "in order to give a few students a better training" must in the end sustain a very heavy burden of proof; they select the best students, they say, but they retain the same teachers, and one fancies the instruction will remain much as before. I know colleges which have carried the "limiting" fever into the classes, and boast that they have improved the quality of their teaching because this or that course, which used to be open to anyone who elected it, is now strictly limited to twenty or fifteen. Well, it depends. If the teacher is not a good one, it is better to limit the number of his students — that is, if you can't get rid of him altogether. Similarly, a college should be small if the instruction it imparts is not first rate. But if its faculty contains great teachers, it is a loss for the nation if its enrolment is not large.

Moreover, we forget that the selection of the best students justifies itself only when all the other students have been cared for according to their needs. You can raise up an aristocracy of culture, as a sort of flower of society, but it must flower out of society, not be separated from it. An artist like Poe or like Edward MacDowell seems tragic in his loneliness because so few of his countrymen had at the moment anything like the equipment for appreciating his genius. To develop isolated specimens of culture would be a silly ambition, even if it were possible. Of course each mind should have the training it needs, the best training it can take; the geniuses should have opportunities the others could make no use of. But the moment you try to give each the help he needs, you find your school or college dividing itself up into an "intellectual department store", as it should divide; and when you realize that all your teaching in the classroom is vain if it is contradicted by the spirit or atmosphere of the student's home, you feel bound to carry the opportunity of education into that home, and your school or college is embarked on adult education. So much the better. Thus will end the rubber stamp, the

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stereotype ideal of training, which now lingers chiefly in certain small places where all the students take the same course and develop the same taste in dress.

But when you say that each mind should have the training it needs, you have perhaps touched on what is wrong in mass education. When we see a large number of students crowding into a class it is natural, for some reason I don't know, to imagine that they represent the average mind, and that a kind of instruction less than our best will be what they want. The large classroom would not distress the critic if in it he heard a doctrine inspiring and vital; what he hears most often is a rehash of information already in print. The lessons of the correspondence school would not bother us if they were full of meat, but they are now full of platitude. In other words, we have answered the need by developing systems of distribution, but the quality of what we distribute is too low. My neighbor thinks it is wonderful that his radio enables him to hear someone singing in Baltimore. Yes and no. The distance is great, but the singing is very bad.

To me, mass education means the kind we are giving the masses, the kind we think the masses need or want. I am sure that four fifths of the teachers in American schools and colleges are "teaching down" to their classes, giving them instruction that is often an insult to their intelligence, rarely satisfying their secret curiosity for intellectual things. Since the trouble, as I think, is with the teaching, it would be easy to go on to say that we haven't enough great teachers; of course we haven't. But those we have could aim higher than they do, could give the masses credit for intellectual curiosity and for genuine spiritual insight into the problems of truth and beauty. To assume that a boy has a mind is the quickest way to develop a mind in him, and to assume that he hasn't a mind but needs some training in mediocre information is the beginning of what I call mass education.

The phrase was invented, I think, by devotees of small colleges to express their disapproval of the numbers who went elsewhere. But in the sense in which I take the phrase, mass education is disappearing perforce from the larger places which have highly differentiated their courses, and it lingers chiefly in the educational backwaters where the life of reason has not kept up with sentiment for a beautiful campus or with memories of great men who once did use their minds there. In practically all the recent books of undergraduate life, such as "The Plastic Age", it is the college of this kind that is portrayed, and in all of them is recorded the students' discontent with the inadequate fare offered to them in the classroom. Not that they were taught anything untrue, or that they preferred other subjects to the ones they were taught; but they had come to college expecting to find in the classroom some vision of the human mind functioning at its best — not their mind, perhaps, but at least the teacher's — and they found something which seemed to imply contempt of their brains, or cynical indifference to the old romance of the search for truth.

The teachers must aim higher. Of course we might make some changes in the small traditional colleges, to wake them up. I have often thought we might examine all the students at the end of the sophomore year, and those who proved their ignorance we could present with their A. B. diploma and send home. If one is doing nothing but accumulate college life, two years will suffice to accumulate it all. The other

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students, who had learned something, we might keep on for the four years, and at the end we might give them too their A. B. diplomas. The difference between the two diplomas would be much as it is now. Or it might be a subtler kind of justice to give diplomas only to those who had learned nothing at college, so that no one should go away emptyhanded. This suggestion I like to make to my friends among the graduates of the proud small colleges, who fear that the larger places, grappling however clumsily with the problem of intellectual hunger, may become "degree factories". Yet the real cure is not in such devices of administration, but in the attitude of the teacher.

We do not know, of course, what all these students will need, until we have looked them over. But when we look them over we shall probably discover chiefly what we are looking for. We might remember that the crowds who followed Abelard, or any other magnetic teacher, did not accuse him of indulging in mass education; though they had difficulty in hearing him, they probably did not desire to be divided into small sections and turned over to his assistants. They may not have understood him, but they had met greatness. There is usually no fear that our students do not understand us. Haven't we anything to lay before them that would exalt the spirit and stretch the mind?

One thing they are looking for in our day which can be imparted and multiplied, like the sacred bread, to crowded hillsides, but which cannot be caught in formulas — they are looking for beauty. Those who teach American youth today know how hungry they are for a life of beauty, how tired of ideas chiefly mechanical or economic. This world of machinery is to the elders still new, but to our students it is only their uneventful environment; we remember when automobiles came in, but they were born to automobiles. When we turn to administrative devices to solve our problems, educational among others, they think we are wasting our time over antique methods, not knowing that some of us still remember hopefully the day when administrative methods arrived to light the world. The young people want life, a fine kind of life, with happiness in it, but happiness found through the mind and through beauty. If I seem to praise them too highly, remember that where one appears who teaches in this spirit, the young rarely, if ever, fail to recognize him and to meet his mood. If he had a thousand students at his feet, he would be an individual to each of them, and what he taught would seem the personal word of a friend.

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# CHAPTERS FROM UNWRITTEN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

## VII: TEACHING DAYS

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

MY first — I feel in the spirit of saying my first *charge* — was in a small village on the extreme edge of Baltimore. The schoolhouse, of stone, with gables and a belfry, stood within a few feet of a very green, very sunny churchyard, with all its graves turned eastward. This sounds quite Dickensy, but there was little of mystery, except that of death, about the situation. In front sprawled a common country road, with an occasional house and its garden set along it, and behind stretched long pastures, and the cluttered roofs of a new village in the making.

I cannot remember that this proximity to that quiet acre of land ever affected the imaginations of the pupils; there was never any talk of ghosts; they accepted the whole matter as an unchallengeable fact. A certain thick, glossy leaved brier grew over some of the graves, and toward the middle of May broke out into hundreds of small, cream white roses, fit for a queen's chamber. But no child was ever known to pilfer these exquisite blooms; they blossomed out their two weeks inviolate.

Sometimes the bell in the church across the yard would begin to toll, and if it were the recess hour the pupils would crowd to the gate and, without speaking, watch the solemn people about the opened space in the grass. At other times there were weddings, and in these the girls were more vitally interested. They would perch upon the sills of the second story windows, and comment eagerly upon the satisfying finery of the happy bride and her companions.

It was while in this position that I made the acquaintance of a certain fat, dark eyed lady who was the mother of a diminutive boy by the name of Theodore. Theodore was clear devil, as fat and brown eyed as his mother. He had the unerring faculty of knowing exactly what it was not expected of him to do, and then he did it.

His mother hailed me one morning as I was hurrying down the dusty road.

"Miss Reese, you go and hunt Theodore and take him to school. He won't go for me."

As the small imp was at that identical moment racing across the fields in a perfectly comprehensible attempt to put as much space as was possible between himself and me, this was rather a difficult obligation to lay upon my shoulders.

There was the sea captain's widow with her two daughters whom she wished to educate in order that they might become ladies.

"You see," she used to say, "the captain knew more than I did when I married him, and I don't know nothing. And I want Viola and Enid to be more like the captain than me. Good clothes and an education get you somewhere!"



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Viola and Enid were golden girls when it came to the cooking of a good breakfast or scouring a floor, but they were totally blank on the side of books. In school, outside of a shallow smattering of reading and writing and elementary arithmetic, they were entirely out of place. The situation would have been humorous if it had not been pitiful. The sea captain's widow has always represented to me that class which makes a fetish of the bare fact of going to school.

It was about this time that the genus tramp began to appear. This particular variety of the species was called the Coffee Tramp. According to the round eyed girls and the hardly less excited boys who discussed the matter at the recess hour or in the mornings before school, he was tall, thin, and soft spoken, and his only desire, while a wayfarer and a wanderer on the face of the earth, was for a cup of coffee. Whether it were hot or cold or weak or strong, was immaterial; he drank it down, and was off with a flourish to some other house in the neighborhood. He supplied to these children the place of the should be ghosts of Saint John's churchyard.

No doubt I came upon him occasionally on my lonely walk home in the afternoons; that he was tall and that he was thin I might easily have corroborated, but that he was soft spoken, I had no manner of knowing. If he passed me at all, it was like a shadow in the wind.

The first Baltimore school in which I taught was a high, three storied affair in a narrow and short street, not far from the wharves, and this too was close to an old church.

Everywhere you went in that neighborhood you felt the clutch of the past, for everywhere stood gracious old houses with garret windows and wide stoops, running back to deep and generous gardens. A stone's throw away lifted the great Charles Carroll mansion, once the pride of a proud community, showing in its carved entrance door and a hundred other details the stock from which it had sprung, that stock of careful, leisurely folk who built their houses with hands and not with machinery. Any hour of the day you could call up to yourself a procession of dead and gone waistcoated gentlemen or gaily frocked ladies — the latter ringleted, perhaps — strolling along in the unhurried weather. If you followed one of the streets half a mile north, you came upon the squat front of a grizzled inn, with a deep bosomed yard to its right, and a dishevelled sign still swinging at one side. It made quite a swagger there in the quiet street, and yet never a guest was seen at its windows by any passer by. It was what was called a market inn, once the place of lodging for the truck farmers who came lumbering in their loud wagons in the dark of the morning to the market close at hand.

The majority of the pupils in this school were of German parentage, for it was what was called in those days an English-German school, where Goethe's language was taught as part of the daily curriculum. Many of their relatives were natives of Prussia, or of some of the small states clustered about it under its jurisdiction. These children were, as a rule, easily managed and well behaved, since there was a certain responsibility exacted of them at home — where the rod was held in reverence — and the parents were strict disciplinarians.

There were vagaries of temperament, however. Anton Schwartz, among others, had a pretty little ancestral temper. Once, in one of his rages, he picked up his slate, prepared to crash it

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down upon my unoffending head. I caught both slate and arm in as tight and as fiery a grasp as his own.

"Now," I said, "you're German, and I'm Welsh; let us fight it out." He came to his senses.

Gradually the immigration from the east of Europe began to filter into this school. A Russian name became an accustomed sight on the rolls. Sometimes there were racial antagonisms.

Isadore Hiltfield came to me one day with a tale of oppression worthy of being included in any Slavonic pogrom.

"Miss Reese, Carl Schmidt he kick me downstairs."

"When does he kick you downstairs?"

"Every day recess he kick me."

I eyed his squat, strong figure, his capable looking arms and legs. Anything of my ancestry which would allow itself to feel the toe of a boot was absolutely incomprehensible to me. It stirred my Celtic blood even to think of it, for, personally, I felt the ability to deal with the whole Teutonic nation. But I had learned, in my teaching of the foreign born, that their ignorance of a new tongue sometimes seems to produce a curious physical timidity on their part; when they know the language better, they fight. Perhaps the psychologist will explain.

I called Carl Gustave Schmidt before me.

"Schmidt," I said, "here is Hiltfield; Hiltfield, here is Schmidt. Now I 've introduced you to each other."

I whirled around upon Hiltfield.

"Isadore, the next time Carl kicks you downstairs, wait until you get to the bottom. Then you take off your coat, roll up your shirt sleeves, and thrash him well and hard. If the principal of the school comes along, stop long enough to tell him that I told you to do it, but keep on thrashing Schmidt."

Schmidt put an end to the kicking.

Whenever I remember this school, I remember also the patron saint of the first Russian immigration at this time. She was stout and short and elderly; and wore a black lace cap with streaming purple ribbons. She prepared boilerfuls of soup for the half famished people; she went in and out of their meagre households all the week long; she was ever ready with money, counsel, sympathy. Any day she could be seen from the school windows going briskly about her many and various errands, an unheroic, homely figure, a little shrill, a little too dominant, too rigidly orthodox, but in spirit and in deed a very Mother in Israel.

And never to be forgotten was the hour of her funeral. The dull weather, the noisy street; the plain unornamented coffin, without a flower visible; the shabby, silent, grieving people who gathered about the doorway. Never would these poor souls see her like again.

I look back at my years of teaching in these and other schools, and they seem to be packed with what, in place of a more definite phrase, I shall call the "humors of the situation". There was the boy who was told to develop the word "medicine" in a sentence. Surely he was of the stock which helps to "preserve the gaiety of nations", for this is what he produced: "The Pope recovered from his illness after taking the medicine administered to him by his mother-in-law."

There is the record of a certain geography examination. The pupils had been taught that there are — reckoning by degrees of progress — civilized, half civilized, and barbarous nations on the earth. The superintendent, at that time, to make the children "think", as he said, discarded the stereotyped question generally asked

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in this connection, and pounced upon the waiting victims with this: "Name three kinds of people in the world." They did. One astute small head manufactured the following delightful morsel: "There are three kinds of people in the world — ladies who have husbands, ladies who want husbands, and ladies whose husbands are dead."

There was a certain Joan of Arc who was the daughter of humble "pheasants"; a ubiquitous Mr. Bryan, the author of an incredible number of literary masterpieces; a child with a dog by the name of Nero imagined that his parentage could be traced back to the hymn, "Nero, My God to Thee".

In the beginning of my long teaching experiences the word "educator" was rarely used; we barely knew that there was such a science as psychology. That a child should know how to read, write, and spell was considered all sufficient. I think, too, that the teacher was rather more of a person than she — the inevitable pronoun to be used — is considered now. In the multiplicity of subjects, and the added responsibilities forced upon the school system by the increasing complexities of modern life, there seems to be a disposition to laud the class at the expense of the individual. The curious idea that a child is sent to school in order that he may learn to make a living was seldom abroad in my first teaching days. There was less rush, less hurry.

Teaching includes, as all important work — being human — does, its share of drudgery. But there are wells in the desert. The contact with youth, the inspiriting knowledge that in some sure though small way she has sown seed that will bear a satisfactory harvest, the affection and respect which are her daily reapings — these are wages enough for any woman. I am humbly grateful that they are my reward.

## INLAND

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

AH, little town, your streets will never run
Down to the sudden glitter of the sea,
Nor can her salty fogs put out your sun,
Her gulls wheel over you inquisitively.
Watching the river I have thought these things;
Leaned over bridges, idly dipped my hand
Into the clear, sweet water of mountain springs,
Reaching for shells and seaweed and white sand.

So, to such ones as listen for the beat
Of surf on coasts incessant winds provoke,
You will remain a stranger, incomplete —
A chime of bells, a wreath of chimney smoke
Under some hill, where men care not at all
For ships and tides and glamorous ports of call.

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# ENGLISH IN OUR HIGH SCHOOLS

## By John M. Avent

ANY discussion of the English curriculum in the secondary schools must for several reasons stress certain currents rather than explain the static mass. The mass of English teaching, it must be admitted, is still chiefly concerned with sacred cattle of the college entrance list; and the passing of college entrance or similar tests is the chief end and whole duty as understood by the large majority of secondary schools — public and private — throughout the land. The list studied for this purpose — for good or ill — is substantially the same today as it was when, about thirty years ago, colleges began to give an examination in English to candidates for admission. Teachers of English are only just becoming conscious that their aims may differ from those of the teacher of mathematics, or Latin. The subject itself is only beginning to assert its self respect and to reject the bric-à-brac that used to clutter up its household. The good old tenet that "anyone can teach English" is reluctantly surrendered. And so, in thousands of high schools the only standard of English teaching is still, "How many did you *put through* the examination?"

But from this inert mass — if one can judge from reports we recently had from chairmen of departments in seventy four of the largest cities, and from meetings of city, state, and national groups of progressive teachers of English — from this mass there are a number of vigorous movements gathering momentum. The first, I should say, is a simpler and much saner statement of what we are driving at in literature. One course puts it, "To get pupils to enjoy reading good books, and to desire to read more of them." The phrasing in another differs only slightly. This emphasis upon enjoyable reading is very significant. In the ordinary school, of course, the classes still plod heavily through four books a year; in the better schools, this number is tripled by outside reading; in others, the students are being led by leaps and bounds through much more than this. Contributing to this condition is the generally observed fact that English teachers themselves are reading more widely than they used to. The recently published novel, or book of poems, of essays, or of travel, is apt to be on the school library table within a month or two of publication. Possibly the English teacher who knew "his Thackeray" is not quite so common in such schools, but this lack is more than balanced by those who have a zest for any significant writing that appears. Though the conventional teacher of English is bothered because many of the new books do not easily fall within certain types, the younger teacher has no such impedimenta.

There is coming a much more tolerant attitude toward what constitutes literature — though recently in an English meeting I heard Sinclair Lewis decried as a writer of "social studies"; and at another I saw a head of department dramatically leave the hall when Carl Van Doren, whom I had asked to



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speak, called "Ethan Frome" a great love story.

This broader attitude is helped by the fact that many teachers of English are themselves writing marketable copy. It would be easy to name several who have found a place for themselves among the writers of poetry, of one act plays, and of longer plays. Among novelists there is at least one — Willa Cather. Such participation in the craft tends to drive out pedanticism, and make for a more genuine appreciation and a franker criticism in the classroom.

Nearly as significant as this wholesome attitude toward literature is the new emphasis upon dramatics. The place of the drama in the high school curriculum today is a reflection of the altered condition on the stage itself. The large number of plays of real merit — one act and longer — and the enormous strides made in artistic production have deeply affected the more progressive high schools. For one thing, Shakespeare is not by any means the only playwright studied — an excellent thing for him. The expansion of the course has brought in not only several contemporary plays (English and American), but many older plays previously considered far beneath the notice of those who fed only upon the work of the great Elizabethan. This movement is merely part of the more genuine appreciation of the drama.

Play production in high schools shows one of the biggest and most needed improvements in the curriculum. The senior play, thoroughly coached — frequently a foolish imitation of a popular success — is still in vogue. But the number of really worthy dramatic productions by high school students is rapidly increasing. The newer high school, even of the smaller cities, is now provided with a good usable stage. It is not uncommon to find, with an enthusiastic corps, that the English, art, music, physical training, and manual training departments are all working together to make an effective production. Problems of lighting, use of materials, and sets, are worked out with more intelligence and with infinitely greater success than ever before. Theatre managers, too, are sometimes generous with cooperation. In New York City Augustus Thomas and Earl Carroll have given freely of their time.

It is becoming more common to find high school students seeing first rate plays in the regular theatre. Once considered a novelty, this is now an ordinary feature of the course. During a school year a large high school may take ten or more groups of students to see some of the better plays. In one city an arrangement has been made between an English teachers' association and one of the theatres to produce plays regularly for the high schools. The plan is more than an experiment; it is a success. The plays are selected by a committee of English teachers, and the time is arranged to suit the convenience of the schools.

One of the most encouraging changes of the last decade is the different approach to poetry. As a teacher of English, I readily confess to the feeling that there has been taught many a canto of terribly bad stuff that passed for poetry because it rhymed, or because it ticked off like the kitchen clock and consequently made a good lesson in scansion. The number of pupils who have been taught to despise poetry as a piece of sham must be huge. In many places this process is still uninterrupted; but it is getting much easier to find teachers of English who know genuine poetry when they hear it, and who know how to get a class excited

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about it. The fact is that our present day poets are giving us a good deal to get excited about; and since none of these have yet been edited "for school use", the teacher has discovered that the great beauty of a poem is the sheer joy of reading it or of listening to it! Even the so called "backward" or subnormal classes have been known to respond to this sort of teaching when everything else failed to interest. I really believe that in some cases classes in modern poetry have themselves produced verse that has had more of the spark of imagination, more of the wonder of living, than certain of the "standard" poetry in some of the older collections. This new attitude toward the glory of musical and imaginative expression is almost a renascence.

There is a change discernible, too, in the handling of American literature, both prose and verse. The demand for American literature on what might be called a patriotic rather than a merit basis has always been felt in the secondary school course. A mass of second and third rate material gained entrance because it was wrapped in the national flag. The critical faculties of the teacher were silenced and a great deal of bad judgment and hypocritical "enjoyment" encouraged. This demand is now on a much broader basis. There is plenty of material of a high rank being produced by contemporary American authors, and the busy anthologists have brought verse, short stories, essays, one act and longer plays within the reach of the classroom. The whole attitude of the high school teacher toward American literature is changing. There is less and less of the detestable lip service and more and more genuine pleasure in the study.

Among vigorous movements not so amicable, note must be made of the tide which set in — perhaps eight or ten years ago — toward business English. The arguments in favor seemed plausible enough: the high school student who was preparing for business should know business English. Text books of a "peppy" kind came swinging along. And what was this business English? At first it repudiated literature — or admitted only the hundred per cent kind, the biographies of George F. Babbitt and his tribe. Then it reached into the accounting department and took over, lock, stock, and barrel, anything relating to "business". From the apostles of this English one would gather that the boy or girl who earned a commercial diploma never read a novel, or saw a play, or bought a magazine, or went to a movie, without asking, "How will this help me put the 'you attitude' in that sales campaign in the next ten issues of 'The Saturday Evening Post'?" The captains with their guns and drums have almost departed. On the whole the fight has been worthwhile. True, some of us have lost some defenses that were a bit antiquated — the writing of briefs, and letters that were never written to be sent; but instead of less literature, we have more: more novels, more plays, more poetry! And what is business English now? It's the English needed most by those who go to business: the habit of writing and speaking simply and clearly, and the habit of reading, reading, *reading*, with a discriminating pleasure. Once more, man does not live by bread alone.

There are other tendencies in the teaching of English which might be mentioned, though only a few can be brought within the reach of this brief survey. Oral English, for instance, has suffered a sea change. In the main, the splendid rubbish that once was labeled elocution has been swept out. In its place is coming a training in

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clear, simple, and pleasant speech. I might add *purposeful* speech, for much of the content of the older course had no conceivable relation to the life of a human being. Then there is journalism, once a pretentious effort tied up to nothing in particular, that is now producing really good school papers, some of them full newspaper size. Critical newspaper reading, too, is finding a place beside news writing. Of the larger cities at least two include this in the curriculum. For all except those who choose journalism as a vocation, it would seem clear that to read a newspaper critically is of more importance than to write for one. The technique of such a course is pretty well established.

The newer texts are also worth noting. The text laboriously edited like a variorum edition is gathering dust on the shelves. New type, new format, new and more cheerful bindings, and a new and more friendly and informal editing, characterize the present school editions. The older editions were usually prepared by college teachers; the new ones are by high school teachers. This fact is important as another indication that the college preparatory function of the course is no longer, among progressive teachers, recognized as a primary aim.

Two problems, increasingly difficult, and little understood by those not intimately in touch with the schools, confront the secondary school curriculum especially in the large cities. The first is the percentage of pupils of foreign parentage — non-English speaking — that makes English literature in fact a foreign language in many large high schools. In Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and several other cities high schools with a student body of from two thousand to six thousand include fifty to eighty per cent of pupils who hear no English at home. This fact, of necessity, alters our idea of what to teach and how to teach it. The other problem is the situation that — often in these foreign centres — requires the teacher of English to teach two hundred or more students. When these two conditions exist in the same city we have the grotesque result that the more difficult it is to teach English to a pupil, the more of these pupils a teacher of English is expected to instruct.

Unquestionably, teachers of English are not yet fully measuring up to the job. The opportunity is too vast; a relatively small number have even glimpsed it. But these have a consciousness of purpose; they are reading widely and judging tolerantly; they are listening for new voices to sing the essential melody of our lives, they are watching each rise of the curtain for some new enactment of the quaint comedy of the human family. And, withal, they go to their students, not as those who have passed through the valley of dry bones, but as those to whom has been revealed some understanding of the depth and power and beauty of the artistic expression we call literature.

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# THE SKETCH BOOK

## COLLEGIATE CLAY

By Percy Marks

*With a Sketch by Frank Hanley*

A FEW years ago the authorities of Dartmouth College made a careful survey of the grades received by its students during the preceding ten years. As a result of that survey, Dartmouth now expects twenty five per cent of its students to receive a grade of A or B, fifty per cent to receive a grade of C, and twenty five per cent to receive a grade of D or E.

What do these figures mean? Well, you can look at them with joy or sorrow, just as you wish. If you are an optimist, you will probably say, "Fine! Seventy five per cent of the students do acceptable work or better." But if you are a pessimist, you will undoubtedly say, "Shades of Socrates! Seventy five per cent of the students do mediocre work or worse."

So far as the intellectual standards and capacities of the undergraduates are concerned, I am a pessimist. To my way of thinking, seventy five per cent of them do mediocre work or worse. I know from long and sad experience just what a C stands for. It stands for work without a scintilla of distinction, for work that is commonplace but fairly accurate, for a conscientious repetition of somebody else's words and ideas. And at Dartmouth College, one quarter of the undergraduates do work that is worse than C, and half of them do work that is no better.

Remember, please, that in using Dartmouth as an example, I am not using a college with an inferior student body. Dartmouth picks its students with considerable care, and, everything considered, there are probably not half a dozen colleges in the country that have better material from which to pick. Dartmouth certainly belongs to the upper flight of colleges, and while its demands upon its students are not very great, they are excessive in comparison with the demands made by the vast majority of American colleges.

Let me give an example. I know a boy who was dismissed from Dartmouth because of unsatisfactory scholarship. He went next to a middle western college of a thousand students. There he passed all of his courses with satisfactory grades. On the strength of those grades he was admitted to the courses in the Columbia Extension School, where he *repeated* the courses that he had passed in the middle western college — and failed two of them.

What I am getting at is this: the students at Dartmouth College and the standards of Dartmouth College are very superior to the standards and students of most of our colleges; yet, although the standards of Dartmouth are not at all severe, fifty per cent of its students do work that is no better than mediocre, and twenty five per cent do work that is worse than mediocre. You can draw your own conclusions about the work that is being done in the lesser colleges.

The result is, of course, that the intellectual standards of our undergraduates are low — and they are low for the good and simple reason that God did not give even half of the under-



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graduates minds capable of understanding or reaching standards that are high. Granted that most of the teaching is bad, granted that some intelligent undergraduates are indolent, the fact still remains that most of the undergraduates were denied at birth the mental strength ever to attain intellectual superiority.

What! did the hand then of the Potter shake? Yes — badly.

## OYSTERS AND XENOPHON

By Keith Preston

"DO me a skit on teaching Greek", suggested our friend the editor, and we agreed. But looking back on our Greek teaching after two years out of the harness, we do not find it such a skittish subject. It is something to remember pleasantly, seriously, and a little wistfully, to use a much abused word.

The most wistfully remembered class in our college experience is Greek A.B., the sophomore class in Xenophon's "Anabasis". Every year for ten years we marched the A.B.'s up through Mesopotamia. It was always uphill work and sometimes a forlorn hope. The hoplites or heavy arm of our force consisted of "bibs", or theological students, who, as Greek was essential to their meagre daily bread, may be counted as mercenaries. The light arm or auxiliary was made up of a few coeds who volunteered for the duration of the course. It may be said that the ladies' auxiliary was often a great comfort to the instructor.

With such forces, dwindling under a grueling fire of conjugations and declensions, we marched uphill to the mid-semesters and downhill to the finals. Sad casualties occurred on the way. There was poor Jones. Like most bibs Jones had a wife, three children, and a country congregation to visit over the weekend. But after one quiz he turned up missing. The Greek aorist had done for him. The ladies' auxiliary always behaved well under fire, making up by mental agility for their lack of bone and sinew.

The annual course in Xenophon remains in our mind as a series of day's marches of which some stand out more vividly than others. There were dull days when we only marched from some place in Mespot so many parasangs to some place else. There was the ticklish day when we had to slur over Cyrus's affair with the Cilician woman so detrimental to camp morale. Our hoplites thought no evil but we were uneasy about the auxiliaries. There were days of fighting when we had to draw plans and diagrams on the blackboard, and days of feasting when discussions of Greek beverages and cookery were in order. Lastly there was the great day when, as Xenophon tells it, the men in front began to run and the baggage animals to trot, and a shout passed down the line. So Xenophon, clapping spurs to his horse, galloped to the front of the column to see what might be the matter. And there, upon a hill, he found the men pointing, and crying, "Thalassa! The sea!" and embracing one another. That is the high spot in Xenophon and we always thought the course should have ended there, so that the class might share more fully in the ecstasy and jubilation. But they did share it in a way, and we dismissed the day's recitation at that point anyhow.

Teaching Greek is a matter of plodding and pounding, with thrills that are worth the effort if the plodders can be brought so far. Of course it can be made a killing grind. The invita-

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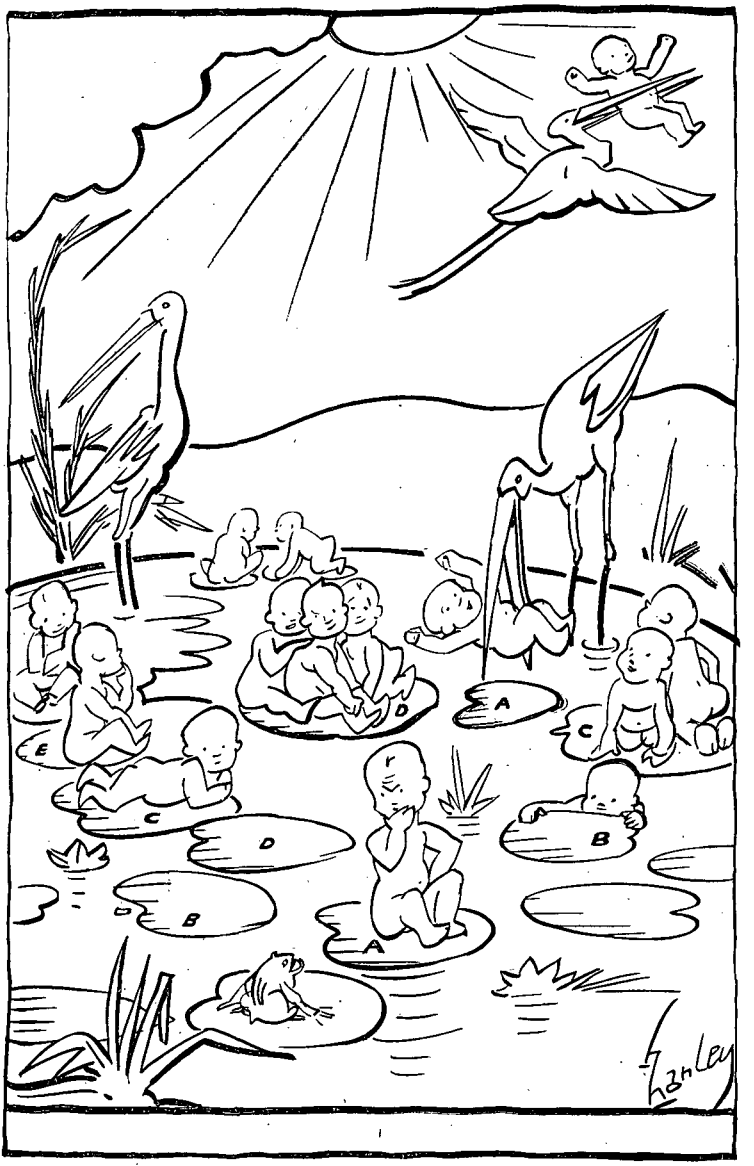


*"Denied at birth the mental strength"*



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tion to classics reminds one somewhat of that of the Walrus and the Carpenter,

"O Oysters come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

A class of four is ideal for syntactic drill. But if the "dead" languages ever really die, it will be of too intensive drill in syntax and advanced decomposition.

One must keep faith with the oysters. Conducting a class in Xenophon seems to us quite as pleasant and useful as conducting a newspaper column, and it can be made very nearly as modern. As a teacher of Greek we always labored not to be gored on either horn of G. Bernard Shaw's wicked thrust: "Few of them know Greek and none of them knows anything else."

## TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA TO SHOOT

By Leonard L. Hess

FROM a first year examination paper in one of our largest city high schools: "Write a composition on the following theme — 'The heroism of peace is greater than the heroism of war'."

The writer does not recall what arguments the pupils marshaled to prove the above assertion — handed down by superiors at face value as are practically all assertions entering into the educational fabric — but the statement may be ventured that one and all of them supported the doctrine because they realized it was current coinage into the good graces of the examiners. The same statement, issued noble mindedly to youth in this year 1924, would have been anything but good coinage in the year 1917 or 1918; would, in fact, not have been made by anybody anxious to keep a job under a Board ridden by war psychology, frenziedly eager to expose the slacker and to prove itself a hundred percenter.

But agreed that the heroism of peace is greater than the heroism of war, and taking the words as they fall like jewels from the lips of one of our educators, let us see what our schools do to ingrain such sentiment in the minds of the young. It is hardly necessary to go further than the English literature in the curriculum to gather proof that the virtues extolled are the fighting virtues, the so called "red blood" virtues — in a word, the virtues of our exalted military caste.

I narrow this inquiry to the course of one high school for the sake of convenience, though much of it will be applicable to others. And further, the work of only the first year is considered.

In the first year we find taught Lewis's "Introduction to Literature" — a book with which for itself one does not take issue. But what are the poems and bits of prose chosen for the course? Among others, "Hervé Riel", "The Ballad of the Revenge", "Incident of the French Camp". With these again one does not take issue. They are lively, colorful, adventurous tales. Were they read for story or literary value, well and good. But here steps in that *bête noire* of our cultural system — the moralist. One must adorn the tale. Each lesson must be sharpened to a moral idea. And what are the highlights chosen in the readings, to be hammered into young skulls? That the heroism of war as exampled by Hervé, by Grenville, by the drummer boy, is exceeding fine, and if possible — this is the implica-

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tion — to be imitated at earliest opportunity. No one takes the trouble to hint that the physical loser may be spiritually right. Force and its victories are lauded.

Another poem comes to mind: "A Private of the Buffs". This brave private dies on a battlefield in India, dreaming of Kentish hopfields. He was a no good, a bum, an inconsequential piece of stuff before the patriotic inspiration sent him to India to knife and shoot natives who rejoiced not under the beneficent tutelage of Victoria. But no sooner did he begin to shoot and knife than he became (the gist of that particular lesson implied) a hero, a pattern of valorous virtue. Not a word was taught, or supposed to be taught, of the utterly false position of England in the Sepoy affair.

> Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
> An English lad must die. . . .

Thus sings the English patriot. But had this Private of the Buffs remained still more privately at home and lambasted England for its treacherous and overweaning attitude, his saga would not have been written or taught. Taught — that is the crux. Yet, "The heroism of peace is greater than the heroism of war." Yes — until the next imbroglio produces more hundred percenters, more despised slackers. Why is not the point made that the Private of the Buffs dashed off in a patriotic frenzy to kill high caste Brahmins because he did not have the brains to stay home and be a successful doctor or lawyer or artist or even politician, and that the one thing his inferior organism could do successfully was to slay superior organisms?

These matters are not pointed out, because "The heroism of peace is greater than the heroism of war." That is logical and clear. Everything is done — by the people on top more or less consciously and by their henchmen unconsciously or kowtowingly — to put the pupil in such frame of mind that when the next call for volunteers is sent out by the hundred percenters, he will answer:

"No, gentlemen! I cannot respond to your call. For I have been taught that the heroism of peace is greater than the heroism of war. That I believe thoroughly. Therefore I must in all conscience remain at home even though you call me a slacker. I do not wish to be a poor boob like that Private of the Buffs I read about."

Anyone can foresee by the trend of the public school curriculum just such a reaction.

What is stressed in at least one high school in the teaching of the Odyssey? Is it an acquaintance with Greek culture or civilization, or that golden beauty which for so many centuries illuminated the world? In fact, the Golden Age came some time after Ulysses' hordes of barbarians were dust. What is stressed is that Ulysses must be upheld as a shining example of the manly virtues, that he is a hero good for a pattern, a fighter, a patriot, a hundred per cent Greeker, with firmly implanted in his breast a desire to aid his fellow bandits and morons, be they right or wrong. Again, one does not take issue with the Odyssey, a book of tingling adventure, good for a mood when one likes to visualize a splitting of heads and spattering of brains. One does not take issue with old Homer's heroics. One is glad he smote his bloomin' lyre. But one does take issue with the benign souled and mealy mouthed educators who in the same breath talk of the Hague or League of Nations, scrapping armaments, eternal peace and its heroism, and the to-be-imitated virtues of the sly, crafty,

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bloody, lying, sneaking, thieving, boasting, ravaging, murdering, sniveling King of Ithaca.

As a brigand, a betrayer, a moron cracking a few bad jokes, Ulysses is pretty nearly unequaled in history or myth. He set his gang to butcher the Ciconians and to rape their women. He broke the mastoid bone of the beggar Irus — which was like taking candy from an infant — in the spirit of a great joke. He had his serving maids hanged for adultery after he had had a riotous time for a year with Circe and had disported himself for another such period with the nymph Calypso. The only rational thing one discovers him doing is doubting the virtue of his own wife. Crudely put, he was dead from the neck up.

Yet he is "the greatest example of a man who triumphed by valor and strength". Triumphed. Ergo — dear pupils — draw your own conclusions and do likewise in like manner. When the next war comes do not stay at home as did Bertrand Russell, Eugene V. Debs, and others, but dash off with your avenging swords and remember Ulysses.

That is the upshot of the psychology that guides the young mind. It is, quite plainly, teaching the young idea to shoot.

## WOMEN WHO KISS THE ACRID SALT

By Margery Swett

WOMEN who kiss the acrid salt
Of disillusion — (see lay waste
Without a sole explaining fault
Their loving youth) — forget the taste
In drinking deep the wine of days.

None are more staunchly blithe than these,
They find new colors in the dawn,
Though something's gone, forever gone;
They find new sun on all their ways,
And hold their heads as high as trees.

They are life's buoyant ones and go
With such a swift and singing tread,
But always in their hearts they know
They would not care if they were dead.

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# MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GENIUS

## By Mary Austin

### IX: THE TECHNIQUE OF INTUITION

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have usually considered genius a gift of the gods, bestowed upon only a chosen few. Mrs. Austin, after years of devoted study, emphatically asserts that genius can be acquired. In a series of articles, beginning in* THE BOOKMAN *for November, she attempts to analyze genius and talent and to point the way both for recognizing them and for utilizing them in life and art.*

IT is probable that the process of non-sensory perception which we agree to call "inknowing" goes on in us at all times, below the threshold of attention. Over those movements of the inknower which have to do with life and race preserving activities, the host has probably no control except to inhibit or modify acts to which they might give rise.

There is, however, another set of perceptions having to do with impersonal material, the use of which seems to lie more or less within the control of the intelligence. These arrive at the threshold in a variety of forms: as visions, either waking or sleeping, which may be direct and explicit, or presented in symbols which have to be translated with care. Or they may come as voices, such as Joan of Arc heard, or as swift, unreasoned certainties about things taking place at a distance, or in times other than now. Frequently the matter of such an inknowing reaches the attention as a direct prompting — called a "hunch" — to act or not to act in a particular manner, or as a vague "presentiment" of things about to happen.

The hunch is the most widely experienced of all such phenomena, ranging all the way from playing a certain hand at poker to playing the stock market for a million. Many business men live wholly by a succession of hunches, between which their affairs are held together by a commonplace routine. I was once, in the land of little rain, fortunate enough to be able to study intimately the process of a professional gambler who depended almost entirely on hunches, and a few professional aids such as marked cards, cuff link reflectors, and some slight knowledge of induced suggestion. But the hunch was so much the major process of his profession that he excused himself for abandoning his wife and child on the ground that the child's crying "spoiled his hunches".

What interested me more than the excuse, was that the men of the community, while they deplored the gambler's neglect of his family, admitted the reasonableness of his ground for it. Certainly, it was agreed, a man was entitled to his hunches. All of which, taken in connection with what I know of the way in which primitive women protect their men from household drudgery that spoils their "medicine", that is to say, the instant intake and response of the hunting experience, has led me seriously to wonder if the resistance men have always opposed to the



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process of domestication may not spring from experience of its interference with the inknowing processes, the hunches of an older, more instinctive habit. For what *is* an instinct but an older, more stabilized intuition?

The presentiment is not so easily dealt with as the hunch. It occurs usually as an emotional reaction for which no reason appears. The hunch almost invariably refers directly to the recipient of it, and only indirectly to other people. But the presentiment refers usually directly to other people and indirectly to the recipient. Occasionally a presentiment arrives already connected with the person to whom later it is proved to relate; more often it is simply a sharp emotional reaction, such as would be natural in the event of death or disaster to some beloved person. When the identity of the person about whom the presentiment is experienced is not clear, the recipient often, mistakenly, connects it with any member of his circle about whom he happens to be emotionally exercised.

The hunch is so widely experienced, and so easily proved or disproved, that it hardly seems worthwhile to offer examples; but one instance of what is called presentiment, in my own experience, which was abundantly attested at the time, I shall give for the light it throws on the difficulty of discriminating between intuition, i. e. what we feel and realize, and the inknowing by which we are made to feel and realize.

I was in my own house at Carmel, dressing to go out to dinner. Suddenly I was overtaken with violent hysteria or horror and protest. I burst out crying and sobbing, talking to myself. . . "No! . . . No! . . . No!" . . . with such vehemence that a man painting the sunset in the cañada below the house heard me and came to offer assistance. Unable to explain myself, I pretended that I had just had bad news. But the hysteria persisting, followed by all the reactions of severe shock, I was obliged to send for friends who took me to their house and nursed me into recovery from this inexplicable occurrence. It was found a little later to have been coincident with the murder, in the same street, a few blocks away, of a woman I had known and liked.

In another case, which I take from my notes, a woman found herself seized again and again with similar attacks of hysteria, which later were found to coincide with unsuspected infidelities of her husband.

Instances such as these give rise to the question whether presentiment can take place without inknowing. Did I know that a murder was taking place, and react naturally to the fact, even though the fact was not realized? Or did I merely register the emotions of a woman being murdered? Certain of our psychologists are disposed to credit examples like the above to some otherwise unidentified capacity, kinæsthesia, the power of feeling emotion at a distance. If they are right, then the presentiment is probably not to be classed among intuitive processes. I regret that presentiments do not occur often enough in my own experience to satisfy me absolutely on this point. I am, however, less and less inclined to accept either kinæsthesia or telepathy, or any explanation of such phenomena which involves a deliberate engagement of one psyche with another. Not that I deny the possibility of one mind's affecting another mind below the threshold of conscious attention. What I do think is that when such engagements occur they have distinct marks by which they may be recognized.

For me the presentiment has all the marks of an inknowing, breaking through at the point of least resistance,

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which in the cases mentioned would naturally be the emotions of shock and protest. In many cases noted, after the emotional reaction has subsided, the fact reveals itself. The proof of the presentiment is clouded by the practical difficulty of locating the event which set it in motion. If, for instance, the murder to which I reacted had occurred in a crowded city like New York, I might never have heard of it, and my reaction would have passed as pure hysteria. This difficulty occurs in relation to all kinds of inknowing which involve emotional reactions.

References to inknowing in folk lore and history indicate that not only do individuals practise special types of it, but that racial groups are credited, truly or not, with facility in certain directions — the Scotch with second sight, gipsies with fortune telling, Hebrews with prophecy, and Hindus with the power of discerning events and objects removed in space. It also appears that the hunch, while not absolutely an American hall mark, takes precedence here of all other types of inknowing. All this corresponds with what we already know of the way in which the use of ancestral material keeps to the main stream of ancestral experience and is directed by racial temperament. Inknowing being the oldest type of consciousness we know anything about, the impulse to act is the oldest type of response to it. In a mixed people like ours, lacking in standardized racial pattern, the tendency of inknowing would be to express itself along the oldest path, evading those in which it would be likely to be retarded by the confused content of the deep-self. Where that path is already indicated by the American necessity for rapid adjustments to environment, it naturally follows that the American genius is for things realized in action, of which the hunch is a normal index.

Not that there are not other kinds of inknowing going on in America, but to an unrealized extent they are frustrated by the lack of an adequate symbolism for the common factors of American experience. For as soon as inknowing exceeds the sort of situations that can be dealt with in acts, when it begins to function in the field of ideas, it deals in symbols which remain more or less fixed, deriving from the environment in which they first became current. Thus in our southwest the snake becomes a symbol for water sources through its association with water holes and the likeness of its zigzag movement to the path of the lightning, also associated with rain. Any well coordinated people has its own set of symbols by which to express inknowing; but with us, as a result of our mixed ancestry, there is great confusion of symbols.

To realize the extent to which our national expression is affected by this confusion, we must keep in mind that many things not commonly recognized as symbols are so in fact: story plots, social relations, art forms of every sort; not only the cross as a symbol of sacrifice, but the whole Christian myth as a symbol of man's relation to deity, and God himself as a symbol of the creative universe. Every people that contributes to our blood stream brings its own quota of symbols, which may be unintelligible to the others; none of them are so widely accepted as to constitute a nationally American vocabulary.

The inknower being the oldest self, its disposition is to express itself in the older material which it finds in the deep-self, translating itself from level to level of consciousness until it arrives at the threshold of understanding. Though I am convinced that there is more inknowing, more prophetic revelation of a social character going on

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here than in Europe, we are so hindered in our expression of it by the lack of a competent vocabulary that we get no credit for it at all. And our writers, feeling that they have not cleared their bosoms of the perilous stuff of prophecy, fret and fume and blame the times and us for their lost potency. This is the case whether the selected mode of expression is language, paint, musical tones, or political organization.

Time will bring relief from this occlusion of our prophetic gift. But we ought also to give more study to the art of bringing our inknowing to conscious expression without having it intercepted by the confusion of the deep-self. There are people who have this gift. In them the inknowing consciousness and the immediate consciousness are in such close contact that knowledge can be put across promptly and with perfect clarity.

This instant spark of the inknower into the immediate intelligence occurs freakishly sometimes, without profit, as in those singular individuals who can tell you the answer to 9,567 times 7,659 instantly. But it occurs under circumstances which enable us to study its processes with the hope of repeating them, only in the genius type. For it is the property of genius to be able intuitively to possess the whole of its inheritance, of which inknowing is the oldest and most inalienable part. I have known cases in which inknowing existed side by side with the lowest types of intelligence, even with abnormal and defective types. But it is only when inknowing knows itself concurrently with a high intellectual equipment that we are able to be instructed in its technique.

Inknowing occurs both spontaneously and by seeking. But before undertaking to discuss the methods of seeking or of interpreting the spontaneous appearances of inknowing, I must make a statement which amounts to an apology. It is that at this point I must depend almost entirely on my own experience and that of May Sinclair.

It ought not to be so. Plenty of writers in America have inknowing power. A few years ago there appeared, under the auspices of the Authors' League, a book which might have been a notable contribution to the subject. If the compilers of that book had had the wit to discern the score or so who were able to give an intelligent account of themselves, and the courage to give them space according to their needs. . . But as it is the contributors to "My Maiden Effort" fell easily into three groups: those who had nothing to tell, those who had something and were afraid to tell it, and those who had both the things to tell and the courage, but not the space. Among the older writers a few (R. L. S. and the Brownings) have left us accounts of their processes that are literary rather than scientific. And those studies that may be found in the psychological laboratories are made too much from the outside to afford any reliable clue to processes. Thus it happens that Miss Sinclair is the only person deliberately practising inknowing as part of her literary work with whom I have been able to have full and explicit communication on the subject.

Miss Sinclair represents a type of intuitive performance of which England has furnished us several examples —the Brontës, Jane Austen, Mrs. Browning perhaps —a type I suspect not to be found apart from a deep sense of race. Miss Sinclair's faculty of inknowing functions steadily within the field of her work and the restricted

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circle of her intimates, so restricted that she does not recall a single instance of social prophecy. But Miss Sinclair lives her life to a singular degree unclouded by personal adventure, against a social background that makes a fetish of detachment; while Mary Austin lives in a country in which the spark of personal contact is the most constant and the demand made upon the individual the most insistent in the world. Far from being detached, I have so excellent an appetite for life that if there are any experiences left that a woman, remaining within the law and a reasonable margin of respectability, may have, I am still hopeful of being able to compass them. This difference of approach probably accounts largely for the fact that my own inknowing is almost always social in scope and prophetic in character. Notwithstanding, Miss Sinclair and I are absolutely agreed as to the method up to a certain point.

We agree on preparation and approach through meditation, as described in previous articles, and thus far we have the backing of the fifteenth century mystics and the orthodox psychologists. But when the consciousness is cleared and kept clear, the mystics content themselves with merely holding attention in the selected direction, *toward* the saint or blessed personage from whom illumination is expected to come. This was the mistake of the Christian mystics, that they always thought of illumination proceeding *toward* them from a Source taken for granted. Thus, whatever did come had to come clothed in Christian symbols, or it was refused admittance. The modern seeker proceeds as if the power to see resides in himself, and hopes to know only the truth, uncolored by any prepossession about the make up of the universe.

Undirected meditation will always bring some sort of result; but if you wish to make a particular kind of truth appear, or to have it appear in a given form, there must be a further act of the psyche, which Miss Sinclair calls "an act of effortless will". I am not quite sure that this is the best term for it, partly because the very term "will" connotes effort for most people; at least it suggests something to be overcome, which implies resistance, and so tends to set up reactions of resistance which are inimical to the perception of truth. For this reason Baudouin, the only psychologist who has gone into this point, insists that the will should be completely in abeyance. But I agree with Miss Sinclair that before a particularized inknowing takes place, there must be an outgoing act on the part of the percipient. What seems to happen is that a direct contact is made between the inknowing frame of consciousness and the immediate consciousness, and a perfect flow of knowing and doing established. Every creative worker and every business worker knows what this state is, and knows, too, that though the contact may last only a moment, the flow may go on for some time thereafter. Always there is a little click, a shift of planes, some sort of notice that the contact has been made.

Miss Sinclair and I agree upon this. It is the only way, when the inknowing power works at a distance from its object, that you can be certain that the inknowing has been accomplished. Miss Sinclair and I both use our powers occasionally for our friends — never for oneself, the emotional reactions are too easily set in motion — and I make a practice of clarifying in this manner prophetic promptings that come to me spontaneously. All my life, without in the least wishing it, sometimes passionately wishing some-

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thing else, I have been subject to the future. Social developments, revolutions, approaching literary forms, crises in the lives of my friends, impose themselves upon me, often injuriously interfering with my immediate present.

It is only within the past ten years, however, that I have taken my dilemma by the horns and discovered that what has happened to me is only the next step in what is likely to happen to the creative type of mind everywhere. It is probably happening now, and is the source of part of the failure of creativeness in America to produce an adequate expression. The attempt to force our native genius into European forms has retarded the work of genius here, but it has not been nearly so much of a hindrance as our failure to realize that the scope of inknowing is steadily widening, and calls not only for acceptance in itself, but for the application of intelligence to its methods and interpretation. For inknowing is not only the better part of genius; it is indispensable to any really satisfactory human society.

## AFTER A QUARREL

By Marion Strobel

CLOSING my eyes
I can trace
The cool austerity
Of your face.

The soft distain
Of your replies
I hear again
Closing my eyes.

Your image
Is a fitful beam
That chases me
Through every dream:

But love
You told me I might keep
Has gone to sleep
Has gone to sleep.

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# A SURVEY OF NEW EDUCATIONAL BOOKS

## By Allen W. Porterfield

OF the one hundred and twelve million people in the United States, over twelve million own automobiles and slightly under six million are illiterate. We have then wealth in profusion, and opportunity without limit to use it for educational purposes. And we are doing this. We have approximately one thousand colleges that grant the established bachelor's degree in the liberal arts. Of "colleges" that specialize there is virtually no end, and new ones of all types are opening as fast as contractors can deliver the material and builders assemble it. Cities and states the nation over are having their educational systems surveyed with an idea to better methods and sounder principles. There is in short an unprecedented interest in education in this country, an interest that is being manifested in a variety of ways apart from the publication of books which are supposed to be used in schools and colleges.

Take the City of New York which, due to its size and the complexity of its problems, is typical or symptomatic of the entire country. Twelve years ago there were no typewriters in the administrative offices of the schools of New York. Twelve weeks ago I visited a high school in provincial Virginia the administrative office of which was equipped with a typewriter, a telephone, and an automobile for "official use only". Telephones were installed in the schools of New York in 1917. Adding machines are being put in at this writing, and the principals are wondering how they ever did without them. It was Jean Baptiste de la Salle (died at Rouen in 1719) who introduced the method of group teaching. Today classrooms, presided over by a single instructor, administer to capacity audiences, for the American child, particularly the child of foreign parentage, seems more than ever determined to free himself from the worst of all possible slaveries, ignorance.

The profoundest advance, however, may be illustrated by this almost incredible fact. If, thirty years ago, a boy presented himself to the principal of a New York school, the following conversation might have taken place: "Where do you come from?" "Boscobel Avenue." "Very well, go back to Boscobel; we do not admit persons of your type here." Today, the parents of a child from any avenue are "liable to fine or imprisonment or both" if it is found that they are not sending their children to school.

It is consequently easy to understand why the publishers are bringing out the most voluminous body of educational books it has been our privilege to use since the first red Indian — or blond Norwegian — taught his child his father's name. To give all of these books honorable mention may be a consummation devoutly to be wished, but it is obviously impossible of fulfilment. The most and best I can do is to single out certain works that seem to represent in a fairly comprehensive way the new movements, and which symbolize the ad-



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mirable spirit that is coming over education in what has been, since 1917, truly "the greatest, grandest, and most glorious country on the face of the earth". I omit mere texts and editions, informative though it might be to comment at length on the ill founded Spanish wave, which is receding, and the return, on the other hand, of German as this once again takes its place among the subjects taught with unaffected enthusiasm and studied with reasonable profit.

One of the best written books of this entire national output is "Our Faith in Education" (Lippincott) by Henry Suzzallo, president of the University of Washington. Dr. Suzzallo has manifestly been annoyed by some laymen who have told him precisely how his institution should be conducted. There is no need for him to worry; he should rather rejoice because of the widespread interest: better interference than apathy in a matter in which the whole citizenry seems at present engaged. I quote a paragraph from his book:

> Schools are wealth producers. If effectively managed, they are the greatest wealth producers in our civilization. When the reactionary says that the improvement of human power is not a contribution to wealth production, he is guilty of the same logical fallacy as the radical when he insists that the brains of management, invention, and science contribute nothing to the production of material goods.

This passage, though heavier than the average, contains a sterling truth, for if there were no illiteracy in the United States, then every citizen could afford to own an automobile. The fact is, however, that the number of automobiles will decrease as intelligence increases, it having already reached the point where it is an actual kindness to one's fellow men to forego a car.

Another good book of a general nature is Charles F. Thwing's "What Education Has the Most Worth" (Macmillan). Dr. Thwing, president emeritus of Western Reserve University, is the author of dozens of volumes on educational subjects. About this one there is something of the air of finality: the venerable educator seems to be nearly through. He is hopeful, though not a windy optimist. He has infinite fault to find with some of the general tendencies of education, but infinite patience with the belief that time will correct these faults. One fault that he emphasizes with righteous zeal is the incautious desire on the part of the new graduate to secure for himself an executive position. This intellectual stripling wants to be in charge of something rather than with or on something; he wants to be a leader, even a commander, rather than a follower. His will power has been developed, his intellect has been neglected. All of this argument is irrefutable and reveals a quite regrettable state of affairs.

A third study of singular value is "Fitting the Child to the School" (Macmillan) by Elisabeth A. Irwin and Louis A. Marks. These two teachers spent six years in the investigation — education all over the country is being investigated — of a typical school in a congested section of the city, by way of determining the IQ, which means intelligence quotient. In simpler terms, the book was written with the idea of seeing how the greatest good can be done to the greatest number. Our population is naturally increasing, and everybody in this country wants education. The problem then that has been studied here is really the crux of the matter: how get all out of the effort that is being made? For of variety of minds there is no end, and much education faultily directed is a weariness to the Republic.

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Time was, and not so long ago, when a seeming dullard was thrown out while a seemingly gifted pupil was pushed with all the vigor known to a nominating committee at a political convention. This method is being discarded on the ground that however varied mental equipments may be, the degree of their superiority is less marked than has been supposed, it being largely a matter of mental bent for one subject and mental warp against another. Nor does this principle apply solely to elementary education. A few years ago a young woman, after getting no further than a conditioned junior through five years of work at a southern college, was officially dropped from the roll as incompetent. She transferred to a northern college where, after studying for one year and one summer session, she was given an A.B. and an A.M. degree.

How can this be explained? Was it due to the fact that the standards of the one institution were so much higher than those of the other? Was it due to the fact that the one institution made no effort, or at most only an unsuccessful one, to fit the college to the woman? I have taught long and arduously in both institutions and I am of the distinct conviction that this "case" arose because of the unrelieved inflexibility of the southern college. For those who can stand up under the process of fitting, that southern college is one of the very best in the country, but we are not all of like minds.

In 1861, Herbert Spencer published his "Education". The book was so rare at the time that it has been regarded as a classic ever since. In 1924, the house of Macmillan brings out no fewer than twenty seven big books on general education, no fewer than twenty two of which have to do with improvement in educational methods rather than the rigidly scientific or historical phases of the matter. The five that I am minded to exclude from this list of "improvement" books are: "Changing Conceptions in Jewish Education" by Emanuel Gamoran, "The Origin and Development of Education in Texas" by Frederick Eby, "The Education of the Consumer" by Henry Harap, "History Curricula" by Sisters of St. Agnes, and "The Platoon School" by Charles L. Spain. And the guardian angels of even these have been, to a degree, "the Graces of Improvement, Investigation, Adaptation".

If general treatises on education are being brought out by all the leading houses, there is an equally long list of books on special subjects. Dutton, for example, not heretofore noted as the publisher of works on languages, has twenty two books on various phases of Russian language and literature. Not all of these are new, though they are all being pushed as new. It is an amazing list for so staid a firm when we recall that Russia, try as she may, overtly and covertly, has thus far failed to receive recognition from the Main Street of Washington, D. C. Nor is this all: the same house announces lexicons or manuals of one kind and another on Roumanian, Egyptian, Malay, Polish, Japanese, Latin, Italian, Czechish, Greek, Chinese, Hebrew, the expected number of works on Spanish, and eighty four texts having to do with French. Holt lists fifty five Spanish publications, all of which could be described as recent — for our interest in Spanish is recent — and many of which are new.

English, too, has received the generous consideration which, if this were not an educational age, might be regarded as unusual. Among new publications of the Atlantic Monthly Press are "The Junior Book of Atlantic

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Plays" edited by Charles S. Thomas, "The Voice of Carlyle" by Henry G. Pearson, "Précis-Writing" by Samuel Thurber, and, we might say of course, "Education Moves Ahead" by Eugene R. Smith. Stokes publishes "Aspects of Modern Poetry" by Alfred Noyes; Crowell, "Essentials of Speech" by John R. Pelsma; and Sully announces "The Book of Mother Verse" by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams. Very significant however is Merriam's "Webster's New International Dictionary" with its 451,000 words, Winston's "Simplified Dictionary" which is listed as "an entirely new book", and Sully's "Troublesome Words" by W. L. Mason.

There are fewer educational books on business than the unparalleled prosperity of the country might make logical. Is it possible that those of previous seasons have made this moderation possible? For there is nothing so common in the United States at present, relatively speaking, as the business school. Works that stand out are "Statistical Methods" by Frederick C. Mills, "Our Competitors and Markets" by Arnold W. Lahee, "International Trade Finance" by George W. Edwards, and "The Discount Policy of the Federal Reserve System" by B. Haggott Beckhart. All of these bear the imprint of Holt. Doubleday, Page announce "Marketing Practice" by Percival White and Walter S. Hayward, and Crowell lists "Problems of Finance" by Jens P. Jensen.

Let us try to visualize the entire business through the medium of percentages, bearing in mind that, it is to be hoped at least, all of the nine or ten thousand books published in this country last year are educational. If, for example, the best sellers in the field of fiction are not educative, then we waste time more energetically than we waste money politically. But if we mean, as I do, by educational books only those books that are intended primarily for routine students, there have been written during the current spring and summer approximately three hundred new educational works. Of these fifty per cent, as the adding up of a table top of figures shows, come under the heading of education (including all that is taught in schools and colleges under the departments of education, philosophy, psychology, pedagogy, and school management), twenty five per cent are devoted to languages and literatures, native and foreign, fifteen per cent to established or traditional science, and ten per cent miscellaneous.

A glance at some of the works included under miscellaneous will show how our ideas of "education" are broadening. I list the following: "Co-operation in Coal Production" (Holt) by Archibald H. Stockder; "Intelligence Testing" (Holt) by Rudolf Pintner; "Tolstoi: The Teacher" (Dutton) by Charles Baudouin; "The Radio Amateur's Handbook" (Crowell) by A. Frederick Collins; "The Game of Ma Chiang" (Crowell) by Mrs. Prescott Warren; "Practical Exercises in Filing" (Winston) by L. H. Cadwallader; "Moonlight Schools for the Emancipation of Adult Illiterates" (Dutton) by Cora W. Stewart; "Military Intelligence" (Stokes) by Lieutenant Colonel Walter C. Sweeney; "Heirs of the Incas" (Minton, Balch) by Carroll K. Michener; "Art in the School" (Doubleday, Page) by Belle Boas; "Romance of a Living Temple" (Sully) by Frederick M. Rossiter; Downey's "Will-Temperament and its Testing" (World Book Company); "The Profession of Journalism" (Atlantic) by William G. Bleyer; "Human Geography" (Winston) by J. Russell Smith; "Practical Projects for Elementary Schools" (Ginn) by Lillian

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I. Lincoln; "Colloid Chemistry" (Dutton) by Herbert Freundlich. This list, which could be extended to include an even hundred, shows how far we have progressed beyond "the three r's". It is no wonder that there are so many books on how to make, use, and survive a curriculum. And the publishers and authors hope to live to see these books "adopted" by the schools.

Here is an imposing array of educational matter. But to lead the reader to fancy that all of this is new material would be a grandiose imposition. There is in truth an immense amount of repetition in these 300 books, or 500, or even 1,000, if we include mere edited texts, revised editions, and so on. Some of this repetition is intentional, some of it expressed, some of it unconscious, and some of it necessitated by regional circumstances, while all of it is made possible by our wealth.

By way of explaining the repetition, let us take the field of physics. Chemistry would serve as a better illustration were it not for the fact that the number of new texts on chemistry is incredible, and I have no space for affidavits. There are, without doubt, at least fifty quite adequate texts on school and college physics in circulation in the United States at this moment. Yet Holt invests money in still another: "Elements of Physics" by Merchant and Chant. It would seem at first blush that the sole reason for this new text lies in the attractive feature of the authors' names. It is like spelling "Smith" with a "P". These gentlemen have written a good book, or Henry Holt could never have been cajoled into publishing it. But wherein lie its novel merits?

On the other hand, Dr. Clinton Maury Kilby of Randolph-Macon Woman's College has written a college physics text on demand: the southern people have given him no peace; he had to do it. The publisher (he has not been agreed upon at this writing) is to be congratulated, for this book is assured of a steady and "solid" circulation throughout southern colleges, for this reason: the south is making strides in education of which the north is quite unaware. But the pre-college schools in the south are run from six to eight weeks less in each year than those of the north. Hence the physics texts written in the north and east are too big for the south. Hence Dr. Kilby has written his "Essentials of Physics" with an eye single to abridged statement, but with a mind open to the most recent developments in the physical sciences.

A similar story could be told of many of the books listed for spring and summer publication. Such stories must be in the background, else how account for this huge amount of material on the abnormal, which means the defective, child? Books on this theme are as numerous as those on the familiar sciences, and more numerous than those on American history and literature. Indeed the history of our country, as a coherent and inspiring tale, is the Cinderella of this entire educational family, just as pedagogy or education is the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe.

For that measure and proportion which constitute the really conspicuous features of a well educated man, one seeks then in vain. But this is hardly the fair moment to look for them: the fight between the automobile owner and the illiterate is still too even. There is sound reason however for full hope: we have the children, the interest in education, the money, the books, and the sense.

This sense is emphasized by the absence, in all this list, of just one

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book: "Why We Should Have a Secretary of Education". Publishers have apparently been as wary about accepting a manuscript on this theme as they would on such theme as: "Why Politics Should be Made an Integral Part of our Educational System". Six million of us may be unable to read and write, but even these can listen. And the man who listens today learns that each state must solve its own educational problems. If we had a federal secretary guiding the entire system from above, there could be, and probably would be, a great saving in the publication of educational books: there would not be nearly so many of them, for the whole system would be standardized. But fancy what such standardization would mean, if you can. You cannot, for the human mind has its limitations in picturing misfortune.

## THE LAST SHORE

By Pascal D'Angelo

FROM the rocky haunts of birds
The ancient shepherd ocean
Is watching the faint herds
Of his endless motion;
In the black expanse of heaven
The bright stars gleam like tears,
And beneath is a grey mist driven —
Ah! hope of years!
And under the mist each wave
Bears a heart that beats no more,
That is stranded as they lave
The fantom shore.

The ancient shepherd ocean
Is whispering, "O cease!
O cease this soulless motion
And give me peace!"
Ah! There is nothing here but grief;
There is not the rest we need
Save where upon the reef
The dead hearts bleed,
And on the cheek of heaven
The bright stars trail like tears
While the mist is a grey hope driven
By the storm of years.

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# PORTRAIT OF A CRITIC

## By Ernest Boyd

*With Sketches by Dwight Taylor*

THE size of his brief case is the measure of his estimate of his own importance. He rarely goes far without this imposing piece of impedimenta, with adjustable locks, heavy straps, and an attractive array of compartments, containing manuscripts, review books, and volumes deserving a place in every gentleman's library. Lest he be mistaken for a mere journalist, he is careful to encumber himself simultaneously with his bag and his walking stick. The former alone might denote the presence of a common newspaper man, the latter unaided might suggest dramatic criticism, whereas our Critic is nothing if not a scholar, and his most casual notice of a book assumes the portentousness of a contribution to learning. Not that he has fitted himself for his career by the attainment of the qualifications necessary for criticism. He learns while he earns, and like the education of George Moore, his is also conducted in public, but not with such happy effect. He is either engaged in displaying the knowledge which he should have quietly digested in his nonage, or he strenuously exhibits his emancipated indifference even to the rudiments of that elementary learning. His pedantry is as depressing as his philistinism.

The Critic of the strictly up to date model manages amazingly to combine these two elements, and it is this amalgam which best symbolizes the type under whose ægis a new era in literature has developed. For his pedantry, his defective college education must be held responsible. At college he must have acquired those undigested slabs of knowledge upon which he now ruminates. Had they been properly assimilated, some sustenance might have gone into his style, and a sounder and riper judgment into his criticism. But he is a species of critical Peter Pan who never grows out of his tutelage to the pedagogue upon whose verbal or written counsels he relies to the end. The gerund grinder is presumably so charmed at finding a pupil in whom all interest in literature was not stifled, that he encourages his protégé in the ways of the New Solemnity. So the latter becomes publicly a book reviewer but privately nurses the sacred ambition to become a critic.

To this end he proceeds to make up for the lost reading more appropriate to his college days. Dusting off his literary manuals, he discovers the names and works of the august dead, to whom he turned a rather inattentive ear before he realized that the call to criticism had been vouchsafed to him. He determines to make these his companions, and to refresh his soul after the daily trivialities of current book reviewing with those masterpieces which have stood the test of time. If he were on the far side of fifty, instead of hovering uncertainly about thirty, he would assuredly say that, every time a new book appeared, he reread an old one. As it is, he has his moments, as when he can dismiss conversation



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about some contemporary by reverting to the sermons of John Donne or to Hobbes's "Leviathan". One gathers that his great consolation is the fact of his being so cultured that, when he has solemnly criticized the inadequacies of "The Sheik" or "Flaming Youth", he can retreat to the blessed company of Montaigne and Aristotle. He deprecates the time wasted upon the contemporary American realists, and ingenuously urges the superior claims of Fanny Burney and Mrs. Aphra Behn.

His technique is of the simplest. Being too old to avow his ignorance and not young enough to admit his inexperience, he feels compelled to give constant reminders of his wide reading and cultured tastes. Thus he will begin: "I was looking through 'A Mirror for Magistrates' last night for the hundredth time, when I came across a passage . . . "; or "I have just been rereading 'The Diall of Princes', it is really far better than 'The Mirrors of Downing Street' "; "Don't you think that Eugene O'Neill is very much less worthwhile than Vanbrugh?" He will establish parallels between Fielding and Sherwood Anderson, to the latter's disadvantage, and establish charges of plagiarism against "Ulysses" by means of quotations from Jacobean divines. He is charmed when he catches a friend tripping in some matter which he himself has picked up second hand through Professor Saintsbury or Charles Whibley. Although he professes the utmost scorn for reprinted critical articles — until his own are collected — he combines this with an unbounded admiration for Hazlitt and Arnold. These have been hallowed by the benediction of the classroom handbooks. Their journalism has now become criticism, his professors have told him.

His own practice as a critic presents few departures from the norm of mortals who deem themselves less gifted. He shows a becoming discretion where the works of editors are concerned, and the elucubrations of his teachers fill him with becoming humility. When he

*"The size of his brief case . . ."*

finds a book of criticism in a field where he has aspired to disport himself, he will conscientiously expose all its weaknesses, if the author happens to be a person of little editorial consequence. He will pronounce judgment upon the excellence of translations from languages of which he is ignorant, with an air of the profoundest expert knowledge. He regards these utterances with a pontifical earnestness, and believes that his being asked to write a review is an event of considerable importance to the author in particular and to the public in general. Any work of arresting quality excites him to denigration, and his fault finding is filled with echoes of the platitudes of the type leveled against George Meredith, to the effect that his style was obscure, and that his characters spoke a language never overheard in buses. He is just a little vague in his mind as

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to this question of realism. He finds that all his professors seem to agree that realistic fiction is reprehensible, but whenever there are no romantic stereotypes, and phonographic reproductions of speech make way for genuine writing, then the poor fellow is distressed and puzzled. In short, in his premature desire for balance and perspective, he generally achieves priggishness.

When the Critic's aim, on the other hand, is to astonish the bourgeoisie, he usually succeeds in giving the educated an astonishing exhibition of his own ignorance, real or assumed. In this phase of his evolution he has simply reversed the order already described. He will not, on any account, admit that a classic, ancient or modern, is worth reading. To suggest merits in Thackeray is somehow to detract from the fame of Waldo Frank. The idea that the full flavor of Ring Lardner is enhanced by contrast with one's appreciation of Goldsmith or Bacon, is one which his ultra modern mind refuses to entertain. The consequence is that the victim of this obsession begins his career as an æsthete and ends as a reporter, incapable of any judgment other than, "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like." In his æsthetic stage he is a source of not altogether innocent merriment; in the reportorial, he is the most potent force in modern criticism.

Who can resist the humor of the baubles that bedizen the prose of the æsthetic critic, who declares swooningly: "The breath of a rare aptness informs every rectangle of canvas or glass decorated by Marsden Hartley. . . . Like a warm flower half hidden by lush grasses, the presence glints from his clamant shields of color, meeting with light reassurance the eye when first it falls upon the great drooping curves, the prim angular shapes, and flaunting areas of this simultaneously stiff and violent and whimsical art." One is suffused by grammatical blushes when one reads: "Lyric substance has gotten a novel acidulousness of him", or "The sharp things make gay dangerous guerilla upon the alkalis coating the brain." Another blush is produced by such obstetrical images as "Known in the body of a woman, the largeness of life greets us in color", or "What men have always wanted to know, and women hide, this girl sets forth. Essence of womanhood impregnate color and mass." It is more in joy than in anger that one discovers that these sweet phrases are those of a critic who believes that the great auk is the bird known as the great roc in the "Arabian Nights" — after all the "Arabian Nights" were not written last year at the MacDowell Colony. They don't belong.

When he forsakes these exotic jungles of words, so appropriate to the art with which they purport to be concerned, the Critic is then liable to lapse into the genial or conversational manner, which has a potency that can medicine booksellers and readers to the sweetest of sleeps. Genial, when the arbiter of our literary destinies addresses his readers in general by fanciful names, and his personal friends in the "literary game" by nicknames and affectionate diminutives. We learn what he found in the icebox last night, after an evening's toil, how his dog bit the baby and the Ford ran out of gasoline just outside Jamaica, L. I. . . . Incidentally, it seems that "dear old Jackie" has written another masterpiece (publisher and price indicated), that he is a hell of a nice fellow, and spends five hours at his lunch when his critic is with him. It further transpires that the Critic has just been round the

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bookshops and has picked up a fine copy — in Everyman's Library — of "Typee". He has no hesitation in recommending this hitherto neglected and unknown work to his sweet customers. The customers aforesaid do not wait to be told twice — although, as a matter of arithmetical fact, they hear the same thing twice daily for several weeks after — they rush to the bookshops, and "dear old Jackie" shares with Herman Melville a species of boom.

The more intensely personal and domestic the Critic becomes, the more insistent he is that the "we" reserved for editorial writers and royalty shall be his pronoun. Upon which analogy, let the charitable and uncharitable explain according to their diverse temperaments. It does seem as though an "I" could hardly strike a jarring note in so intimate a picture, but such egotism is rigorously excluded. Instead, one gets an obviously detached account of how "we" were lunching on board the "Aquitania", when "our" dear old friend Tommie So and So confided that he was publishing a new book, and without having seen it, "we" can swear to its excellence and entreat "our" dearest patrons to order it at once. At the same time, the same publisher is bringing out a series of reprints in which "we" discover a delightful book which "we" had never read, but which "we" now intend to boost till many moons and many columns have waxed and waned. Whereupon a breathless audience is made aware of the existence of "Robinson Crusoe", "The Three Musketeers", or some similar forgotten volume. The genial Critic is much beloved of publishers and booksellers. He is a popular educator. He knows when to give credit where credit is due. In the trade they say he has "a large following".

He has an alter ego, however, whose typewriting on the wall is a more powerful omen than that which troubled the feast at Belshazzar's court. The Critic unadorned makes no play with his icebox, his lunches, the dog by his fireside, and the dawn coming up like thunder across Oyster Bay. No poetic pictures in the pseudo-Lamb manner for him, no references to rare Ben Jonson, cheese and ale. He is a regular guy, who would as certainly prefer a ball game or a session at poker to the books which he has to discuss, as would the husbands of all the ladies who read him. When he can, he escapes, and entertains the men with his genuine appreciation of all manly sports. But the women want culture, and so he tells them what the lips of their menfolk refuse to speak. He can put them on to a good mystery story, another analysis of the problem of sex, and, every now and then, a work of more or less serious intent which happens to deal with some question which arouses his natural feeling in favor of fair play. He can "sell" them an idea.

What, however, is vastly more important, he can sell books, and is thereby unanimously constituted the world's greatest Critic. His name adorns the jackets and advertisements of many books, and lucky indeed is the publisher who can quote him as saying: "Get me, kid, this sure is some humdinger of a story, holy gee!" When he concludes his examination of some new contribution to the literature of domestic slavery, his peroration brings joy into many a publisher's humble home: "By gosh, this jane has hit the high spots of married life. The best book we have read in years", or words to that effect. Whereupon carloads of paper rumble eastward, printing presses revolve, in the moving picture market there is a flurry, and the American

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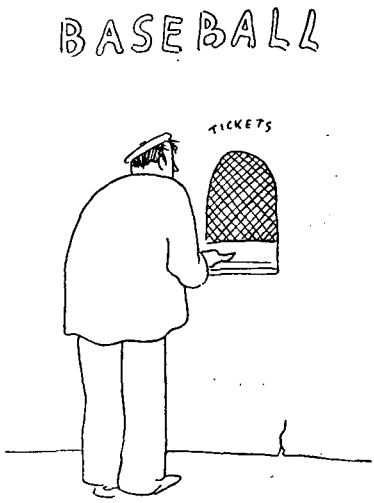
home is enriched by one more triumph of the native genius.

In criticism he is man as Rousseau desired him, in his natural state, unspoiled by the affectations which bedevil his less fortunate rivals. Fundamentally their equipment is the same, but the others present those fluctuations from the normal which do not add one cubit to their critical stature, but seriously detract from their usefulness as the accurate reflection of mass opinion. Others may stumble occasionally upon a book which proves to be just what the public wants, but they cannot be relied upon to repeat the performance instinctively. The Critic unadorned can arrive by second nature at the judgments expected of him, his reactions are as standardized as Ford parts and as reliable. If he cherishes any secret desires of a subtly intellectual or æsthetic kind, he conceals the stirrings of this libido from the profane gaze. His habit of reiteration sometimes leads to his methods' being confused with those of his more introverted colleagues. When he returns again and again to praise of the same book, he is animated by no more reprehensible motive than that which prompts a child to voice his pleasure in repeated singsong. He wants the public to share his enthusiasm.

His naive rejoicings, in fact, prove now and then his undoing. Rival publishers have hardly passed advertising proofs in which he greets each particular goose as a swan, when they discover that their respective masterpieces have been hymned in identical terms as "the best we have read". Sinister suggestions are made by the disgruntled, who assert that this appearance of candor covers an elaborate system of log rolling, but the charge cannot be proved. It is irrelevant, moreover, because it lies against every writer who is called upon to pass comment upon current literature. As usual, the individual is blamed for the achievements of the plain people. It is their recognition which confers the power against which those who cannot benefit by it protest. Henry James




*"He is a regular guy"*

could not have sold an edition of "The Egoist" by boosting "old Georgie Meredith".

There are certain risks which our Critic does not take. If he did, he would not be the phenomenon which he is. If he were even liable to such lapses from normalcy, he could not wield the influence which makes him the complete Critic in our time. He can do none other, Demos helping him. But it is in no spirit of martyrdom that he can adapt those words to fit his case. He is a round peg in a perfectly round hole, unlike the many square pegs which fit so uneasily into the critical places assigned to them in this age of Equal Opportunity. We live, it is said, in a democratic era, and we pay the penalty of our daring. With greatness thrust upon him before he has

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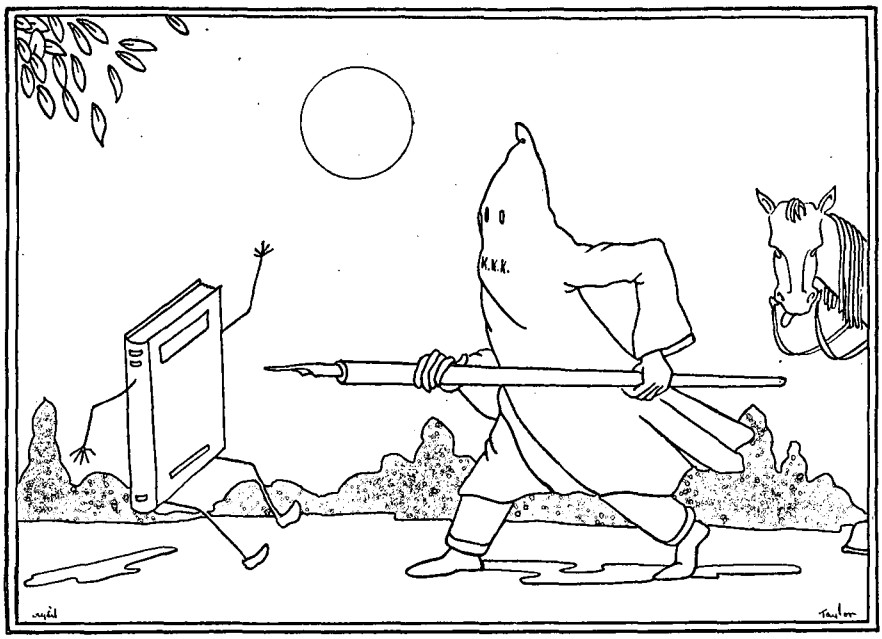


*"He rides forth in his literary Klan robes"*

attained competent mediocrity, the Solemn Critic inevitably plays at being grown up by donning the clothes of his literary parents. The Æsthetic Critic tries to achieve sophistication before he has acquired knowledge. The results are equally absurd. And so we arrive at the logical conclusion: *vox populi, vox critici.*

Casting his shadow over the whole scene stands the professor, who usually possesses all the qualities which the others simulate, but none of the virtues which make those qualities desirable. He has a certain background and real perspective, but urbanity, intellectual curiosity, and sensitiveness to new ideas are lacking. He lives in his watertight literary department, so cut off from the world of contemporary letters that even those whom he pursues in his feuds are fantoms to him. He has the distressing habit of lumping all his dislikes under some generic epithet, and dies unaware that the groups which he has indicted have as little in common among themselves as they have with him. His particular phobias are the "younger set" or the "bohemians", but he has never troubled to find out which writers actually belong to these categories. He can see no difference between an Æsthete: Model 1924, and the antithesis of this phenomenon: Theodore Dreiser and H. L. Mencken. In his rasher moments he confounds Van Wyck Brooks and Burton Rascoe in an identical excommunication. When he rides forth in his literary Klan robes, he runs amuck, and insinuates that the brachycephalic Mediterranean or even the Jewish taint is present in writers of authentic Dutch lineage dating back at least two hundred years. He calls for the instant deportation of such aliens, when their works displease him, on the ground that they are unassim-

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ilated and un-American. The Academic Critic is a species of Fundamentalist in literature.

When he becomes a Modernist the fruits of his condescension are rather dry. He remains the schoolmaster to the end, but develops an extraordinary faculty for balancing on critical tight ropes. His lack of prejudice — ostensible prejudice — becomes positively embarrassing. One watches breathlessly while he trips along the slack wire of his cautious prose, maintaining a skilful balance, so that he can praise with equally discreet enthusiasm exponents of diametrically opposite tendencies, without once revealing toward which side his own convictions incline. Finally the truth emerges, that he has no convictions outside the accepted figures of the past, where a certain degree of liberty of judgment is permitted to a scholar and a gentleman. He can argue for or against Poe and Whitman — there are academic precedents for whatever side he takes. Otherwise, his indifference enables him to be all things to all new men of letters, but at times his assumed enthusiasm threatens the prerogatives of the journalistic amplifiers. At this precise moment in his evolution he is at his zenith, for he then combines the commercial influence of the regular fellows with the parchment prestige of the pedagogue. His ramifications are many. He is the Great Power in American letters.

## EAGLES AND SNAILS

By Stanton A. Coblentz

IF eagles, mole-like, burrowed through the clay,
And moles, like eagles, perched on peaks of fire;
If robins, hog-like, wallowed in the mire,
And hogs had marble halls in which to play,
The world would not be stranger than today,
When wingèd souls must bind themselves for hire
To dusty trade, and snails at birth acquire
Kingdoms for which proud lions vainly pray!

Here is a skylark spirit drably moiling
In costume of a beetle; there is one
That like an ant is foraging and toiling,
Yet with fleet wings might soar into the sun!
Ah, should one laugh to see, or should one weep? —
Sheep in the rôle of wolves, wolves in the rôle of sheep!

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# G. STANLEY HALL, PSYCHOLOGIST AND EDUCATOR

## By Grant Overton

IN describing a novel course he gave at Clark University and which he called psychogenesis — the birth and evolution of the soul — G. Stanley Hall remarks in his autobiography, "Life and Confessions of a Psychologist": "Interest, like steam in an engine, must be developed over a large surface, although when put to work it has to be applied to a small one." That is true of this article. The large surfaces of Dr. Hall's long and unusual career can be depended on, I think, to develop interest in my reader; although whether that interest will apply itself to psychology, methods of teaching, child study, or the central figure of the Christian faith is uncertain and perhaps immaterial. A developed interest, before passing on to any of these things, does well to linger for some time on the man himself, who had so many vicissitudes and whose account of his life, outside and inside, is the best of a certain type since Benjamin Franklin's, which it most nearly resembles.

Both Franklin and Dr. Hall were Yankees; both were much abroad and transcended their Puritan beginnings on the intellectual side, though in the sphere of conduct each was a tree inclined as the twig had been bent. Both were zestful of every human experience; each alike, though for a somewhat differing purpose, went far and deep in the matter of self examination, writing down his confessions and conclusions for the world to read. If Franklin is more clear and practical and personal, Dr. Hall takes the reader to greater levels and to vistas of

> . . . fresh woods and pastures new.

His "Life and Confessions of a Psychologist" is a book of more than ordinary account simply for this reason. It has distinct faults. Its material is a little diffuse and not too well organized; it is far from lucid in places and lapses into technical language where it need not do so. In addition, Dr. Hall's particular interests are allowed to override the literary, and sometimes the human, interest. The introductory chapter perplexes and dismays the ordinary reader with a series of conclusions couched in scientific lingo; the second chapter repels him with its dulness. Yet, if he persists, he will soon find himself unable to stop until the book is finished; certain chapters and parts of chapters will absorb his whole attention; and in the end he will have a sense of having had glimpses into many mansions, all spacious; of having come in touch with largeness and nobility of soul.

Granville Stanley Hall, who died on April 24, 1924, was born February 1, 1846, in Ashfield, Massachusetts. His father was of impetuous temperament, his mother a rather submissive and devoutly pious woman. There were three children, all brought up on a farm. From the first, Stanley Hall was keenly interested in animals. But he was also one of those boys whose



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imagination is strongly exercised by the shapes of frost on a window pane, the broken march of clouds across the sky, the shapes and images seen in dancing firelight, and the visions excited by musical sounds. He was sensitive, and both brave and timid; pacifistic by temper, he could persist in a course once taken. He was essentially a lonely child, as such children often are, and this loneliness was to become more pronounced as he grew older, developing a habit of isolation which was to be his salvation in one of the greatest crises in his career.

His schooling culminated in Williams College, which gave him his A. B. in 1867. He was a classmate of Hamilton Wright Mabie. Mark Hopkins — he of whom it was said that "a university was Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other" — was president of the college and also "professor of moral and intellectual philosophy". An important friendship of this time was with Charles Eliot Norton.

A single year in New York followed. Young Hall was a student at the Union Theological Seminary, but he was also twenty one, in New York for the first time, full of a healthy curiosity and bound to satisfy it. He went to the theatre as well as to all manner of churches, and was one of a number employed by the City Missionary Society to invite women of the street to attend the midnight mission. Through the friendly act of Henry Ward Beecher money was provided for Hall to go abroad and study, the lender being Henry Sage, benefactor of Cornell University. It was already apparent that Hall had no vocation to the ministry. He dreamed of becoming a professor. Darwin, Spencer and Tyndall, Renan, Strauss, Emerson and Carlyle, had profoundly influenced him. In the summer of 1868 he went to Germany, first to the University of Bonn and then to that of Berlin. Here he dabbled in all manner of subjects, from theology to surgery and mental clinics. On his return to America he wished to teach the history of philosophy, but was unable to, lest he should, in the opinion of a college president, "unsettle men and teach them to hold no opinions".

Private tutoring was followed by a spell of teaching at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio. It was at this time that the first volume of Wundt's "Physiological Psychology" was published. In a sense, psychology as we know it began with this work, so definite in its experiments and conclusions. Here was something one could lay hold of! Hall read it, was amply fascinated, and left Antioch, resolved to go to Leipzig and study under Wundt. But at Cambridge he was met by the offer of an instructorship at Harvard and stopped to teach for a year, going on to Leipzig in 1876. He spent a year in Berlin, some time in Paris and England, and came home to resume his friendship with William James and others, to lecture on education under Harvard auspices, and to cast about. He was much in debt and had no prospects. He had married. Having spent three years in Germany between the ages of 22 and 25, and three more from 32 to 35, "the narrow, inflexible orthodoxy, the Puritan eviction of the joy that comes from amusements, from life, the provincialism of our interests, our prejudice against continental ways of living and thinking, the crudeness of our school system, the elementary character of the education imparted in our higher institutions of learning — all these seemed to me depressing, almost exasperating. I fairly loathed and hated so much what I saw about me that I now realize more clearly than

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ever how possible it would have been for me to have drifted into some, perhaps almost any, camp of radicals and to have come into such open rupture with the scheme of things as they were that I should have been stigmatized as dangerous, at least for any academic career, where the motto was Safety First." But he must teach or go back to the farm.

Luck was with him. In 1881 he was invited to lecture on psychology at the Johns Hopkins University, toward which all ambitious young professors were looking wistfully. He was then asked to teach a half year, after which he was appointed full professor for five years at a salary then very generous. The seven fat years — for he remained until 1888 — had begun. The great Gilman was president of the university, Gildersleeve taught Greek and Rowland taught physics; Simon Newcomb, astronomy; Spencer, Huxley, Kelvin, Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, Freeman the historian, James Russell Lowell, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and William James were visitors and, for the most part, lecturers. Among Dr. Hall's pupils were John Dewey, J. McKeen Cattell, Joseph Jastrow, James H. Hyslop, and one young man who took a long Sunday afternoon walk with the professor "in which he debated with me the question of majoring in psychology, although I felt that his mind was already made up not to do so for his previous studies and his Southern instincts and family traditions already inclined him too strongly toward the historical and political field". This was Woodrow Wilson. "Had he chosen psychology," comments Dr. Hall, "he might never have been President; but, on the other hand, if he had, he might have learned to do better teamwork and have been more ready to compromise and concede."

When he was just forty two Dr. Hall's lean years began — lean in the sense that he gave up highly congenial work and surroundings and a maximum salary which was offered him to embark on a new and untried enterprise, in which he was to endure a degree of distress and anxiety and an amount of difficulty and odium hard to describe. The history of his relations with Clark University, first publicly told in Chapter VII of "Life and Confessions of a Psychologist", is likely without a parallel. Certainly it throws more light on human nature than any psychologist could hope to do by a lifetime of experiment and reasoning. Briefly, this was what happened:

Jonas Gilman Clark (1815–1900), a successful wagonmaker, had made a fortune in California in 1849 by selling mining implements. He was one of the active Vigilantes and a friend of Leland Stanford. After attaining importance in San Francisco he moved to New York and increased his wealth by dealing in real estate; but with the passage of years he returned to his native county in Massachusetts. The example of Leland Stanford, his own childlessness, and a desire to do something for his native county led him to resolve to found Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts. Dr. Hall was asked to be president and accepted the post.

Mr. Clark immediately gave a building and grounds and his note for $600,000 for the university, with a note of $100,000 for a library. This, a total value of something like $1,000,000, was the largest single gift that had ever been made to education in New England. The outlook was of unprecedented brilliance, for Mr. Clark's expressed intention was to leave all his wealth to the institution, and his fortune was variously estimated at from

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$8,000,000 to $18,000,000 or even $20,000,000. The founder readily agreed to Dr. Hall's suggestion that he, Dr. Hall, spend a year abroad studying the universities of the world.

Surely no one has ever had an opportunity equaling the year which followed. Dr. Hall omitted to visit no university of importance in Europe. The mere recital of the places he saw is impressive enough; when the imagination tries to take in the educational panorama unrolled before his eyes the task becomes impossible. One small cloud darkened the horizon. Mr. Clark had instructed him to bring to this side several of the best German professors. Dr. Hall was put in a painful situation by engaging von Holst of Freiburg and then having his act disowned. It was to be only the first of a series of bitter and terrible disappointments.

Clark was opened as a university for graduate students only, with few pupils but high hopes and splendid prospects, on October 2, 1889. A few simple figures, as Dr. Hall remarks, give the key to the near-tragedy that followed. "During the first year we spent for salaries and equipment, $135,000; the second year, Mr. Clark contributed $50,000 above the income of the $600,000 that had actually been transferred to the board of trustees, making a total income of $92,000; the third year, he gave $26,000, making it $68,000; the fourth year, $12,000, making it $54,000; and the fifth and subsequent years of his life he gave nothing, so that the whole institution subsisted upon the income of its funds, namely, the $600,000 for the University and $100,000 for the library." What was wrong?

Mr. Clark couldn't or wouldn't say. He seems to have been a singularly inarticulate individual. Whether he lost heavily in the misfortunes that overtook the British firm of Baring Brothers, or on his own account, remains uncertain. It may be that he had, all along, much less money than was supposed; or it may be that a university cost more than he expected. There was consternation over his dwindling annual gifts and a deeper anxiety over his failure to add to the permanent endowment. Collectively and individually the trustees implored him to say what the university might expect; at least, they might know where they stood; but Mr. Clark remained silent. "He sanctioned every engagement and knew exactly the liabilities we were incurring, and the optimistic view", says Dr. Hall, "was that he could not possibly bring men here or start departments and then fail to sustain them." It was too optimistic. Men were let go because there was no money to keep them. After a personal quarrel with a professor, Clark compelled the board to request the man's resignation, which they did. The founder would smilingly listen to instructors who asked for supplies, refer them to Dr. Hall, and then order Dr. Hall to deny the requests. A personal tragedy at the beginning of this time befell Dr. Hall as he was convalescent from an attack of diphtheria so severe that for weeks he could not speak, but had to write on a slate. He had been sent to the country when, one night, through an accident in a gas fixture, his wife and the younger of his two children, aged six, were smothered to death.

As the second year drew to a close and the trustees fully realized that Mr. Clark would almost certainly not maintain expenditures on the basis on which they had been begun, and as there was already much discontent in the faculty, their anxiety focussed on the future, and I was instructed to do everything possible not to alienate Mr. Clark to such a degree that he would bestow elsewhere the remainder of his fortune, still believed to be very large. To this end

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I must, with what grace and tact I could, accept the situation; and when asked, as I often was when I was trying to get his wishes carried through with the faculty as a whole or individually, whether it was my will or the founder's that I was trying to enforce, must give them to understand it was my own and thus shield Mr. Clark. This was most humiliating to my honor and even to my conscience but the situation demanded nothing less, for the entire future of the institution seemed to hang upon this.

The foreseen result was a faculty revolt; a majority of the staff offered their resignations because they had lost confidence in Dr. Hall. The trustees left the affair in Dr. Hall's hands, but as those hands were tied by the necessity of keeping a close secret the financial situation and by the necessity of "shielding" Clark from censure, he could explain but lamely.

At this point President Harper of the new University of Chicago came to Worcester, secretly engaged a majority of the faculty at double the Clark salaries, and then tried to hire Dr. Hall for a salary larger than he was receiving. Under Dr. Hall's threat to make the facts public and to appeal to John D. Rockefeller himself — Mr. Rockefeller being Chicago's backer — Harper receded a little. Dr. Hall managed to salvage a few of his men from the raid. Clark University was now reduced to living on the four per cent income from its $600,000 and waiting for its founder to die, "when it would be clear to us whether we must close up, live along feebly, or enter upon the realization of our large and high initial hopes by finding that, after all, he had vast means and had not diverted them to other sources".

Andrew Carnegie promised $100,000 if an equal amount were raised; when only $37,000 could be raised and Mr. Carnegie was told why he dropped the condition and gave his $100,000 outright. Somehow, the next half dozen years were got through. There was a continuous false position for Dr. Hall and continuous and heavy censure to be borne. He had to suppose that the end would justify the means; and the end, when it came, gave him only partial satisfaction. Clark had taken to spending a good deal of time in Europe, perhaps as an aid to his disgusting reticence. He was at outs with the trustees, all men of distinction and all sustaining Dr. Hall as well as they could. The founder was also in disagreement with Dr. Hall over a collegiate department, which he wanted and which Dr. Hall — very naturally, one would think, in the acutely trying circumstances — didn't want. The tenth anniversary of Clark was celebrated with a brave spirit in 1899. It was that darkest hour before the dawn. The perverse Clark died the year following leaving a nasty will with five codicils and expensive litigious possibilities, most of which were realized. In the last of the codicils Clark revoked certain strictures upon Dr. Hall contained in the will itself. However, a collegiate department was provided and university and college came at once into possession of nearly the whole estate, the rest to follow at Mrs. Clark's death. Dr. Hall, who had been teaching and lecturing and worrying, was released at last from his scapegoat rôle. Four years later he was to publish in two volumes his masterly study of "Adolescence"; and every few years after that were to see an important book come from his hands. He was in his fifties and at last comparatively free and unhampered. Not only his interest in child study but his wide knowledge of methods of teaching (pedagogy), of psychology and philosophy, of the vast amount of experimental work in hand everywhere, and his novel conceptions of the soul's progress were to bear fruit.

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He had always been interested in genetics — beginnings. His psychology, as it matured in a long lifetime of study and reflection, was different from the psychology of other men chiefly in this respect. The one word of science which always had the power to fire Dr. Hall's imagination was "evolution". Let not the Fundamentalist rage, at this point of this chapter, nor the reader imagine a vain thing. It is greatly doubtful if, deep in his heart, G. Stanley Hall cared two sticks about Darwinian evolution as such. But evolution as an idea was to him a psychic reality.

Whether Darwin was right or not, whether the law of natural selection is true, false, or meaningless, "evolution" is the word to cover Dr. Hall's idea of what has happened and what is happening to the spirit of man. Although he studied under Wundt, he thought it unfortunate that one whose influence has been so far reaching was trained in physics and physiology chiefly. Biology, says Dr. Hall, would have given Wundt and his disciples less positiveness; they would have been less set on explaining all things of the spirit by occurrences in and to the body; and the idea of growth and change would have been more elastic and more hopeful. Again, Dr. Hall was one of the few American psychologists of standing who had gone deeply and impartially into the discoveries of Freud and the whole field of modern psychoanalysis.

His attitude toward educational theory and practice was derived from his special interest in child study. "In the nature of childhood itself and its different stages of development", he says, "must be found the norm for all the method and matter of teaching." One very general defect of our schools is that the teacher does not teach enough, but gives, or is required to give, too much attention to setting, hearing, and marking lessons. Dr. Hall thought the weakest spot in the American system to be from about the fourth to the ninth grades. Drill and authority can really do most with the child just at this stage. Whatever may be the possibilities eugenics offers in the future, it is a far off future; for a long time to come we must depend on education to make the best of our child material. Although it was necessary to exclude religious teaching from the schools, it should be restored as soon as a gradually widening tolerance makes that possible. Education without it lacks heart and soul. "Protestant though I am, I would far rather a child of mine should be trained to be a good Catholic, Jew, or even Buddhist, Confucianist, or Mohammedan than allowed to grow up with no religion at all and made an early skeptic toward all faiths. Not absolute truth but efficiency for the conduct of life is the supreme criterion of all values here. The highest interpretation of the most vital human experiences must always take the religious form."

Motion pictures have more cultural possibilities, wrote Dr. Hall, than anything since the invention of printing; but we have not learned to develop them. Broadcasting may have similar possibilities; but the educational value of our newspapers has deteriorated.

The general problem of education as stated by Dr. Hall is somewhat as follows:

Overpopulation and a use of the earth's resources so wasteful that we can now date the exhaustion of many of them are the first term of the problem. There is not now in the world one one-hundredth of the wealth necessary to satisfy the demand for it. "As civilization advances, it costs not only more money but more time and effort to

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keep people happy." And "the average individual wants all that is coming to him now and here, and uses every means in his power (fair and sometimes foul) to get it. Thus he plunges on toward the bankruptcy of his hopes in their present form." Wise minds realize that either men must restrict their desires, which is not likely, or must transform and redirect them — in technical language, must sublimate them, or find more internal surrogates for their gratification. Our industrial system is less than two hundred years old. Our political institutions are only a few thousand years old. The mind of man is far, far older. Such men as James Harvey Robinson would adapt the mind of man to these juvenile institutions or phases of knowledge. According to Dr. Hall, the adjustment will have to be the other way about.

In his own case, Dr. Hall found happiness through his work, which never included that "curse of the industrial world today", having to do, for pay, work that he hated. For it must be remembered that the false situation at Clark University was more than offset by the delight he had as a teacher of graduate students. But, work aside, perhaps the next greatest source of happiness and satisfaction to him was the trait which Walt Whitman perfectly phrased when he exclaimed:

In me the caresser of life, wherever moving.

For this psychologist and teacher, who was also for some time president of the New England Watch and Ward Society, a voluntary censorship which asserts itself chiefly over books and plays and in opposition to the social evil, always had "a love for glimpsing at first hand the raw side of life. I have never missed an opportunity to attend a prize fight if I could do so unknown and away from home. Thrice I have taken dancing lessons from experts sworn to secrecy, and tried to learn the steps of ancient and some of the tabooed modern dances — just enough to know the feel of them — up to some six years ago, although I have always been known as a non-dancer." In Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, New York, and San Francisco he found guides to take him through the underworld by night. In an institution for the blind, he blindfolded himself for an entire day; he learned the deaf mute alphabet; he saw three executions, visited morgues, revival meetings, anarchist meetings. Paupers, criminals, wayward children, circus freaks, were among his hobbies. "I believe that such zests and their indulgence are a necessary part of the preparation of a psychologist or moralist who seeks to understand human nature as it is." And as, probably, it will continue to be for a while to come.

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# EDUCATION AND THE READING HABIT

## By Arthur E. Bostwick

THE reading habit, as I understand it, is that which induces a man to read for the sake of reading, independently of other considerations. Whether it is a good thing or a bad thing will depend largely on the class of reading that falls in the reader's way. But given the right literary environment, it would appear to be absolutely necessary to the maintenance of an educational standard in the present state of civilization. Of the traditional "three r's" two are directly connected with the communication of ideas by means of written language. The third, in its modern form, largely depends on this also. One may imagine a man with a noble and generous intellectual equipment who knows neither his alphabet nor his numerical digits. Thousands of such have doubtless existed. Some exist today, but they are not in the modern picture.

A man who reads because he is fond of acquiring information and finds that he can get it from books, or because he likes stories and can get these most easily from the printed page, does not have the reading habit as defined above. In fact, many men who have these likes find that they can satisfy them sufficiently by talking with other men. The possessor of the reading habit has a fondness for the absorption of ideas from the printed page — he likes that way of getting his mental food. What he gets may be greatly in excess of the actual ideas set forth in what he reads. This may be merely seed which fructifies in his mind, and the fact that he is reading instead of listening to someone enables it so to do. The orator or the narrator has his listener at his mercy — the listener does not have time to think, but must go on to the next point at once on penalty of missing it. The reader can stop and ponder whenever he likes, and he is, therefore, able to be a thinker also.

How is this habit of mind acquired? In many cases, doubtless, it is not acquired at all — it is innate. There are many children who learn to read without being taught and who read everything within their reach, often without understanding it, simply because they like the printed page. In many other cases love for print is only potentially present in the child's mind and has to be brought out or developed. If such a child can be induced to read in any way whatever, there may be aroused in him a love of reading which will lead him to read as habitually as the child in whom this love was active from the beginning. In many other instances where the love of reading does not exist, even in embryonic form, it may doubtless be created by proper treatment.

Do these results follow from what the schools do to children in this country — or in any country, for that matter? Most of our children, though not all, learn to read at school — and, of course, one must learn to read before acquiring the reading habit. Learning to read, however, is more than acquiring the power to pronounce orally word after word in their printed or written se-



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quence. It is the power of rapidly absorbing the writer's ideas and especially, in our modern usage, of being able to do so directly, the printed phrase or sentence reproducing the corresponding idea in the reader's mind without conscious pronunciation of a single word, audibly or otherwise. This art of reading "to oneself" has only recently been recognized as teachable. The word method of reading is a step toward it, but the accomplished reader takes in his print by more than single words; he assimilates word groups, phrases, clauses, even whole paragraphs, at a glance. There is no reason why the technique of this sort of reading may not be imparted by a teacher; there is more pedagogical material on the subject than the ordinary citizen has any idea of. To mention only a few books, Emma Watkins's "How to Teach Silent Reading to Beginners", Clarence R. Stone's "Silent and Oral Reading", and Charles H. Judd's "Reading: Its Nature and Development" are eye openers to those who are unfamiliar with modern methods, and indicate that this important phase of training is no longer to be neglected.

Books are largely used in the processes of education. The textbook is not in vogue so much as formerly, but the reading of books, and of many books, is encouraged more than it was. When I was in college, students were not encouraged to use the university library, which was largely for members of the faculty. Today our college libraries are thronged with students, reading, abstracting, and taking notes. I doubt whether the mere use of a textbook ever stimulated a love for reading. Reading itself, even for the purpose of digging out facts in a course on history or economics, might do so. The courses in which there is the greatest chance for creating this love, or bringing it out where it exists in latent form, are those on language and literature, and I am sure they constitute our greatest failure to avail ourselves of an opportunity.

The old use of literary masterpieces as grammatical exercises, which was calculated to kill thoroughly and permanently any interest in them or love for them, is not now in vogue. So far, so good. But other kinds of analysis have been largely substituted, and to analyze a work of art in the hope of inducing love for it is something like expecting to foster a love for animals as pets by using their bodies as laboratory subjects in anatomy. Occasionally, it is true, we have a teacher of literature who is able to inspire real love for what is beautiful or noble in print; but, as has been said above, love for things in print is not the same as a habit of reading, although it is one of the steps that lead to that habit.

Perhaps we can get more information by the pragmatic method. The reading habit has, undoubtedly, increased greatly in this country during the past fifty years. At the same time the public library has developed into a much more extensive and popular institution. Also the methods of teaching in our schools have been revolutionized and the actual reading of books has been encouraged instead of mere memorizing of text. The periodical press has been greatly extended. Men now read two or three newspapers and magazines where they used to read one, and the variety is somewhat conducive to thought. Probably all these things are and have been exerting their influence in strengthening the reading habit in those who have always had it, developing it where it has lain unstimulated, and creating it where it did not exist.

Perhaps it is wrong to speak of "creation" as I have done. Possibly it is

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rather our friend Bergson's "creative evolution" — in the same class with what I have called "development", though rather more obscure. There must, in fact, be some lurking possibility of the reading habit to be nursed into activity; and no mind in which that possibility lies hid is beyond hope in this regard.

A fault of modern education, to be sure, is congestion. This is hardly a fault of method but rather of our late discovery that the world, as Stevenson says, "is so full of a number of things" and the feeling that it would be a mistake to neglect any of them. In fact, most of the critics of our system have some favorite 'ism in which they believe our young people ought to be instructed and whose absence they "view with alarm". Very few of them realize that we are trying already to teach too many subjects and that weeding out, instead of additional planting, is the process now indicated for our educational garden.

This congestion limits the student in time, and when student days are over our interests and occupations incident to modern life tend to continue this limitation. The reading habit requires plenty of time. Fortunately, with him who acquires it intensively it is a primary consideration, and other interests and occupations must necessarily yield to it. I have seen people reading under circumstances that would seem to render it impossible. I myself must confess to having read habitually while walking from a suburban train to a Hoboken ferry boat, until I fell over a baggage truck and nearly broke my neck. I knew a boy of seven who, locked in an attic for his sins, picked up "Queen Victoria's Diary" and passed a pleasant afternoon. Plenty of noonday lunchers read while they eat and seem not to acquire indigestion. A maiden on a farm once told me that she kept an open book at one end of her ironing board. "You can pick up lots that way", said she.

He who complains that he has not time to read is one who does not fundamentally care for that method of making contact with the minds of others. We always find time to eat and to sleep and to do other things that we consider necessary to the upkeep of our physical life. When we have realized that mental food is equally necessary to the maintenance of our intellectual life, and that we like best to get it from the printed page, we shall take as much time as is necessary for this also.

We are apt to blame our schools and colleges for not achieving various things that they could not be expected to achieve. After all, formal education merely turns a man out with a certain equipment, and even its ability to do this is conditioned on the man's inborn qualities. You cannot equip a dog to do research work in physics — but, on the other hand, neither can you equip a man to follow a trail by his sense of smell. Similarly John will always be John and Peter will always be Peter. As someone has said, if we break a potato in two, and give half to each of the boys to eat, half of it will turn into John and half into Peter.

Granted, however, that our machinery is able to turn out a perfectly equipped person — equipped, we shall say, for acquiring the reading habit — whose fault is it if he does not acquire it? Librarians have gone a step further; they offer a vast stock of material for selection and endless opportunity for exercising the habit after it has been acquired. But in the last analysis the credit for acquiring it will have to go to John, and the blame for not acquiring it to Peter, if that is the way in which the gods have distributed their favors.

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# CURRENT SHORT STORIES

## By Gerald Hewes Carson

HENRY FIELDING furnishes us a recognizable archetype of today's magazine reader in the person of Miss Sophia Western.

"I love a tender sensation", cries Miss Sophia to her aunt, Mrs. Western, "and would pay the price of a tear for it at any time."

We still have a large market for the same commodity, and we still pay the same price without demur. The short story writers, and all other creators who work humanistically, are, in this affair, at the mercy of the American temperament. It, unfortunately, possesses too much complacent sensibility, too much emotion for its mind, too expansive an imagination for the real, astringent values of the artist who sees life steadily and whole. "Literature" — and why should we exclude magazine literature? — "must always have a supreme care for those original elements of human passion, and of human sentiment, which knowledge trains, and experience educates, without changing their essential quality. Life, in contact with the passions and with the emotions of men, and so provoking their minds to expression, is the occasion, the origin, of literature."

This has been said frequently, though never with more grace and earnestness since Lionel Johnson said it in 1892. It represents what is most nearly an absolute standard of critical judgment, and indicates the business of criticism, which is (Lord Morley speaking), "to separate what is accidental in form, transitory in manner, and merely local in suggestion, from the general ideas that live under a casual and particular literary robe".

I have surveyed the current magazine fiction in that spirit, and ventured first to select what seem to me the ten short stories which best escape the robes of the accidental. All men do not see living truth alike. But what one man feels deeply cannot escape those others who share his experience. And so, in this manner, you, or I, or anyone, may come upon what is good even though we do not always agree that its guise is, to us, fortunate.

W. D. Steele more than justifies a reasonable anticipation in "'Lost at Sea'" (Pictorial Review, May). It is one of the Urkey Island stories, beautifully filled with the original elements of human passion and sentiment, and packed with fine, close writing. The theme, how love transmuted a stonecutter into a sculptor, is too fine in its essence to be given away baldly by summary.

Zona Gale often treads the narrow path between sentiment and sentimentality. But her touch is sure in "The Biography of Blade" (Century, July). Blade, editor of the Muscoda "Republican" for twenty five years, was approaching the tremendous task of writing a five line story of his life for the county history. When he heard the banker's niece sing, his heart stirred. He remembered, with a wistful touch of the absurd, that he had once played second flute. He must revise his "copy" for the county his-



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tory. His life was too gorgeous, too shimmering a thing to be summed up in five untheatric lines. But the singer left town too soon for Blade's emancipation. His biography stood without addenda. Thus by the sparest of narratives Miss Gale reveals a soul's cataclysm, and publishes again her rebellion against the stuffiness of the American environment she knows best.

The same interplay of character and environment, born of the same rebellion, appears in Melvin Van den Bark's "Two Women and Hog-back Ridge" (Midland, June–August). A country school teacher was persecuted because she dared to walk on a Nebraska sandhill at night. It is the story of the eternal lash which torpid men lay upon the shoulders of the more sensitive. Mr. Van den Bark realizes his locale with a success to which anyone who knows the midwest cannot help but pay tribute.

Grace Sartwell Mason joins the same theme to mystery story technique in "The Closed House" (Red Book, April). After the old Whipple house burned, it developed that Miss Almira Whipple was not away at the sanitarium. She was — well, bones were found. The mystery announced, the story shifts to Narcy Jethro, a young drug clerk. He was timid, sensuous, "palely indeterminate". He was the butt of the town wits, who took care to crush all expression of his vague love of beautiful things. So he spent recklessly for glorious silk dressing gowns and the like, which he hoarded in secret. He had another secret — the ghastly knowledge that he had drugged himself, killed Miss Whipple, and burned the house which was sheltering his crime. The town doctor guessed the truth but he never told. For it was his distinction to know that the smart alecks of a village can distort the soul of an artist.

Hugh Walpole's Billy Gabriel, the prosperous banker in "The Etching" (Good Housekeeping, April), experienced the same sort of spiritual awakening that came to Miss Gale's small town newspaper editor. Gabriel bought an etching quite by chance, and others followed. The placid surface of his spirit took on riffles, developed an impetuous new current. But his wife, ridiculing his etchings, would not have it so, for he was hers — all hers. She practised the tyranny of love exquisitely, until she overstepped herself. One day she tore up a Whistler print

### THE BEST SHORT STORIES

*The following ten short stories are selected for special mention as mirroring the best elements in current fiction as it has appeared between April and July. When the stories selected are not by American authors they are, nevertheless, the work of writers so familiar to the American public that they are important influences on our own creative effort.*

"*Lost at Sea.*" W. D. Steele. PICTORIAL REVIEW, May.

*The Biography of Blade.* Zona Gale. CENTURY, July.

*Two Women and Hog-back Ridge.* Melvin Van den Bark. MIDLAND, June–August.

*The Closed House.* Grace Sartwell Mason. RED BOOK, April.

*The Etching.* Hugh Walpole. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, April.

*The Violet.* James Lane Allen. HARPER'S, June.

*Making Arrangements.* Elizabeth Bowen. EVERYBODY'S, June.

*A Story Ordered.* Edna Bryner. CENTURY, June.

*The Devil's Instrument.* Paul Green. ATLANTIC, July.

*Potowatomis' Daughter.* Johannes V. Jensen. OUR WORLD, May.

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in a fit of passion. In ten minutes her husband had gone. He never came back, and she never knew why. She only remembered that it was "some silly little quarrel about a drawing or a print".

James Lane Allen turns an obscure historical episode into "The Violet" (Harper's, June). Catherine the Great saw the earliest violet of spring, and ordered a sentry to guard it. He, in the mood of spring, kissed a nursemaid and his sweetheart saw him. In her rage and despair she tore the violet from its roots. With her it was a jealous, personal retribution. With him it was the end of life itself, a betrayal of trust. When the girl returned penitently that night she crept under the firs and came upon a gun. Her heart leaped. He was there after all! Then she touched the bayonet. It was slick, horridly wet. And beside it, "Two sentry feet — quiet." One feels the God of Thomas Hardy in this tragic ending. The story incidentally reveals Mr. Allen's effectiveness with a theme very remote from the Kentucky life he knows so well.

Elizabeth Bowen is a newcomer, but not one of the parvenues of literature, or of life. Her "Making Arrangements" (Everybody's, June) traces with delicacy and power the convulsion within a cultivated, self disciplined man in the throes of a tremendous moral shock. Hewson Blair's lovely wife took French leave with another man, then wrote him to send on her wardrobe. Once at it, the scarlet and silk and silver overwhelmed him. In a red rage he tore the beautiful fabrics thread from shred, and sent thus the shimmering, dead mass to his wife, conceiving it his answer. Miss Bowen knows the power of restraint, the fine, true economy of omission, and achieves thereby a singular kind of vehemence.

Edna Bryner has written in "A Story Ordered" (Century, June) "the story of a person who grew up happily, married happily, and is now living along happily, in a normal way". Like Zona Gale, and Mr. Van den Bark, Miss Bryner asks more of life than this. That is why the life of her friend seems to her bare, futile, trivial. The portrait of Mariana is shrewdly done, with deft little strokes which illuminate obliquely the gospel of work; for surely no life could be less enviable than Miss Bryner's picture of the life which has no struggle, pain, or disappointment.

We move on a different plane when we come to the stories of Paul Green and Johannes V. Jensen. The mood is relaxed, the touch lighter, the excellence of a different order. Paul Green's amusing story, "The Devil's Instrument" (Atlantic, July), has two protagonists. It deals with the conversion and subsequent relapse into sin of two backwoods dance musicians. But Mr. Green manages to develop with the most subtle emphasis the eternal dualism of human nature which he finds implicit in the rustic virtuosi — the things of the mind and spirit which make a man a Calvinist and a pagan, at once a John Knox and a Tannhäuser.

There is a deal of false writing being done these days about nature and wild life. But "Potowatomis' Daughter" (Our World, May) by Johannes V. Jensen, the Danish novelist, is a charming fantasy and a model of legitimate romanticism. The episode starts out as a duck shoot. But an old Indian legend, suggesting itself to the author's mind, turns the incident into a thing of mystery and enchantment. Mr. Jensen has the real sense of the unreal which crops up in a poetic man even when he is devoted to a shotgun.

The authors who write out of their

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sentimental impressions of wild life are frequently entertaining, if highly artificial. It is their formula to treat the processes of evolution with solicitude, to touch them with the humor of the pathetic fallacy. Bears enjoy human creature comforts. Mothers fight for their young with a noble maternity. All the animals court and mate with as much punctilio as though they were licensed by the state and married by the church.

Kenneth Gilbert celebrates the motherhood and death by violence of a wolverine in "The Devil of Spruce Glooms" (Sunset, July), but with the artificial sentiment handled better than usual. The wolverine goes on a foray for food, leaving in her wake a dead lynx, a porcupine, and, in the fight in which she herself goes down, a huge timber wolf. This is wild life with real fidelity, the life of gloom and mystery, with cruel death by tooth and claw ever lurking in the fir shadows. Courtney Ryley Cooper in "Nosey" (Delineator, July) shirks his responsibility. He details that a circus bear, free in the open with wild orphan cubs, will draw to herself a mate, and stick to the man made world. H. Mortimer Batten's story of "Johnnie" (McClure's, July) shows a real appreciation of the humor implicit in a bear's slavery to habit. Johnnie spent his cubhood with men who taught him to drink cold tea from a bottle with a Highland label. A year or two later he took refuge in a strange lumber camp, and finding a bottle with the familiar red label at hand, promptly drained it. But this time the tea was Scotch, and Johnnie was soon dumped without ceremony into a snow bank for a three months' sleep. It is particularly pleasant for me to record in Mr. Batten's favor that when spring came Johnnie didn't show his gratitude by saving any little girl's life or raising the mortgage on the old farm. He just ambled off thinly. And that's just what real bears do after a hard winter.

The situation in which the dénouement is precipitated by casual incident, or chance circumstances evoke new traits of character which control the climax, affords an inexhaustible source of fiction material. Our instinct is sound in this matter. It teaches humility to reflect that virtue is not always commensurate to the reward. It is civilizing to know that Lady Luck has no ethical imagination. Patrolman Donoghue of Rochester's "finest", George Brooks tells us in "I. O. U." (McClure's, June), caught a safe blower with $10,000 in trying to collect a two dollar loan. Stevie Glenn, the hero of Richard Connell's "The Hero of the Devil's Kitchen" (Saturday Evening Post, May 3), owed business promotion, the mayoralty of his home town, and his wife, to a physiological fact: he had fainted during a German raid, and was given the Medal of Honor for conspicuous bravery in face of the enemy. In less theatric case was Chet McAusland, of "Horse Sense" (Saturday Evening Post, June 14) by Ben Ames Williams. Chet helped his worn out old horse Charlie get on his feet in his stall every morning for years, just as he had helped his indolent relative, Lew Windler, to pay his taxes for years. But one morning when he was irritated by Lew and castigated by his wife he lost all patience with old Charlie and fetched him a sharp buffet. Charlie got up. The episode was suggestive. He tried the same tactics on Lew. And Lew, well, you know what Lew did. He, like Charlie, learned to "git up and git". To take another instance, turn to Elmer Davis's "Beef for the Lions" (Collier's, June 14). Green-

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wood was a young artist, the kind that scorned commerce and preferred to "struggle". While he painted a lion purple (because that was the way he saw it) he met dyspeptic old Franklin Barr who came to watch the big cats eat their beef, and who observed in them the first great commandment of life — adaptability; "before one can live well, one must have learned to live at all." Greenwood got the point. It led him direct to an advertising agency — and the girl.

Walter Millis builds his story by the same technique in "The Rolling River" (Harper's, April) but attacks it more seriously. Young Rowan, an engineer upon a construction job, was "seduced by a river". Rowan was a young demon for Facts. But when he looked at the river — at night, the rolling flood seemed to hint to him that life was subtle and confusing, and that not all realities were as tangible and simple as they might have been if God had had a good stiff course in civil engineering.

One night Rowan talked with a night storekeeper, who mixed the information that his wife was dying with a narrative of simple pride in his warehouse. The man was dazed with grief — but carrying on. In that chance encounter Rowan discovered human personality. Mr. Millis has skilfully lifted the veil of the commonplace; his story has all the high quality of spiritual adventure. Really, he shows the birth of a soul in a man. And that is an admirable enterprise for any author.

Thomas Boyd, chronicler of the war as the doughboy saw it, handles the same irony of circumstance that attracted Mr. Connell, but he takes occasion to sharpen it to a tragic point. Lieutenant Wilfrid Bird lavished affection and humane care upon his men. Then one night he heard himself rated as a coward by the company malcontent, and died because of the chance remark — sullenly trying to prove his courage to his men.

Of the characters and fortunes of the women portrayed by the short story authors whose work has appeared in the current months, it would be possible to speak without end. Between the best and worst of the stories there is crammed a deal of human nature for our amusement, amazement, and tutelage. One can learn how naïveté and subtlety and demureness abide in one little girl from Thomas Moult's "The Third Chicken" (Bookman, July). One sees the very heart beat in a little maid who had learned early not to cry, in Miss I. A. R. Wylie's story "Little Fräulein and the Big World" (Good Housekeeping, June). It is written with an exquisite sympathy and simplicity, and achieves what few adults ever recover, the point of view of a child.

One can learn how one woman thought a kiss from a man engaged to another was equivalent to a betrayal — and how another didn't, in Katherine Mansfield's "Violet" (Bookman, June); from Rose Wilder Lane's "Autumn" (Harper's, June) how girlhood's lover may look to a woman of maturity and experience. The lyric joy of a girl in love is caught and fixed happily in Henry Meade Williams's promising story, "Tides" (Scribner's, July), as well as the self anæsthesia which enables a woman to take up life's burdens dully and efficiently after sudden grief. George Madden Martin suggests the agony of a highly civilized woman, about to become a mother, who learns that her husband is inbred, a poor white who has helped to lynch a negro. Glenway Wescott, bent on pressing the boundaries of fiction back to the limits of life itself, sketches in

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"In a Thicket" (Dial, June) the flood of thought and feeling experienced by an adolescent girl who both hopes and fears her undefended home is going to be invaded by a black man.

Mr. Wescott's pleasant little story reminds me that I had intended to make a little collection of notes on the treatment of the "bad" woman in current short stories. But I could not raise a baker's dozen — not half that! And those I found were equivocal, and lamentably insincere. Meredith Nicholson essays the theme in "They're All Alike" (Smart Set, June) but flunks his responsibility. A married woman merely flirts a little, and it turns out that her *vis-à-vis* is in love with her sister. A neglected farm wife turns to the arms of a "hired man" in Weare Holbrook's "The Casanova Shanty" (Smart Set, May), but only to arouse her husband toward a reconciliation. Albert Payson Terhune, for the nonce abandoning his researches into dog life, shows in "Flame" (Smart Set, June) a married woman in a disreputable hotel room with an eager lover. But she is there, like her faithful sisters pictured by Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Holbrook, because of her essential fidelity, because her husband's indifference has aroused her to despair.

Dixie Willson's "The Little White Soul" (McClure's, May) is another Griselda. Taashka Larrimore did actually live in sin for two years. But she loved her husband all the while. And she got into trouble involuntarily through the irony of circumstances, and stayed there only to put food in the mouth of her adored little Nonné. When the chance for redemption came she grasped it eagerly and ended up in an unphilosophical happiness, which is quite unconvincing unless it be something to the effect that kind hearts are more than coronets. George Marvin in "Harbin Night's Entertainment" (Scribner's, April) touches more nearly those women who, in Ben Jonson's phrase, are "ambitious of living backward". As hero-narrator, he penetrates to the bedroom of his host's German mistress. It is furnished in good conventional decadent fashion, sparsely — "There was nothing in it but a bed, a wash-stand, a wardrobe, and a cross." On the bed were two large dolls. The girl bent to them tenderly: "*Diese sind die einzige Kinder die ich ehe haben werde.*" Then, "Come now, let us go back — back to the Hell." The homely beauty and wistful sentiment of this scene must touch every admirer of Little Eva.

If our short story writers evade meeting the issue squarely in this type of story, as one cannot escape believing that they do, can it be said that they really touch women sincerely, even in such a safe field as the business story? The heroine of business is usually understood to be the shop girl or office worker, as distinct from the "home girl", whose shy and modest ways of plain living and high thinking are universally known and applauded.

Yet no consideration of the current story of the business woman, in the exact meaning of the word "business", could fairly exclude Nelia Gardner White's "Jen Culliton's Hands" (American Magazine, May). Jen was busy enough in all conscience. She was a big, raw boned farm woman whose husband died when the children were tiny. But Jen's magnificent strength and courage never faltered. She could be mother, nursemaid, housekeeper, cook — as is the way with farm women — and even "harvest hand" too. She toiled without remission until the children married and moved away. Then Jen grew lonely. Idleness made her sensitive. Her big, capable hands

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looked all right around the haft of an ax — but appalling on the lap of her black silk dress. Lacking direction and purpose in life, Jen was preparing to sell the farm when word came from her son, Phil, that Daphne, his wife, needed her while she bore her child, and that Daphne would return with her to the old farmstead afterward. And in that opportunity to serve, Jen's happiness was reborn. Her rough sinewy hands seemed to assume again their beauty, the beauty which attaches to the supremely useful things.

Set beside this story "At Home on the Marcel Waves" by Marjorie Stoneman Douglas (Saturday Evening Post, June 14) or "A Car for Gunga Din" by Robert Emmet MacAlarney (Collier's, April 26) and you get the difference. Mrs. Douglas has a heroine of huge proportions, too. She is an efficient amazon of the beauty parlors. Yet, if she possesses one spark of recognizable humanity it isn't allowed to escape into this story. Mrs. Douglas is not limited by her talent to writing smartly and inflexibly. Has she, perhaps, gone in a bit for literary slumming? Mr. MacAlarney's story does not stand happily beside "Jen Culliton's Hands" either. It teaches that it is worthwhile for a girl to go to college and study psychology because she can learn thereby the super salesmanship which will enable her to sell motor cars to recalcitrant customers.

Most of the business stories use business as a kind of backdrop. Within a few paragraphs they get down to the old love formula. Such a story is Arthur Train's "Miss Wiggin's Love Affair" (Saturday Evening Post, May 3), except that it has a trick ending. The lover wasn't really a lover. He was a swindler, and the astute lady, knowing it all the time, just led him on until she could catch him. Viola Brothers Shore's "Some Good for Once" (Collier's Weekly, May 3) ends upon the tender note, but in its picturesque vernacular it draws a real character — the slangy, gamine little metropolitan shop girl, who mingles an easy sophistication with abysmal sentimentality and ignorance. Charles Divine introduces a character equally urban, less memorable though more familiar. It is the waitress in "Breakfast Ankles" (Collier's, June 7) with the strange air of refinement, who conquers the heart of a gifted young sculptor because, in comparison with his socially irreproachable fiancée, the little waitress proved herself the real thoroughbred.

Steuart M. Emery might have told us what a moving picture actress thinks about when he wrote of Merrilee in "Merrilee Tells the World" (Red Book, June). But he didn't. He kept faith with his public, and furnished instead the romantic story of how Merrilee brought her lover to heel by appealing to him through the pictures, with a homemade plot fitting their own affair. Sophie Kerr might tell us much about human nature as it peers out from beneath its humdrum shell of business. But she is ambitious only to amuse. One must grant gracefully that she can do that to perfection. Her "Flying High" (Ladies' Home Journal, April) is a representative production.

The great popular magazines, one concludes, are not hospitable to fiction with any notable sincerity and forthrightness in its treatment of womenkind, whether in domestic, emotional, or business relationships. The short story writers never endanger their professional gallantry. As knights of the pen they are prepared to defend their gallery of fair women until the last drop of ink is shed.

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# THE LONDONER

*Books at the Wembley Exhibition — The Queen's Dolls' House — An Exhibition of Contemporary Printing — A Pirated Book by Arthur Machen — "The Green Archer" and Detective Stories in General — Three Exceptional Books for Children — Walkley vs. Craig.*

I HAVE heard many comments upon the enormous exhibition which is now being held at Wembley. This exhibition has been loyally supported by the press, and many miles of appreciative celebration have appeared in the columns of the daily, weekly, monthly, and other journals which are circulated among the reading public all over the British Empire. I have not personally visited the exhibition, and it may be that I shall not go to see its glories; but this is a matter which need distress nobody. My one purpose in mentioning it at all is to put upon record a curious report which has reached me. This has reference to the display of books to be seen at the exhibition. The British Empire, as all the world knows, is an enormous confederation of peoples, renowned for activity and colonization. It has produced the greatest writer of the modern world, and some other well esteemed authors; but it has never regarded itself as particularly magnificent upon that account. When other nations, and in especial the German nation, have seemed to take from England her rights in Shakespeare, there has been an academic row. Never otherwise. And I am credibly informed that the national modesty regarding literary treasures has reached its apex in the British Empire Exhibition of 1924. I am told that in the whole of the exhibition, which shows many things, from railway engines to switchbacks, there are no fewer than seventy five books. This is splendid. It recalls very distinctly the fact that only in England could the chestnut have arisen which represented the dilemma of two young women stumped for inspiration as to a gift for a friend. One of these girls at last said: "I know. Let's give her a book." "Oh, no!" cried the other, instantly. "She's got one!"

* * * *

Further as to this matter. Quite a lot of attention has been directed to the enormous educational and historic value of something known as the Queen's Dolls' House. This treasure has awakened in the minds of the British public curiosity unmoved by any other exhibit except the sensational "Rodeo". Some part of this curiosity originates in the fact that Her Majesty has herself taken much interest in the making of the house, which has in miniature statues, books (contributed by famous authors and all handwritten by the authors themselves), carpets, furniture, and sanitary arrangements of the utmost accuracy. But for something more than this loyal interest, perhaps, the public has come from immense distances to see the house itself, sanitary arrangements included. Several visitors have informed me of the conditions under which this house may be seen. One pays a special fee for the privilege of waiting in a queue for some time, being at length admitted to the shrine, and being kept in movement, single



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file, past the exhibit, the rate of progress being such as to make quite impossible any detailed examination of its contents. It is, for instance, absolutely impossible to look at the books contributed at so much expenditure of energy by the famous authors. They might just as well be dummies. I cannot think this is well considered on the part of those who are responsible for the exhibition. I admit that the task of handling the large crowds desirous of seeing the treasure must be a matter of considerable difficulty; but there should be a way of giving greater satisfaction to the sightseers. I have had a particular complaint from one who contributed a volume to the library. He received for the pains he took an ingenious reproduction of a communication written by the Queen, which he (in common with several of the other workers) took to be a real handwritten document (as though Her Majesty had nothing else to do but to sit down and write hundreds of letters to the hundreds of people who gave their services to the Dolls' House), together with a ticket admitting himself once, free, to the small room in which the house is exhibited. He succeeded in getting past the queues by a stratagem, but was forced to take his place in the stream of people who were rapidly being shepherded round the exhibit. He claims to have seen nothing, not to have seen even his own contribution; and also asserts that by the time he was again in the open air he was so tired and sick of the proceedings that he hastened forthwith from the exhibition. His is not the only case of which I have heard, or the only complaint. I think that, considering the joy which this particular man would have felt at the sight of his own work among the other volumes, there should have been some arrangement whereby the Dolls' House could really have been examined in such detail as to permit of the sight. I have no wish to see again my own volume, or indeed to see the Queen's Dolls' House; and I write without bias. But as each person helping to make the house must have spent some hours upon his job, and as most of those invited to contribute were writers whose time is valuable, something more than a circular might perhaps have been vouchsafed to them.

* * * *

An exhibition which I have really attended is the Medici Society's small collection of printed books. This is now being held at the Galleries of the Medici Society in Grafton Street. It does not, as did a former exhibition in the same Galleries, attempt to give a general view of printing, but is severely restricted in scope. In fact, some of the exhibitors found themselves hampered by the limits put upon the books which they were allowed to send for entry. It is for this reason not very satisfactory. There are few books which satisfy the taste of a booklover who is scrupulous concerning the size and arrangement of the printed pages of the books he handles. American exhibits show up well. Several of them are attractive and ingenious. They are sufficient evidence of the unwillingness of the best American printers to be satisfied with perfunctory work. But in all, there are not, I should say, above a dozen books in the whole place which gave me real pleasure. The title page of "The Fleuron" was one of the most graceful things I saw. Very good, also, in its own section, was Martin Secker's edition of Jane Austen — the nicest edition on the market. The big monumental edition of Jane Austen, of which I spoke some months ago in this letter, was on show, but although the type page was appropriate enough the

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other details of the volumes were disappointing. In particular the bindings and labels were extremely — unnecessarily — ugly. A friend versed in these matters, to whom I mentioned my dismay at some of the commercial book work which was to be seen, assured me that the exhibition had one most satisfactory feature: it definitely established the fact of an improvement in taste and quality among commercial publishers and their wares as compared with the same things of ten years ago. It may be. We now have a number of houses who are devoting considerable care to the production of their new books. To compare these new books with those which were thought good enough in the past is certainly reassuring; but the advance is not yet so widespread as it should be. I remember how the English books exhibited at the Leipzic Exhibition of 1914 filled me with dismay. They were solid bulky books, with heavy respectable cloth bindings upon them — books made to last. But they did not compare favorably with the exhibits of several other nations. The cloth bindings were less furiously ugly than the French cloth bindings, but only in this respect did the English exhibits seem to me to enjoy any superiority at all. So it may be that we have advanced. If so — excellent. And all the more credit to those who began the good work. I think it may soon be forgotten how much they did. It is less difficult to carry on a good tradition than it is to inaugurate one.

* * * *

During the last few days I have been called upon to deal with a question of Anglo-American copyright — in the works of an author (American) now dead, whose works enjoy copyright in England, but not, it would seem, in America. This has been a curious and interesting task, in view of the fact that several of the author's books were out of print. They might have remained so if it had not been for the enterprise of an American publisher, who, however, now finds a difficulty in marketing his ingenious new edition in this country, owing to still existing copyright. The new copyright act assists authors (or rather, their heirs and assigns) by preserving them from obstinately unenterprising publishers who prefer that a book should be dead rather than that it should be in the hands of another firm; but it does not apply to the strange case I have been describing. It merely illustrates the difficulties still surrounding copyright, and in particular the discrepancy between the English and American laws. Apropos comes another strange story, of a writer who has lately enjoyed a sudden astounding (though none the less well deserved) boom. I refer to Arthur Machen. Mr. Machen, like many another who has had to wait long for proper recognition, naturally has a fair quantity of uncollected work lying half hidden and half forgotten in the pages of dead and living periodicals. As I hear the story, a particularly vivid and eager American publisher had an inspiration one day, which took the form of sudden knowledge that a book might be made up of some of Mr. Machen's uncollected writings. He produced the book. Such things have happened before. And now as a consequence of this publisher's "pirated" version, there is to be an authorized volume of newly recovered and collected material from Mr. Machen's pen. It is to be called "The Shining Pyramid", and in this country it is to be issued by Martin Secker. Mr. Machen's complete works must be assuming quite an imposing appearance now. This, for one who only a short time ago was almost neglected by the

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general public, and whose list of publications was very brief, is quite surprising; but it is also excellent, because it shows that the really able writer has few chances nowadays to escape recognition, and recognition in his own lifetime. We have the recent — the comparatively recent — cases of Joseph Conrad, W. H. Hudson, and Arthur Machen to remind us of the truth. Few writers could be less alike than these three. All, in varying degrees, have in the last ten years tasted success long withheld. And it should ever be added, as an essential tribute to the American nation, that half the recognition in each case was granted by readers of the United States, stimulated to their action by admirable skill on the part of American publishers. American publishers have played a similar part with writers who have not had to wait so long, but in the three cases I have just mentioned the service rendered has been, perhaps, of greater help to the cause of literature than in some others.

* * * *

As many men do, I take great pleasure in sensational mystery stories. I said as much two or three months ago. And as I have just read an unusually exciting specimen of this kind of story I venture to draw attention to it. The book is "The Green Archer", by Edgar Wallace. It is not a first class yarn, because it would not bear rereading upon any ground whatever; but for fertility of sensation I think it deserves considerable praise. Each chapter — and the book is divided into a tremendous number of short chapters — has its thrill. The twists of the narrative are innumerable. It is improbable, and the characters are in many cases obvious and conventional. But they are used with freshness, and the book is written with real zest. As a consequence, I could not willingly part with it until I had grasped the solution of its horrors. Edgar Wallace, the author, is a pretty well known journalist in this country, and made some reputation many years ago by winning a large prize — I almost think it was £1,000 — for a sensational book called "The Four Just Men". If I ever read that work I have forgotten it completely, and so I think that I can never have read it. Mr. Wallace has written other books in fairly steady succession, but apparently they have not been of such quality as to establish him as a writer of sensational tales. The defect of "The Green Archer", however, suggests why this should be. "The Green Archer" seems to have been written as a serial for some paper unknown to me. I imagine that it is almost impossible for a story written as a serial to be first class. All the twists and turns of "The Green Archer", ingenious as they are, are of the kind dictated by the need for leaving off at a moment of excessive tension. The development is not "inevitable". There is about this book nothing of the admired classic "form" which is made the one test of virtue in a book by the youngest critics of the day. But it has more form, and more personality, than most of the detective mystery stories which are published. I should say that it was better and richer than such of the tales of J. S. Fletcher as I have read. Whether it equals the best work of Phillips Oppenheim I do not know. Mr. Fletcher's stories seem to me to be too much of one pattern. They defer the climax very cleverly, but sometimes attribute the crime to a person who does not appear in the book as an acting character until the last pages. This, I think, is a mistake. It is not a mistake made by A. A. Milne in his charming "Red

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House Mystery". Austin Freeman, who is one of our best detective story writers, has a hardness of ingenuity which, coupled with his rather formidable scientific exactitude (I believe Mr. Freeman is or was a doctor, and accordingly bound by medical probability), gives his stories too diagrammatic a quality. All in all, I believe that it is still impossible to beat the Sherlock Holmes stories in their own field. Their faults are manifest, and have been much canvassed; but they have one characteristic which cannot be replaced by the more elaborate methods of their successors. This quality is that of personality. Arnold Bennett thinks they would not have survived if it had not been for the risibility excited by "that ass Watson". He forgets Holmes himself. Holmes's methods may be simple, his guesses fortunate (what Holmes himself, with all his talk of "You know my methods, Watson", calls "long shots"), but the stories are held together by that method, by the odd details of Holmes's violin, injections of morphia, moods, disguises, his habit of forcing some of his clients to underrate him by dreamy apparent irrelevancies, and in fact by his unmistakable temperamentalism. He makes some sort of appeal to the imagination. That is what no other detective in fiction has, so far as I am aware, been able to do. These other detective stories awaken our attention, they may baffle us; but they do not do more than excite us. The Holmes stories — putting aside all the portentous paraphernalia of "method"— cause us to smile at two personalities. The best of the Holmes stories seem to me to be "Silver Blaze" and "The Speckled Band". I am not prepared to argue about them. I only believe them to be the best things of their extremely entertaining kind.

I spoke just now of A. A. Milne's detective story. Milne has just written something else that all writers would like to write — a book of verses for children. This is to be published next season. It consists of the verses which appeared last winter in "Punch" over Milne's initials. Milne is thus in the happy position of having done nearly all the things that young writers wish to do. He has written successful plays. He has achieved light verse, essays, parodies, a story — "Once Upon a Time" — for children, a detective story, and now a book of verses for children. I cannot for the life of me see what his next triumph will be. He has left so few worlds to conquer. There is still, of course, the novel proper. There is philosophy (May Sinclair dabbles in philosophy in the intervals of writing novels in prose and verse), and there is romance. But I think Milne has too sly a humor for either of these things. He will have, like Pooh Bah, to "set bounds to his insatiable ambition".

* * * *

Another versatile writer, turning his attention from fiction and the gramophone, is to supply us this autumn with an ingenious work in an unfamiliar field. I refer to Compton Mackenzie. The editor of "The Gramophone", which indispensable journal has just entered upon its second year and volume, has returned to an early love. He has composed a book for children. In this he is to show that all the nursery rhymes are not isolated gems, but are a part of the canon of make believe. In order to do this he has written a story in which all nursery rhymes are placed in their right relation to each other and to the realm of childhood. I have not seen the book, which I understand is to have remarkable illustrations by a

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young new artist, but judging by the unusual ebullience of the author's nature, his inexhaustible inventiveness, and his high spirited refusal to grow up, it should be an exceptional treasure for the nursery.

As I am writing of the nursery library I should like to give early warning of one of the most extraordinary books I have ever seen. This book also will be published in the autumn, so that it would appear that the children current in 1924 are to be unusually favored in the matter of literature. The book I speak of is called "A Guide to Caper". I do not know what other people will make of this work, but it seems to me, in its pictures, at any rate, to be a work of genius. There are to be just over twenty illustrations, in sepia, and they are the work of an artist named Denis Eden. Mr. Eden spends all his time in Italy, with his wife and a young family; and this book is a byproduct of a very rare talent. It is like nothing else that I have ever seen, and the artist's style, although at first glance it may suggest affinities with the work of various artists — Rowlandson, Cruikshank, etc. — of classic rank, is wholly original. I know how risky it is to forecast the reception likely to be given to a book of this kind, and it may not appeal to all as it has appealed to myself and to those others who have seen it; but I shall be extremely surprised and disappointed if "A Guide to Caper" does not take its place as a recognized treasure for bibliophiles and children. The author of this "Guide" is Thomas Bodkin, who is well known in Dublin art circles. It is through his instrumentality that the book has taken shape as a book at all, and his text, if less remarkable than the pictures, is still a model of fascinating nonsense. Readers of these letters will know that I do not often praise without reservation. I am ready to do so in the present instance. For me, "The Guide to Caper" is going to brighten the autumn publishing season.

* * * *

An amusing little battle has been raging between Gordon Craig and Mr. Walkley, the battlegrounds being the pages of "The Mask" and the columns of the "Times". As everybody knows, Mr. Walkley has carried personal impertinence fairly far in the "Times", besides introducing into dramatic criticism the exquisite phrase "roguey-poguey" in description of certain English actresses. He has a wit and a love of the French language which he combines with the utmost respectability. He has the snobbery of self conscious refinement. And he has a not always successful attitude of tolerant indifference to the serious drama and its disciples which at times moves me to the strongest sympathy. There *is*, of course, an enormous amount of solemnity connected with the theatre, and Gordon Craig, although a man of genius and an artist, is as solemn regarding the theatre and regarding his own contribution to it as any third rate mediocrity could be. The combination of genius and solemnity is not an impossible one, though it is regrettable. But Mr. Craig, besides being a genius in his activities on behalf of the theatre and a genius in the field of the woodcut, wields a pen. He can write satire. If he were less long winded, he would be a very effective controversialist. He cannot check himself. He streams on and on, with the result that he spoils his own effects. Mr. Walkley is a better controversialist. He knows when to stop. Being also naturally vulgar, he allows himself to be offensive in the right place. The combat, if it were continued, would almost certainly end

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in a victory, therefore, for Mr. Walkley. At present, it is open to anybody to think that Mr. Walkley has answered Mr. Craig, or that he has been severely and effectively reproved by Mr. Craig. I will explain the details of the fray. Mr. Walkley went to a theatrical exhibition at a British museum some time ago. It was an exhibition of all sorts of things connected with the theatre and the drama. It had been organized by earnest people who care much for the stage and the drama, but rather more for the drama than for the stage, and rather more for their own reputation than for either. Mr. Walkley, who is impatient with those who cannot take the stage as it is, and who want what they call "good" plays in the theatre, had a flippant article on the subject of this exhibition. He said that he had looked out of the window, and described what he saw outside. In this way he very offensively implied that he thought such exhibitions piffle. In that I agree with Mr. Walkley. I think such exhibitions are organized by those who have nothing better to do. But Mr. Craig thinks otherwise. He — or one of his coadjutors in "The Mask", who writes with the defects of Mr. Craig — accordingly replied to Mr. Walkley. He tried his hand also at offensiveness, by reminding Mr. Walkley that Mr. Walkley for years worked as an official in the Post Office; and proceeded:

> A.B.W. is a man of the world — all the time he is trying to make us see that; nor an insular one either, he would be reminding us . . . all the time reminding us. He says (not in so many words but all the time) I am a *bon viveur* — one who knows all about wines, cigars, (he may not smoke, still in his pages twiddles a fine cigar) about all that counts in the life of a man about town . . . a distinguished elegant man who knows his town be it Paris or London, Budapest or Napoli. . . .
>
> A.B.W. pretends to be bored very often. It were as good a pretence as any other were it out of the theatre.
>
> For in a theatre it is (dare I say it to anyone so delightful and gallant as A.B.W.) rather bad manners for anyone to pretend except the actors. . . .
>
> Excellent A.B.W.
>
> He does not want to be aware of any reality — he wants to be in an imaginary world with the Ghost [the Ghost in "Hamlet"] he detests and the Tempest which he dislikes. And yet when he goes to the International Theatre Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum he begins "gazing out of the windows at gardeners who were planting geraniums from pots in an inner courtyard". . .

and so on. I wish I could quote all the salient passages, but I have no space left. Those of my readers who are interested should obtain "The Mask" for April, 1924. It contains the gems of the discussion. Mr. Walkley has made a rejoinder, which leaves the matter where it stood. And Mr. Craig has written a short acknowledgment in the shape of a letter to the "Times". There will be no more. The pleasure I derive from the encounter is that Mr. Walkley's particular affectations have been pilloried, not with heat, but with a sort of ridicule. If Mr. Craig's article had been half its length its power would have been greater. Even then, probably, it would not have affected the esteem in which Mr. Walkley holds himself. To move that self esteem would be a monumental task. And moreover Mr. Walkley is quite able to look after himself. By those who do not see "The Mask", he may well be supposed to have won an easy victory over an illiterate crank. Nevertheless, my own sympathies are with Mr. Craig, not upon the specific point at issue, but upon general grounds. Mr. Walkley's interest is in the stage, and not in the theatre. It was worth pointing out.

SIMON PURE

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# HEALTH HABITS VIA THE TEXTBOOK

## By Morris Fishbein

THAT the development of health teaching has been rapid as well as recent is reflected in the textbooks that are available to the grade and high schools, and in the volumes that are recommended for prospective teachers of hygiene. The books vary from the most modern type of artistically designed, beautifully illustrated, and well written volumes to the ancient compilations of a decade ago. The former outshine the latter as much as a modern story book for the child of six surpasses McGuffey's First Reader.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, among the first of the physicians to take up the education of the public in matters of health, is responsible for a series of volumes designed to pass the child from elementary facts through physical culture to personal, and finally to community, hygiene. The books are not particularly inspiring and the nearest attempt at lightening a somewhat dreary subject is an occasional far fetched metaphor. The first of the series, "A Handbook of Health", appeared in 1911 and has passed through some eighteen printings and revisions. In this volume appear all the ancient moralistic impressions of the past relative to the harmfulness of coffee and tea, of tobacco and of alcohol, without any reference to modern investigations which have yielded facts to replace empirical beliefs. A more recent book by Dr. Hutchinson, "Building Strong Bodies", begins to show a glimmering of recognition of the fact that science is applying itself to health problems. In this book only of the Hutchinson series is there a mention of the vitamins, those remarkable, as yet unisolated, substances which are known, by the effects of their absence, to be responsible for proper growth of the living organism and for life itself. In this book there are excellent chapters on swimming but nothing is said of resuscitation of the drowned, a measure which should be known to every lay person, because only early administration of the manual resuscitation method will save the lives hitherto lost through delay. But we cannot indorse Dr. Hutchinson's books for other reasons! In the chapter on how to play baseball he tells the boys that they may not play well because of indigestion, biliousness, or adenoids. Why continue to perpetrate such unscientific and antediluvian terms as "biliousness"? A little more attention to detail and to the advances that have come in medical science might greatly improve these books. They would still fall short, however, because they rely on an ancient pedagogic method rather than on modern conceptions.

Dr. Charles P. Emerson, professor of medicine in the Indiana University, and George H. Betts of Northwestern University have cooperated in a two volume series on health which has passed through four editions. The books are fairly satisfactory as to content but burdened by a sort of pedagogic condescension, a tone that the child inevitably recognizes as accompanying something unpleasant. Since health is



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a most pleasant, cheerful, and enjoyable condition, it might better be approached in that manner. No doubt this series is used to advantage to convey the elementary lessons of hygiene. A little attention to lightening the tone and making the books more attractive would greatly heighten their value.

Passing to the two volume contribution of Professor M. V. O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin and Dr. John Harvey Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, we find two more authors clinging, albeit somewhat less tenaciously, to the grimness of appearance and dulness of style that mar most of the books on health for children. Here again is the attempt to teach elementary anatomy and physiology as a part of the course in the inculcation of health habits. And here also is emphasis on that dangerous trinity, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, of which we shall have more to say later.

In the books by Grace Hallock and Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow we begin to approximate somewhat modern ideals in pedagogy and in health teaching. The very covers themselves in deep blue and gold are cheerful and attractive. The type is large and widely leaded so as to be easily read. Most of the facts are brought out in story form; the exercises are games that may be played and things to be done with tangible results, and the pictures seem joyful, even to an adult. The progression from "The Land of Health" for little children to the two books on "Healthy Living" for the older ones is an easy road. In these books there is some attempt to convey the established truths without perpetuating the moral conceptions of a past generation. Best of all, these volumes include also some emphasis on the great personalities responsible for modern hygiene. The stories of Pasteur, Koch, Gorgas, and Ross will do as much to inspire the adolescent to worship at the shrines of health and science as will the lives of Napoleon, Alexander, or Cæsar to lead him to the study of war.

The Gulick Hygiene Series, edited by Luther Halsey Gulick, comprises the ultimate in the way of inhibiting scientific fact by moral earnestness. It includes a five book series that is graded and two extra volumes. In the volume called "Physiology, Hygiene and Sanitation" by Frances Gulick Jewett the whole armamentarium of science is brought to bear against tobacco and alcohol. The layman is frightened with all sorts of weird apparatus and with tracings and curves. He is shown the normal liver as contrasted with the hob nailed organ of the confirmed boozer, and every chapter harks back sooner or later to the life shortening effects of alcohol. The old bugaboo of autointoxication, an unscientific misconception long since relegated to the scrap heap, is again dragged forth to terrorize the misinformed. Even the disproved superstition that canned food must immediately be removed from the can and put in a glass dish to prevent ptomaine poisoning finds a place in this remarkable compilation of loose and irrational statements.

One picks up "A Journey to Health Land" and "Boys and Girls of Wake-up Town" with positive pleasure. They are by J. Mace Andress, lecturer on health education in Boston University, and Annie Turner Andress, formerly head of the kindergarten department of the state normal school in Worcester, Massachusetts. The illustrations in color are by Blanche Fisher Taite. Here is no vast marshaling of unapplied facts to stagger the child's mind, but simple little stories with poems and music and

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beautiful drawings. Each story conveys one or two simple facts: that the child should go early to bed, that his room should be ventilated, that his teeth should be cleaned morning and night, and that fresh vegetables contain substances important to proper growth and functioning.

For teachers Professor Andress has provided "Health Education in Rural Schools", which is packed full with facts and with information as to how such facts may be conveyed properly to children. A somewhat similar book is "Health Work in the Schools" by Hoag and Terman. Here again teachers are told how to make health instruction vital and interesting, but the authors have not acquainted themselves with the variety of books available in this field, and fall back for their references on the outworn texts of a forgotten period.

Dr. Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, author of many books on the care of the child, submits "A Parents' Manual" in two volumes. The manual is replete with sound psychology based on careful observation. The sections on discipline, personal hygiene, and the minor physical handicaps are especially useful. If only all parents had a full understanding of the influences at work on the child's mind and body, what a saving in tortured spirits and anguished brains! How wonderful if parents could only realize the delight of the child in some slight opportunity to express its individuality!

Of special interest at a time when we are beginning to appreciate how much can be done for the minor distortions of the human frame is a book by Leah C. Thomas and Joel E. Goldthwait on "Body Mechanics and Health". Here special emphasis is placed on the use of physical exercises to correct bad posture and carriage. The greatest emphasis is placed first on correct standing, for it is realized that it is useless to instruct the child in gymnastics if he is to relax immediately into his old slouching posture. The rules for correct posture are simple: "Stand tall — head up — chin in — chest high — abdomen flat — weight on the balls of the feet."

The grown ups should be interested in some of the newer books on personal hygiene. The industrious E. L. Fisk presents not only "How to Live", which has sold hundreds of thousands of copies, but a newer work on "Health Building and Life Extension". The two volumes constitute a complete course in individual health. In "Health First: The Fine Art of Living" Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin gives simple directions for a healthy conduct of life. "The Prevention of Disease in the Individual" by Kenelm Winslow contains chapters on personal hygiene, the prevention of cancer, tuberculosis, and sexual diseases as well as a variety of other ailments, and finishes with a section on first aid. Finally "Personal Hygiene Applied" by Professor Jesse F. Williams, planned by its author for use by college students who wish not only to learn personal hygiene but also to relate the securing of health to ideals, ambitions, and hopes, will serve to round off the subject. It is a safe guide for the care of the body.

After all, one gets the impression that our teachers of health are a little far removed from the laboratory and the bedside where the facts about health and disease are being brought together. The books seem somehow a little back of the times. Empiricism dominates their teachings. Actually how good is the evidence that coffee or tobacco, taken as they are in modern civilization, in any way shorten life? And if the evidence is not well es-

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tablished, why bring up the rising generation with prejudiced minds open to still further assault by ardent propagandists? Shall we not be doing better to train the child to believe only that which is proved, and to cultivate that persisting skepticism which Pasteur declared was the mark of a scientist?

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# THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

## *XXXIII: HENRY SEIDEL CANBY*

*With a Caricature by William Gropper*

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY — a slice from his life: We rise at 7.30. While we shave we get an idea for an article. At breakfast we recall three engagements which we should have kept, and did not keep, yesterday. Never mind; don't worry! We'll fix them somehow. At nine o'clock we are at the office and we set about editing the review of the moment. This consists of carrying on for several hours the following activities simultaneously: (1) Reading our letters. (2) Dictating replies. (3) Answering telephone calls from (a) the representatives of those three engagements, (b) a man who wants to insure our car, (c) our wife in New Haven to tell us that our eldest child has the mumps, (d) other persons too numerous to mention. (4) Trying to repel, but finally having to interview, the following persons: (a) eleven enthusiasts who, although they are wobbly on spelling and punctuation, want to try their hand at reviewing; (b) an indignant author to protest against the review of his book; (c) a lady who wishes us to indorse her campaign for Pure Literature; (d) some old friends from Wilmington who remember when we were a child and what our curls looked like.

A strenuous and exasperating morning! But we, being Henry Canby, are not ruffled; only a little heated. We lunch with a publisher, an English novelist, and a newspaper man from Washington with a lot of inside information. During luncheon the novelist talks intimately about his work and the newspaper man turns his information inside out. We have a highly interesting time, consent to write an introduction for the American edition of the novelist's work which the publisher has just agreed to bring out, and arrange to dine with the novelist tomorrow — no, let's see, tomorrow we have to represent the older generation at a banquet of the Younger Lions, so we will say the day after tomorrow.

We return to the editorial sanctum — say rather the editorial forum — exhilarated by fresh ideas, new information, and a sense of accomplishment. We try to settle down to do a review, but we are interrupted by a call from an advertising gentleman with ideas of his own about the function of a literary review. It takes us nearly two hours to convince him that while his plan for printing his advertisements upside down would certainly call attention to his books, it would distract attention from the more serious literature which, strangely enough, an editor has sometimes to admit.

After this, dinner at the Players' (where we meet more interesting people) is soothing, and we are about to retire to our room to write that review when we are offered a seat for a play we have long wished to see. We accept.

The next day's editorial experiences are like the first, with some conferences and some intricate problems



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*Henry Seidel Canby*



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about "overhead" and things like that thrown in. In the evening we dine and speak at the banquet of the Younger Lions. The next evening we dine with the English novelist. He talks until 2 a.m. On the following day we leave for New Haven. We look forward to a quiet weekend there where we can read some contributions and get some writing done. Arrived in New Haven, we dash to the University and conduct a class in English. As we reach our home we remember that our eldest child has the mumps. We grow doubtful about that quiet weekend. Our fears become certainties when we find a heap of fifty shrubs by our front door. For, in the intervals of a busy life, we have found time to build a new house and the shrubs are part of the exterior decoration. They have been deposited here three days too soon by the nursery men. They must be planted at once. We can get no one to plant them. We plant them ourself. That night we immerse ourself in a bath of Omega Oil and go to sleep murmuring, "Shrubs-mumps, mumps-shrubs, mubs-shrumps."

The next morning our neighbor Lee Dodd strolls over. He finds us contemplating thirty unplanted shrubs.

"Better get these shrubs in today, Henry", says he.

Any other man would agree and would ruin his muscles, his temper, and his Sunday getting them in. Not so we. Cheerful, confident, playing our luck to the limit, we reply:

"Oh, they will be all right for several days."

We are justified. They get planted eventually. They grow. For anyone else they would die.

Monday we take the eight o'clock to New York. We edit until noon, when we entrain for a lecturing tour. We address university audiences, library associations, Rotarians. We compose our speeches en route. After our New York headquarters a Pullman is peace.

We return after a week. Tired? Not a bit of it! We have enjoyed ourself vastly. Our lectures went off well, we made new friends, added to our stock of information, lost our suitcase once, missed trains at least twice, wrote two editorials in the Pullman coming back, and are now all ready for another week of editing.

I hereby declare this to be a truly representative section of the daily life of Henry Canby.

It has been said that the Christian idea of heaven as eternal life is precisely what the Buddhist means by hell. To most men — and by that, of course, I mean to myself — such a daily round as Canby's would be hell, but *he* really enjoys it, thrives on it. I assert this although I am aware that there is a legend in the Canby family that Henry is "not strong". But these things are, after all, relative. I can imagine Delilah remarking to Samson after he had been working in the forest for some hours, "If I were you, dear, I wouldn't pull up any more trees this morning: you know you're not really strong."

But it is not, after all, strength that explains Henry Canby. It is *gusto*. He has an enormous capacity for enjoying experience. Life for him is a series of adventures, exciting, inspiring, or informative. Other men do not happen upon such adventures, or, if they see them coming, they try to dodge them. He either creates them, because man's character is his fate and what one is, that one finds, or, if they come his way, he goes to meet them. Engagements and responsibilities which to others would be a torment in apprehension and in actuality a nightmare mean to him, variously,

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a railroad he has not traveled on or a range of mountains he has not seen before, new acquaintances, the intimate and amazing confessions of three total strangers, a chance to make the Review better known, another glimpse of the human comedy. He lives in the present because it is absorbing; and it is absorbing because he makes it so.

That is the positive side of his temperament. The negative side is this: First, he never worries. He does not borrow trouble. He trusts that the future will take care of itself. If it shouldn't, he is confident in his own ability to take care of it by the time it shall have become present. His bland indifference to the calamitous possibilities of existence is often alarming. I have seen him setting out on a long motor trip in a car which is little more than a fortuitous conglomeration of parts, with four tires which I can best describe as ribbon tires. I have met him an hour before a speech and he has confessed that he did not know even then what he was going to say. On both occasions he arrives. No one else would. Henry Canby's successes are a standing refutation of all the maxims of prudence.

In the second place, he is devoid of self consciousness. He is always natural, always himself. I will not say that you always know where to find him; on the contrary, he is generally somewhere else; but when you do find him, no matter what his environment, he is always the same man. This goes with living in the present. His eye is on the task in hand. He has no margin of attention to be concerned with a vision of himself in relation to the task.

Such a description, as of a man absorbed in the present, is open to misunderstanding; for it implies that critical detachment is absent, and H.S.C. is far from being the victim of his love of life. He is an alert observer and he reflects upon what he has observed. How he finds time to think I do not understand. He must do it, as swallows drink — on the wing.

What then is his philosophy, or, if he would disclaim the term as too pompous, what is the general policy of his thinking?

I answer at once: liberalism. And by that I mean two things: first, tolerance; second, sanity. The second is the fruit of the first. For if tolerance increases your sense of the complexity of a problem it also shows you the inadequacy of any one formula or doctrine, with whatever power of passion or of logic it be urged. These virtues are the natural expression of Canby's catholicity of sympathy and they are evident in nearly everything he has written. Read that early volume of his on "College Sons and College Fathers" and see how just he is to the maligned undergraduate, to the harassed instructor, to the well meaning but ignorant parent. Or turn to his essay on "The Irish Mind". Henry Canby went to Ireland when the clamor of parties and doctrines was loudest and most confusing. He had made no special preliminary study of Irish affairs. He stayed there only a few weeks. Yet his analysis of this most difficult problem was measured, sympathetic, and acute: altogether a notable piece of interpretation. It is this spirit of open mindedness which recognizes divergent claims, combined with the will to achieve a harmony between them, that really brings about advance in human affairs, and in the world of literary criticism "The Literary Review" was the expression of it. That was its policy, that has been its contribution. Two quotations will give an idea of the way in which Canby, as editor, defined his task.

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"The New Republic", the present "Nation", "The Freeman", "The Weekly Review", and, in a little different sense, "The Dial", were founded by groups held together, with the exception of the "Dial" coterie, not by any common attitude towards literature, or by any specific interest in literature itself, but rather by a common social philosophy. These journals, again with the one exception, were devoted primarily to the application of their respective social philosophies. Even when in reviews or articles there was no direct social application, there was a clear irradiation from within. When "The New Republic" is humorous, it is social-liberal humor. When "The Freeman" is ironic there is usually an indirect reference to the Single Tax. And "The Dial" will be modern or perish. . . . Something more was needed; and specifically literary mediums that should be catholic in criticism, comprehensive in scope, sound, stimulating, and accurate.

The reviewer as a liaison officer is a homelier description than soul affinity or intellectual mate, but it is quite as honorable. Books (to the editor) represent, each one of them, so much experience, so much thought, so much imagination, differently compounded into a story, poem, tractate on science, history, or play. Each is a man's most luminous self in words, ready for others. Who wants it? Who can make use of it? Who will be dulled by it? Who exalted? It is the reviewer's task to say. He grasps the book, estimates it, calculates its audience. Then he makes the liaison. . . . The house of the interpreter has become the literary journal.

I think it is fortunate that Henry Canby emerged from academic life into his present sphere of wider activity and wider influence. Not alone because he has found work more congenial to his temperament and greater scope for his talents, but because the public judgment needs to be inspired with his kind of tolerance and sanity. The misfortune of criticism in this country is that it is controlled largely by extremists on one side or the other. Those who achieve reputation and leadership do so not because they are good interpreters, but because they are good fighters. We get much cleverness, much wit, and a skilful scoring of points, but we do not get sweetness or light or understanding or wisdom. Meanwhile, the unhappy individual who looks to the critics for guidance discovers that he is being asked only to exchange his own prejudices and antipathies for those of the critics. The function of the liberal in this predicament is to act as mediator, to put an end to a situation where able minds waste their energies in mutual antagonism. He will teach them to understand one another; he will gently suggest that, whether it be a question of a new idea, or a new book, or a new movement, the critic's business is to make not an issue but a study of it.

Now it is this genuine meeting of minds that is, in Canby's judgment, the proper object of education. This, I think, is the major theme in much that he has written. It informs his discussion of the problems of college education, it appears more than once in "Education by Violence", while his volume of critical essays called "Definitions" — a volume which contains his most mature, vigorous, and incisive work — is prefaced with these words:

. . . The method of informal definition which I have followed in all these essays is an attempt to open doors through which both writer and reader may enter into a better comprehension of what novelists, poets, and critics have done or are trying to accomplish.

Thus the partial transition from the professor's chair to the editor's office has not meant the abandoning of the work of education but an extension of it. That is why in a number of THE BOOKMAN devoted to education the choice of Henry Canby as subject (or victim) of the Spotlight is peculiarly appropriate. For he has not only imported fresh meaning into that vague term "a liberal education"; he is helping measurably to establish the thing itself.

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# THE LITERARY CLINIC

## By Joseph Collins

### I

*In which we examine jealousy in general and Proust in particular*

WRITERS of popular songs often express our hopes and fears, oftener still our sentiments. The one who wrote, "We want what we want when we want it" found no one to disagree with him. What we want is to be happy and we want it now, tomorrow, and always.

Many delude themselves into believing that the greatest source of happiness resides in wealth; they are convinced that if they had money enough to satisfy all their desires, they would be happy. Some even are so deluded as to believe that happiness increases as wealth increases. They pursue happiness via wealth and display the strength of Hercules, the resourcefulness of Hermes, and the ingenuity of Hephæstus to encompass it. It is only when wealth comes that they realize that money brings nothing but increase of comfort — and sometimes not even that. Some are happy making money; few are happy as a result of possessing it.

However, it is not the factors that contribute to happiness that I aim to enumerate but some of those that impede and prevent it. Nothing stands in such close relation to unhappiness as ill health. It is possible for one to be happy without perfect health, and numerous examples of happy invalids, ecstatic even, could be cited; yet no one will deny that health and happiness are nearly synonymous, and that most forms of ill health are quite incompatible with happiness. Next to ill health, the thing most prejudicial to happiness is jealousy. It may indeed be considered a variety of ill health; but whether it be infirmity or disease, inheritance or acquisition, it is the most potent joy killer known to man. More unhappiness, misery, frustration, flow from jealousy than from any other infirmity. It not only conditions the unhappiness of the unfortunate possessor, but it creates an atmosphere which is so pernicious to all those who are compelled to breathe it, that their health sooner or later gives way. Everyone must agree with Santayana that it poisons pleasure, turns sympathy into suspicion, love into hate, all in the interest of proprietorship. Suppressed excitement, indefinable apprehension and gnawing anxiety, with aversion or hatred for those who are suspected of coveting the same object, and conduct consonant with such feeling, possess the unhappy victim.

Molière, the keen student of humanity, the accurate recorder of its passions and virtues, believed that love could not be sincere without jealousy. His love for Armande Béjart must indeed



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have been sincere! Today, it is generally admitted that jealousy, instead of being the exaggeration of one of the most uplifting passions of men, is a pathological condition which fits the possessor for a psychopathic ward and the object for a sanatorium.

Those who contend that true love, be it of passion or of sentiment, conditions jealousy, are followers of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance and mistake chimeras for realities, barber basins for mambrino helmets, and windmills for giants. Although it must be admitted that it is inseparable from sexual love, jealousy is not itself erotic either in quality or in effect.

It need scarcely be said that psychologists are not in accord as to the genesis of jealousy. It has been made the subject of countless poems, romances, and historical narratives. Jealousy of daughters-in-law is the only variety that has not been adequately treated by novelist and historian.

Little serious attempt has been made to explain jealousy and to attribute it. We inherit it from our animal ancestors. Those versed in biology and the laws of heredity do not hesitate to tell us with much confidence that it is a mnemonic engram, something almost as specific and material as a million dollars, but however this may be, no one denies that it is a heritage of animals and barbarism. It originates at a period in the development of the human species when possession depends upon might, and retention upon artifice and violence. It is an indirect effect or derivative of the most profound primordial passion. In other words, it is an irritation of the sexual appetite which has a peculiar mental character. It is a disease of personality, closely related to adult infantilism. In truth it may be the twin of the latter.

Fiction is a suitable medium to convey to the world the ravages and devastations, the miseries and thwartings of jealousy. Novels, being the most widely read genre of literature, offer unlimited field for its presentation. The most convincing example of the warping effect of jealousy upon the possessor, and the pernicious effect upon the person to whom it is directed, is Othello. For him, one has no pity, no concern — only contempt. Shakespeare realized jealousy's most pathetic attribute, its incurability. It always finds food for its delusion and keeps it alive despite overwhelming proofs of innocence.

When we study jealousy in fiction, the name of Paul Bourget comes foremost in our thoughts; he is the great depicter of it, and his "Psychology of Modern Love" blends all the erudition and knowledge of the medical man with the imagination and understanding of the resourceful novelist.

Very recently there have appeared in France two volumes entitled "La Prisonnière" by the late Marcel Proust. A narrative and a study of jealousy, it is the continuation of the record of the author's success in reviving thoughts and recalling experiences, the sequel to "Sodome et Gomorrhe". One can scarcely call it romance, for it is fact served in the shape of fiction.

Its author was a strange figure; a mixture of Jew and Gentile, he was looked upon by the world as a poseur. Yet his pose was not acquired or sought, it was part of his make up of dandy. His friends and admirers have tested the resources of at least three languages to praise him, and at present a degree of immortality seems to be assured him. But time is a fickle mistress.

Like Jean Jacques Rousseau, Proust loved to confide his thoughts, confess his sins, his possessions and limitations, his virtues and vices, his commissions and omissions; and like Rousseau his

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conduct is more reconcilable with a form of adult infantilism than it is with any other diagnosis. He lived a sheltered life, ostensibly because he had asthma; but were it not that he found himself the most interesting human in the world and that self examination and self analysis were the breath of his nostrils, he probably would not have lived as Huysmans made des Esseintes live. Proust's type of mind was narrow; his culture restricted; his ideas of grammar and syntax vague; and life's interests revolved around himself, his thoughts, his passions. However, he has appeared to French *lettrés* as the innovator and inspirer of a new school which has already had some disciples but few imitators. Even his faults — his faults perhaps more than his perfections — belong to his talent, and he has a gift of divination, made up of intuition, perversions, and soul movements, which is unique.

Proust, though without academic pretense, had definite theories and beliefs about psychology. He believed that memory, its behavior, pranks, and vagaries, is closely linked with intermittences of the heart. The impression (what we habitually speak of as the feeling or belief) that our past joys, pains, and sensations belong to us is due to the fact that our body seems like an enclosed vase which holds them all. In reality they do not belong to us; they come and go, they are pushed aside by other realities, and whether they are held within our reach or not, they are of no use to us. Proust raised an important problem when he exposed his psychology of the intermittences of the heart, for our conception of the value of man depends on its solution. Though he did not attempt a solution, he has shown the mechanism of his thoughts and its limitations. He denied that the soul has a total value — its value is fictitious because we can never realize it all. We are constantly struggling against the intermittences of memories, we are invaded by old thoughts and impressions that monopolize, as it were, the powers of our soul to absorb reality in its entity.

Marcel Proust has made jealousy the foundation of the latest of his books, and to the prison of his house from which he escapes only once, he commits two human beings: Albertine the prisoner, and himself the narrator, captive of his jealousy. The green eyed monster conditions all the thought, subordinates all the resources and finesses of an unusual intelligence, and colors all his morbid sensibilities. Jealousy, personified as it were under the pen of Marcel Proust, encloses the whole world in a sick chamber; it suggests the most wondrous outlook on life, on art, on beauty, and it illumines and enlightens the most minute reactions of a life. "La Prisonnière" is a monument of analysis which will weather all storms, it will take a dominant place among the important ensemble of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu"; and it is possible that, as an episode, it will seem more important than the ensemble. This is looking too far ahead, however. Our main concern for the present is to admire this masterpiece of analysis without *arrière-pensée* of synthesis.

Of all modern authors, Proust was the one who should have been selected to describe the pangs and manifestations of jealousy — for he had in his make up the same traits that differentiate jealousy from other passions — and at the same time to call attention to the perilous nearness of jealousy to insanity. He never really grew up; he retained all his life the emotional characteristics of an infant. In "La Prisonnière" he displayed them in all their potency and his

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treatment of Albertine was not that of a man for his mistress, rather that of a child for an animal whom he knows subject to all his whims. Jealousy is eliminated in normal beings as infantile traits are shed, and may be replaced by a sublimation of love — the opposite of jealous possession.

This infantilism of Proust's is again manifest in his absolute incapacity to distinguish the true relationship of values to each other: that is, the dominant elements of an emotion evade him, while the less important manifestations of that emotion occupy his thought to such a degree that they become the main cause instead of the remaining effect. In the same proportion as he allows minor instances to become first in his appreciation of them, he concentrates his intellectual powers on the analysis of his emotions, reminiscences, evocations, and gives no thought to the synthesis of them; thus he allows his intelligence to grow and expand, he constantly opens new fields of observation for his analytic mind, and leaves undone the synthesis of his observation.

The most remarkable part of Proust's jealousy for Albertine is that it is not accompanied by love. It is the only link that binds him to her, the *jeune fille* who, though of good family, is not *déclassée* when she comes to live alone with him, in his house. His jealousy has none of the characteristics of Swann's jealousy for Odette. If Proust had not suspected Albertine, if he had not martyrized himself with the thought that she was untrue to him, if his passion had not been his most delightful suffering and his most bitter pleasure, he would have been ready to give up Albertine. When she was near him, she bored him, and he wished she would go — but when she went, his agony began anew. His happiest moments were when Albertine was in his house, but not near him; then he could give free rein to his introspection, retrospection, and self analysis. At such times, he fully realized that Albertine gave him a sensation of calm, an appeasement of pain, more than joy. Even when she remained within hearing distance of him for months, he was not convinced of her faithfulness. Once he asked her to go; but he was fooling himself, he knew he would call her back, and start afresh. However, it was a way to test her, to know if her prison weighed on her, to find out whether she would accept the offer to leave his house. She did not accept, she was sorry, and she protested her happiness within her prison. As soon as she surrendered, her jailer became bored with her.

Though Albertine may be wholly a creature of the author's imagination, she is so real, we can understand or foresee the movements of her soul, the workings of her mind, the trend of her thought. It is evident that she lied to her jailer systematically from the beginning, but it is not so evident that she did it to shield herself. Marcel Proust hints at her motive in a remark concerning, not Albertine, but himself: "Those who learn about the life of someone, some true detail, draw from it immediately consequences that are not true, and see in the newly discovered fact the explanation of things which, precisely, have no connection with it." Had Albertine told him the truth about her conduct while she was away from him, it is likely that he would have drawn erroneous conclusions from her statements.

When Proust debates with himself the wisdom of sending Albertine away, he reflects that every minute of her time belongs to him, that she is his property; and he finds it disturbing to break the habit of her presence, for "in

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love it is easier to renounce a passion than to lose a habit". Many of his readers will not agree with him. Few will find it easier to give up their love than the habit of it — and how does one know the extent of his power to crush a sentiment which is only moral? But everyone will agree with him that "jealousy is often nothing but an inquiet desire of tyranny applied to the things of love".

Marcel Proust has the Stendhalian trend of introspective psychology, but his is sedentary and hates movement, outdoors, and daylight. "La Prisonnière" gives the impression of a prison: his house must have had the close atmosphere, the stained glass, the heavy draperies, and the lack of sunlight and fresh air that would invite the egotism and self concentration that were the author's essential qualities. The second part of "La Prisonnière" is devoted mostly to M. de Charlus and his disciples. Though Henri de Régnier was probably amply justified in recognizing three typical Parisian figures which, blended, created M. de Charlus, it must not be forgotten that Marcel Proust always uses himself as the central character of his books. Albertine, when addressing him, calls him "Marcel", and the words that Pascal thought hateful, "*moi*" and "*je*", but which have a doughty champion in Professor William Lyon Phelps, recur constantly.

Anyone who has read Robert de Montesquiou's memoirs, "Les Pas Effacés", cannot help but think M. de Charlus a striking caricature of their author. M. de Charlus had all the vanities, arrogance, self confidence and self appreciation of Comte de Montesquiou, and some of his characteristics are almost exact replicas of the latter's admitted weaknesses.

"La Prisonnière" permits us to see the workings of the jealous mind, to see how jealousy dovetails itself into the fabric of thought and the weave of emotion, conditioning them and coloring them. But it does not increase our knowledge of its causes, nor can we glean from it information that will aid us in preventing it or crushing it in its formative stages. Indeed, we feel more keenly than ever, after reading it, our powerlessness successfully to cope with, or to treat, jealousy.

It is strange that jealousy is not subject to the same treatment as insanity. It is always insanity medically and often insanity legally. The jealous person is immune to evidence; he cannot be convinced of the groundlessness of his delusions; and conduct at variance with propriety and decency often results. If a few jealous Othellos could be put in insane asylums, the devouring monster that seeks only to feed itself might become so emaciated and enfeebled that we could readily tame him.

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# WRITERS, ROUGH HEWN OR EX MACHINA

## By H. I. Brock

LITERATURE, once assumed to be the child of inspiration — nursed sometimes, and perhaps, by industry — has been relegated by modern pedagogic science to the sphere of vocational training. Partly, this situation has been brought about by the enormous expansion of the reading public, and the consequent putting of reading matter into quantity production. Partly, Sigmund Freud is at the bottom of it. Psychiatry furnishes the first aid, the diagnosis of the personal equation — or complexes — in the would be author. Armed with such a diagnosis of each individual student, professors in universities undertake to teach classes of young men and women, not only journalism (which is a trade, requiring among other things ability to write clearly and rapidly in order that salient facts may be set forth), but the art of writing fiction, which is, or ought to be, a sort of magic of creation — or re-creation.

It is said that students trained by these professors — or some students of some of these professors — are so expertly machined that their very school exercises are bought by the magazines at which under scientific direction they are aimed. In other words, the professors have studied the market and found a formula for turning out the product the market will absorb. And the formula is so simple that it can be followed successfully by the clever and adaptable tyro — or some of him or her.

To an editor of many years' experience, this seems a remarkable achievement. But then, no editor of many years' experience has more than a superstructure of Freud in his make up. Psychiatry is not an instinct with him, but an afterthought. And his empirical methods have been applied from the other end of the problem. His not to make writers succeed, but to get usable material from writers.

There will be those who will say that a literary commodity, standardized and put into quantity production, is not literature, and is proved not to be literature by the mere fact that anybody can be taught to make it. The retort is easy. The other arts — music, painting, sculpture, architecture, dancing, acting — have long been reduced to formulas taught in schools, and have been standardized into professional occupations. Alongside the artist of music, of painting, of sculpture, born and inspired to the job as well as more or less trained to it, is the profession of music, of painting, of sculpture, consisting of those who use familiarity with the formula as a means of livelihood. Lacking inspiration, they are equipped with technical training and a certain dexterity. A market exists for their wares and many estimable if pedestrian persons are kept busy and happy and harmless, catering to that market.

Undoubtedly, writing things for people to read is, in these days when labor saving devices have thrust hours of idleness upon the multitude, a gainful occupation followed by many more thousands than are any of the other so called artistic callings. You can put



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yourself down as "writer" in your income tax return. Generally speaking it is a trade, learned, like bricklaying, by apprenticeship. Why not a profession, with suitable specializations, all learned in the schools? It is beside the point whether or not the academic classes which train for that profession turn out creative literary artists. The prentice training in a newspaper or magazine office does not make creative literary artists. It does make a lot of competent workmen. Only sometimes, incidentally and almost accidentally, it gives a creative artist a chance to find himself.

Briefly, the trouble with the newspaper office as a training camp for writers is, primarily, that a newspaper office is not a training camp at all, but a factory working under high economic pressure. The business of the factory is the quantity production of reading matter. Writers — as such — if any are turned out — are byproducts. The school of journalism attempts, at least, quantity production of newspaper writers. And the professors of fiction undertake to diagnose the personal complex of each student in order to find out where and how that student can best apply a natural endowment. They find out whether the young man is in love, so that they can direct his overflow of sentiment into romantic fiction. They find out whether the young woman is suffering from unrequited affection, so that they can direct the stream of her bitterness into, say, the proclamation of woman's wrongs.

It is possible to grant for the would be writer certain advantages in the school of writing over the working writing shop, even where turning out mere newspaper writers is concerned. To the short story writer for the magazines, aiming in the dark at an editor he rarely or never sees, the professor who is not only a skilled technical adviser but a trade expert, thoroughly conversant with the conditions of the literary market, may obviously be of great value as an eliminator of misdirected effort. You may grant the trade expert professor all this, and still hold that what he does is as fatal to real literature in the long run as schools of commercial art are to the muses they assume to serve, when they are really trying to turn them into house furnishers and dressmakers. After all, the professor's class in short story writing is a school of commercial literature, as truly as a school of costume designing or man millinery is a school of commercial art.

But so is the competitive magazine market for popular fiction a school of commercial literature, one as much enslaved by fashion and weakened by imitation as the others. You may, indeed, think such a blind-leading-of-the-blind race for place in print even more dangerous to the man or woman with the true magic of recreating life in linked and winged words. But the race is a fixture on the card. And it is a preliminary to getting printed at all — so as to be read at all.

What has brought the writer to set down these reflections is the comparison of recent claims of the professors of writing with his own experience covering a number of years in doing incidentally as an editor a little of what the professors do deliberately — and, as they would have us believe, with more efficiency. It is the editor's business to use his raw material to the best advantage. This raw material consists partly of young men and young women — potential producers of the copy that must fill the columns of type. If your business is the quantity production of reading matter you must have writers to write it. And though your business is

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not making writers, they have, nevertheless, often to be made. Fortunately, a very large number of young men and women have got hold of the notion that they can write and can get that notion knocked out of them only by experience to the contrary. They are resolved to carry their case to the people, as it were.

The motive may not be exactly the writer's itch. Some fancy writing is an easier way to make a living than some other things. Others get into that galley because the irreducible minimum of equipment consists simply of gumption plus a moderate degree of literacy.

Plenty of good newspaper men have been made out of each of these classes. But dealing with them in the raw requires no finesse. Rough hew them as you may, their writing will be a means, not an end.

Those who want to write for the writing's sake are different, and difficult. Because they may never be able to learn to be of any use to a newspaper, or they may learn to write so exactly to please an important class of readers that they will make the newspaper's fortune and eventually, perhaps, their own. Here is a young man who would rather sit blackening white paper, as Joseph Conrad said, with even an off chance of seeing it in print next morning, than go to see his best girl or a good prizefight. His stuff is often very bad — but there is something about its very badness that isn't like the ordinary badness of ordinary copy. And there is that amazing young woman who rather suggests in her dress and manner that she has just dropped in between luncheon and tea and probably looks upon the office as another party. In spite of her disconcerting variation from professional form, it has been demonstrated that she will, in fact, chuck any kind of party for a chance to work on even the least promising assigument. She goes at it quivering like a well bred pointer pup in the hunting field. And she hangs on like a bull terrier. A lot of her stuff also is bad. But in the whole lot of it there is something that has got to be saved.

The youth may be bumptious or shy, the girl may be demure or a vamp, severely tailored or, as it were, chiffonaded, dowdy or a fashion plate. You can argue little from that — except in favor of the better turned out young person as being better endowed with a practical sense of values and, probably, having enjoyed better associations. Here is raw material which calls for a patience that suffers the insufferable and a charity that covers a multitude of sins — chiefly sins of commission. Sins of omission are apt to be fatal.

They bubble and flow and sputter and spurt and shoot off fireworks, these eager experimentalists. You may share their own suspicion that the thing is born in them which no amount of training could ever put there. But that thing is often overlaid with accumulated rubbish — due to bad taste, bad company, and bad schooling. A commonplace fallow freshman becomes a handyman about the place while the probably gifted ones are still floundering around and suffering the tortures of the damned because their labors of love go mostly into the waste basket. There is a real test. It takes grit to see your pretty typed pages go into the discard day after day and to keep on writing. It takes steady courage to keep on putting yourself into what you hand in to a man who seems to spend his time hacking yourself out of the little he uses of what you hand him.

If it is a trying and a ticklish job for the editor with a heart and a conscience — a calculating sense of values, will do as well — it is a tragedy for the sensitive young man or young woman.

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Sometimes he or she cannot stick it out. There the writing school might have helped. The editor could not, because he must apply to everything the acid test of more rather than less immediate availability. I have watched some very gallant fights and my respect has been won by young people who passed for silly and vain and flippant, when, in fact, they were only young and daring and ignorant — especially ignorant of things which only experience (or those professors) can teach.

One young woman insisted on being allowed to learn to write for a newspaper. Somebody let her try, because he got tired of saying, No. She could not spell, her words tumbled over each other, and her sentences got fearfully tangled and choked with weedy irrelevancies. But she had a gift of piquant phrases and fresh and surprising analogies. Ideas grew and flourished and ran wild in a head that wasn't yet able to control them or to distinguish among them for good or evil. Also this young woman, who rather flaunted a fluffy exterior, had a solid endowment of persistent enthusiasm, inexhaustible energy, and unquenchable good humor. They gave her in the beginning rather less than half a chance. But she took it, and played the game through sickening weeks of daily rebuff, wasted effort, and seeming failure. Whatever bored superiors grudgingly and half contemptuously gave her to do, she did her best at. When they did not find anything for her, she tried something anyway.

What she did for me, at first, was done off her own bat. Some of it was too good not to be worth taking twice as much trouble as it was worth to make it usable. A lot of it was worth nothing at all. But the problem was mainly one of working a willing filly down to useful saddle gaits — if a metaphor may be borrowed from another sort of training, also involving temperament and high spirits. She had to be taught to eliminate and to coordinate. In practice, that sort of thing means capital and painful editorial operations.

This patient did not wince under the knife. She smiled gallantly when her cherished extravagances and irrelevancies were ruthlessly cut away. If she restrained herself only a little bit next time, that was because she could not manage any more. But, bit by bit, each time, she got herself in hand; till presently she was able to write an article which needed only expert and kindly editing to be admirable. It took her several years to reach the point where the editing was not an indispensable part of the complete job. But no editor could have put into the stuff what she put there, and any editor worth his salt could take out what needed to be taken out without hurting the rest.

That young woman is now one of the best so called special writers in the country — which means that she can make informative and arresting reading matter out of any current topic. She is a valued asset of an important New York newspaper and she writes for the magazines, which in a general sort of way reap the harvest of talent that the newspapers have cultivated.

The concrete achievement of the writing shop apprentice method here was the making of a competent, dependable, versatile, professional writer out of material which might have been expected rather to produce an erratic and brilliant literary career, or, and more probably, what that sort of career, lacking persistence and direction, so often declines into—a piquant conversationalist. The reverse, which actually happened, was the mobilization and capitalization of the original talent for lively chatter. High spirits and an

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eager curiosity furnished the rest of the equipment — the reporter's élan and flair.

There were others. For instance, the young woman who came into the office as an executive editor's stenographer and took advantage of her strategic position to insinuate herself by degrees into the writing staff. She had a bent that way, and exceptional opportunities. Of a serious, but not too serious, turn of mind, industrious, with more tact than talent, perhaps, she also was incoherent. Having learned to write with more fluency than precision, she got along well in the game and qualified under the pruning process as a reporter of the distinctly uninspired but dependable sort.

Another young woman, with an incorrigible tendency to write poetry and a preference for looking at life romantically, found these two allied powers in conspiracy against her as a mere workwoman in a writing shop where romance and poetry were necessarily severely subordinated to facts and routine. She could write to begin with. Words and images came to her readily if they did not always obey her. But her wagon wheels always stirred up the star dust. She could not make them stay on the asphalt of the city room roadway. Though she stuck to the job fairly well, she could not put her heart into the trivial and un-soul-satisfying tasks demanded of her. If the shop training did not unmake the poet in her, it failed quite to make the other thing.

Yet another made it her pride to become an all around proficient at what in old fashioned city rooms is called "general work". That is something which, in the progressive specialization of the news disseminator's trade, is on the way to the limbo into which the general houseworker has already vanished. Nevertheless this young woman partly realized her ambition. She learned to write any story just as everybody else would have written it, and all alike. Automatically, having mastered this accomplishment, she found herself uniformly saddled with dull and laborious topics, like industrialism and metropolitan traction. Yet she had a point of view of her own and a way of expressing herself that was equally her own. To get a chance to use both she fled the country and tried her luck as a roving foreign correspondent. Until she did thus make her escape from her own success, as it were, she was pointed to with pride as a remarkable example of the thorough efficacy of honest-to-goodness newspaper training — the kind that was no respecter of persons, personalities, or sex.

A superior young man from Harvard had an amazing native talent for elimination and compression. Of him it was predicted by old hands at the game that he never would make a newspaper reporter, because his limit of length on any story seemed to be three quarters of a column of type. It was not possible to make him write more. And usually the stuff of the story was all there in spite of the lack of expansion. In fact, this young man did not really learn anything from the shop training — or very little. He applied his peculiar gifts to a job and did very well with them. But he did not become a newspaper reporter — except temporarily and incidentally. He became a war correspondent, an aviator, and subsequently a technical writer and editor.

Another young man, from Yale, had something of the same gift of brevity. In his case it was a cultivated and deliberate terseness. One could see that by the careful manner in which all dispensable words were deleted from his neatly typed manuscript. He did be-

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come a reporter and a good one. Even as Washington correspondent, he refused to grow prolix. He used the shop as a laboratory to get exactly the training he conceived that he needed to fit himself for success in a chosen profession. The first also used the shop as a laboratory — but experimentally and eclectically.

These men and women were deliberately set on learning their business as they saw it. Most of them were set on learning the practical business of writing for a newspaper. The office where many of them sat took on at one time almost the aspect of a practice school for young writers for the press. And it worked as efficiently by elimination as by training. Those who were eliminated were in general (outside of the absolute incompetents, of whom there were few) those whose subsequent careers — where they have had careers — have been of the more literary sort.

In other words, the training school of this particular shop — it was a New York daily newspaper of somewhat highbrow cast — operated automatically to separate the writer-of-all-work, the professional craftsman of words applied to the service of general information, instruction, and amusement, from the prophets, the men and women conscious of a message, the inspirational, if not inspired, lot. These latter, as a rule, drifted out into the cold grey world to sink or swim. A number of them plunged into the troubled waters of radicalism and made a life raft of the propaganda of discontent. Some of these have since become more or less celebrated and correspondingly contemptuous of the system which found no use for their abilities.

Whether the professional schools of writing work the same way, and tend to eliminate all but facile and adaptable talents — not talents of the first order or highest power, therefore — is a question which this writer cannot answer from the record. But in the very nature of things something of the sort must happen. For, where a standardized product is required for a market which insists on buying familiar brands, and where the schools profess to equip their pupils to sell in that market, these schools cannot too recklessly encourage erratic talent or insurgent genius. They must try to guide the molten fire into some regular channel of commercially disposable literature. And they must fail more or less in proportion as the fire is real.

In other words the literature which is the child of inspiration, though it may be nursed into lusty strength by industry or starved to death by neglect, is not the commercial literature which has been, with a certain measure of success, linked up with vocational training, like social service, scientific feeding, and boy scout leadership.

Those who practise this commercial literature are entitled, none the less, to a standing as professional and respectable as that of doctors, teachers, professors of music, and certified public accountants. They are also entitled to their regular professional schools, diplomas, and degrees. Why not M.S.S. (Master of Short Stories) or D.S.W. (Doctor of Special Writing) or B.C. (Bachelor of Columning)? In view of the severely practical character of the training and its frankly commercial aim — operating as a sort of selling agency — and out of consideration for the anti-classical prejudices of the multitude to which appeal is mainly directed, plain English words seem best used to name the degrees. Latin titles might associate the profession too nearly with the outworn and discredited humanities.

It is enough that all humanity itself

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is now largely dependent — in spite of the ravaging inroad of the radio everywhere — upon the printed word spread broadcast. Writing to order is an indispensable adjunct of civilization. Twentieth century man cannot live without hack writers any more than he can live without cooks. What matter if, with all their prodigious scribbling and typing, the sum total of literature in the world shall not be increased by one item of immortality? Theirs but to do and let die — and do the best that is in them for all that. The great reading public must have its pound of print a day.

And if, still, poets are born and not made —

## GRAPES OF GOLD

By Lawrence Lee

UNFEARFULLY I see you wear
Bright rings and slavic beads of red
And combs to star the night of hair,
Locked in smooth bands about your head.

Gladly I bring you gifts to touch
With your swift fingers' questionings,
For gipsy spirits worship such
Gods as they find in shining things.

But do not gather up the fruit
In golden clusters from my feast;
Rather go gnaw the mandrake root
Or smell the poppies of the East.

Forget the vine strange gods have sown.
Remember fruits you liked of old. . . .
We banquet bitterly alone
Who dare to feed on grapes of gold!

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# THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

*THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent ficton. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and "THE BOOKMAN'S Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

VIRGINIA'S WILD OATS — F. E. Baily — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A very attractive girl reaps a goodly harvest from discreetly sown wild oats.

MEN OF EARTH — Bernice Brown — *Putnam.* Stories of Scandinavian peasants transplanted to American farms that retain something of the genuine earthy tang of peasant life as well as the flavor of its monotony.

JOHN BURNET OF BARNS — John Buchan — *Dodd, Mead.* A plain man's story of his outlawry under the Stuarts, with surprisingly vivid touches of color.

* THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* Adjusting prewar ideals to postwar standards in New York society.

THE HOME-MAKER — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* Whose place is in the home anyway? It is hard to decide after reading this novel.

THE GOLDEN COCOON — Ruth Cross — *Harper.* The girl comes out from Texas, up through the south to the dazzle of New York — and there you are!

A GENTLEMAN OF COURAGE — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* A striking contrast — the bleak, rugged background of sub-Arctic Canada and the fiery lives of its inhabitants.

* MADAME CLAIRE — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* This charming old lady with her fix it tendencies continues to charm.

THE RED BEACON — Concha Espina — *Appleton.* The author of "Mariflor" tells the story of a miller's daughter in the north of Spain.

* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* A simple and remarkably effective study of a mother's life and her disappointment in her son.

THE TIME-WORN TOWN — J. S. Fletcher — *Knopf.* This murder mystery in a graft ridden English pocket borough is an exciting tale.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL — David Fox — *McBride.* The Shadowers, Inc. score another well deserved success and round up a gang of criminals.

* HEIRS APPARENT — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* The war generation and the postwar generation compared and analyzed.

THE CALL OF THE CANYON — Zane Grey — *Harper.* The society girl's conflict with the untamed west is negligible beside Mr. Grey's depiction of the Arizona desert.

RE-CREATIONS — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* An interior decorator of lives as well as houses — sweet and pretty, she makes 'em.

THE GOLDEN LADDER — Rupert Hughes — *Harper.* Madame Jumel, Aaron Burr, and Hamilton again make gay reading.

* LUMMOX — Fannie Hurst — *Harper.* Impressionistic study of a cook, inarticulate yet powerful, and of the lives which touch hers.

INIGO SANDYS — E. B. C. Jones — *Holt.* In which the hero's egotistical agonies and writhings grow wearisome long before he makes the final feeble gesture of suicide.

ISLE OF THORNS — Sheila Kaye-Smith — *Dutton.* This reprint of one of Miss Kaye-Smith's early books, dealing with the mutual regeneration of a thin blooded man and a hot blooded girl, while bearing evidences of her beauty of style, is fumbling and uncertain and will add nothing to her reputation.

RECOMPENSE — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* An attempt to reawake the sex interest of "Simon Called Peter" in a cheaply audacious sequel.



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TOLD BY AN IDIOT — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* A remarkably clever study of an English family over a panorama of years and beliefs.

TONGUES OF FLAME — Peter Clark Macfarlane — *Cosmopolitan.* A story of strong men, strong women, and their strengths. Weaknesses enter only to be resolutely conquered.

THE PLASTIC AGE — Percy Marks — *Century.* Virtue triumphs in an American college where the fight to keep pure is apparently somewhat exhausting but not hopeless.

SEWARD'S FOLLY — Edison Marshall — *Little, Brown.* A highly dramatic novelization of the purchase of Alaska.

HIGH FIRES — Marjorie Barkley McClure — *Little, Brown.* The question of religious unity and a love story and Detroit make good reading.

THE COMMANDMENT OF MOSES — Stephen McKenna — *Little, Brown.* A woman who doesn't know what to do with herself, and how she doesn't do it.

THE RELUCTANT LOVER — Stephen McKenna — *Little, Brown.* Only its bitter cynicism betrays that this was the work of a very young author.

THE CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Irish hearts that beat for the most part not as one. Amusing and filled with sentiment.

THE WRATH TO COME — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Prognostications of future melodramatic difficulties in the conduct of international affairs.

DUST TO DUST — Isabel Ostrander — *McBride.* The morbid ending mars a clever plot rich in incident.

* THE SINGING SEASON — Isabel Paterson — *Boni, Liveright.* A brilliant and piquant romance of old Spain. Colorful and finely written. (*See page 86.*)

THE BARBARIAN LOVER — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* Heart pull from India to England.

THE TEST OF DONALD NORTON — Robert E. Pinkerton — *Reilly, Lee.* The Hudson Bay Company has a lot to answer for in regard to modern fiction. Here's another soul battle on a trading post.

PROUD FLESH — Lawrence Rising — *Boni, Liveright.* This story, with Fernanda Borel and San Francisco as its heroines, begins in an atmosphere of uncanniness and dread, and develops more conventionally than might have been expected, emphasizing the love and character rather than the adventure element.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* One of the best of recent Sabatini thrillers, in Languedoc in the year of the rebellion.

MISTRESS WILDING — Rafael Sabatini —*Houghton Mifflin.* More of a love story than many of Sabatini's, this tale of Monmouth's rebellion.

THE ACE OF BLADES — Charles B. Stilson — *Watt.* A romance of Louis XIV with plenty of sword play and love making.

* THE UNSEEMLY ADVENTURE — Ralph Straus — *Holt.* A modern Bacchus shows a staid young man how to live along English roads. (*See page 87.*)

EMPTY HANDS—Arthur Stringer—*Bobbs-Merrill.* What would you and your wife do, lost in the Canadian wilderness? Here is one answer.

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN — Mary E. Waller — *Little, Brown.* The heart of a coal miner explained.

THE DREAM — H. G. Wells — *Macmillan.* What will the world think of our little life in years far hence? H. G. thinks he knows.

* OLD NEW YORK — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Four exquisite stories of New York life in different periods.

* THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS — Margaret Wilson — *Harper.* Double prize novel — a study of Scotch middle west in the Sixties.

* LEAVE IT TO PSMITH — P. G. Wodehouse — *Doran.* Delightful romantic foolery this — all about a lot of charming morons impossibly adventuring.

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# THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

*1. "A Gift Book for My Mother" by Harrison Rhodes (Harper). One of the tenderest and most real of all tributes to mothers.*

*2. "Jennifer Lorn" by Elinor Wylie (Doran). A brilliant piece of writing, for the discriminating reader.*

*3. "Gallipoli" by John Masefield (Macmillan). One of the few great prose books about the late war.*

*4. "Not Wanted" by Jesse Lynch Williams (Scribner). A fine reprinted short story suitable for reading aloud, about father and son.*

*5. "My Garden of Memory" by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton Mifflin). The autobiographical narrative of one of the most loved and lamented personalities in recent American letters.*

## *A Great Editor*

THE late editor of the New York "World" was at once one of the most striking and most modest men I have ever met. He was a great influence in American life over a period when American life was storm tossed. He maintained a balance that was unusual in a temperament so frankly liberal. His political enthusiasms and regrets were often contrary to those held by his staunchest admirers, yet the conduct of that brilliant editorial page could not but win the respect of conservatives and radicals as well as those liberal minded like himself. John L. Heaton, also of the editorial staff of the "World" and a close friend of Mr. Cobb's, has made a collection of his editorials under the title, "Cobb of 'The World'" (Dutton). It is difficult to give an idea of their scope, variety, and succinctness by telling of them. Cobb is at his best when taking a firm stand on a political controversy. His editorials on the League of Nations are marvelous examples of restrained but righteous anger in writing. An admirer of Wilson and Smith, a bitter opponent of Roosevelt, he was staunchly a Democrat; yet his last article, dictated on August 4, 1923, was as follows:

There is no more difficult undertaking in politics than that of a Vice-President suddenly promoted by the death of a President. Vice-Presidents are always out of the sphere of administrative action. Washington little heeds them as makers of policy, and not at all as announcers of national decisions. Even though Mr. Harding made Mr. Coolidge a member of the Cabinet, in a well-meant endeavor to further intercourse and understanding with Congress, the experiment bore no visible fruits of success. In his public addresses since he went to Washington, Mr. Coolidge has refrained from any allusion to controverted matters, in dealing with which he could take no part.

Now he comes to the most conspicuous executive office known to political life, facing a disorganized party and a Nation in disquietude. Theodore Roosevelt, succeeding to William McKinley as President, fell heir to an almost perfect party machine, which never failed in his time to function. Today Republican leadership is bankrupt, rent by faction, oppressed by mutterings of revolt. The Best Mind theory is a myth. The party needs, the country will welcome, a strong hand.

The circumstances present a great opportunity. President Coolidge has a blank sheet upon which to write history. Vice-Presidents are never nominated with the idea of their elevation to the higher post, and the country really knows little about its new Executive except that his firmness in handling the Boston police strike, as Governor of Massachusetts, left a favorable impression of his force of character. He will have the sympathy and the support of the American people, without regard to party ties. Such political obstruction as he may meet will come less from Democracy than from Republican faction, but for the moment even faction is a feeble thing. The



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big factor in his situation is the patriotic devotion of a united people wishing him godspeed in his great trust.

### *The Occasional Essay At Best*

RICHARDSON WRIGHT is an editor and a good one. Moreover, his own writing is delightful. Yet it is necessary to read a volume of his work to appreciate his really fine flair for the occasional essay, and to catch the rare flavor of a rare personality. "A Small House and Large Garden" (Houghton Mifflin) is a book for the personal shelf, a book that contains whimsies like "Looking into Windows", pieces of homy wisdom like "Spare the Side Roads!", pieces of unusual sentiment like "The Hilltop Garden". Mr. Wright has the irresistible gift of hitting on the rare idea and making it his own and the reader's in a homely, yet beautiful, way. I think he does this better than either Christopher Morley or Robert Cortes Holliday. Perhaps that is so only because he writes less and collects his essays seldom. At any rate, there they are — and they are good. I like these paragraphs especially:

> The appreciation of side streets requires leisure. Not every one can spare the time to wander down them. It also requires discrimination. Not every one can gather the rich fruit of vision that grows on side streets alone.
>
> Leisure and discrimination are gifts of the high gods. Leisure to seek; discrimination to appreciate; discrimination that recognizes beauty and romance in the picturesque, the sordid, and the drab; leisure which opens the mind to delicate impressions and the intriguing chiaroscuro of life, and affords time to mellow remembrance.
>
> The average man chooses the main street because it is a movie street. Everything gets into the picture, whether he wants it or not. In memory these reels flick and flash across the mind's screen — and are gone forever. But a side street is as a time-exposed photograph, taken when and where the gentleman will, of whatever subject his fancy chooses.

The English C. E. Montague is more sophisticated in his enthusiasms. He writes with a more special charm. "The Right Place" (Doubleday, Page) is really a travel book — a strange travel book, to be sure. Mr. Montague in his stories has already proved himself the artist. In these essays, he continues to show a prodigality of charm that, if it is at times wearing, is nevertheless refreshing; among the many odd twists of mind he displays is his annoyance at a too great clinging to old landmarks.

> Yet it is all perfectly right. Let everything — almost everything — change with a will, in any city that you love. People gush and moan too much about the loss of ancient buildings of no special note — "landmarks" and "links with the past". In towns, as in human bodies, the only state of health is one of rapid wasting and repair. Wych Street, Clare Market, New Inn — they matter about as much as so many hairs or the tips of so many nails of some beloved person. The time for misgiving would come if the architectural tissues of London ever ceased to be swiftly dissolved and renewed. Woe unto her only when, like Ravenna or Venice, she buries no longer her architectural dead but keeps their bodies about her till they and she all mortify together into one great curio of petrifaction, like some antique mummy, a prodigy of embalmment.

### *Beauty and Pathos*

IT is difficult to know how to recommend Isabel Paterson's "The Singing Season" (Boni, Liveright). It is a brilliant costume novel, filled with beautiful writing and with scenes of color, magic, and power. I have seldom enjoyed an historical novel so much; yet it is not written in the current mood. It is, perhaps, too well written for the casual reader of casual novels. This is a mellow book, long planned, I imagine,

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and worked out with great care. Its appeal is quiet. The story is one of clashing wills and pathetic and unfulfilled love, Spanish in its moods and colors, its grace and its rhythmical style. There is in it a curious philosophy of love, which comes sometimes quaintly from the mouth of the cleric Don Jorge:

Don Jorge made a gesture of flinging away a sword, his rosy face taking on a rueful and comic aspect. "Needs are not wants. Do you think Sigismund wants you wedded? With all his great riches, what hath he in the world but you? I am just a doting old man, Isabella; you know it. How women do know us! What are we in their hands but unwieldy infants, to whom they dole out pap or slap to fit the occasion? Even when they love us, they laugh at us. Our most labored wisdom is folly to them; and God knows, seeing what that wisdom leads to, of strife and misery and empty show, they are right. They know there is but one good in life and follow it; whileas we pursue chimeras. What shall insure the favor of a king? Forget all I have said." But he knew perfectly she would remember; it lay with her to protect Sigismund. And he thought with Roderigo; if she could once see Alexander, inclination and prudence might join hands. That was what he told Sigismund.

### *Rollicking Adventure*

OCCASIONALLY one finds a book with a certain zest, a forthright love of adventure and the open road in it that, whether or not the tale is finely written, makes it memorable, makes it one of your favorite novels. Such a story is "The Unseemly Adventure" by Ralph Straus (Holt). It is another escape novel — about how a young man escapes from a dominating mother, runs away with a tramp, and finds himself and a wife. The tramp is a delightful soul — Appleby Magnus is a sort of twentieth century Bacchus. He is wise, gay, bibulous, lovable. Not since "The Beloved Vagabond" have I read a story that swings along with such wholesome vigor and downright amusement. Certainly not a book for highbrows; but one that should be enjoyed by anyone who reads to be entertained.

### *An Age of Mysticism*

IT is in ages of great cleverness and surface pleasurings that the greatest mystics arise. Where, then, is our great poet of mysticism? In "William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols" (Houghton Mifflin) S. Foster Damon has given us not only a scholarly treatise, with marginal notes on Blake's work, but he has succeeded in writing a number of readable chapters in which he discusses the philosophy of mysticism and its special bearing upon the life of the great eighteenth century poet. This is a book that the collector of well printed volumes and the student, either of lyric poetry or of mysticism, cannot well be without. I found the chapter on "'Spirits' and Their 'Dictation'" particularly enlightening. If there ever was anyone gifted with powers ordinarily termed psychic or visionary, it was Blake. His conscious and subconscious minds were so tuned as to work in almost perfect harmony, yet he made no violent claims to supernormal powers. Damon says of this phenomenon, in part:

Of Blake's telepathy, we have only a single anecdote, though it is quoted as characteristic. Blake and various friends were at Hampstead, and one of them, Samuel Palmer, left for London. "Presently Blake, putting his hand to his forehead, said quietly: 'Palmer is coming; he is walking up the road.' 'Oh, Mr. Blake, he's gone to London; we saw him off in the coach.' Then, after awhile, 'He is coming through the wicket — there!' — pointing to the closed door. And surely, in another minute, Samuel Palmer raised the latch and came in amongst them."

—*J. F.*

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# THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

## "STUDIES IN MURDER"

Reviewed by John E. Lind

THE scene is a hot August morning thirty years ago. An elderly gentleman is walking toward his home on a quiet street in Fall River, Massachusetts. He is tall and erect, his rather stern face framed by an aureola of white whiskers; he might have sat for the portrait of a Puritan. He turns the corner and enters the simple frame house in which he still lives, although the years have made him wealthy. In that home are his wife, his daughter Lizzie, and a servant, Bridget. Half an hour later he and his wife are discovered brutally murdered; a few days later suspicion is directed to the daughter, Lizzie, and in the course of a few weeks the whole county is discussing the question of her guilt or innocence.

The famous Borden murder is the first one discussed by Mr. Pearson in his book. The others are the murder of Benjamin Nathan in New York, in 1870; the strange affair of the "Herbert Fuller", whose captain, second officer, and captain's wife were all hacked to death by an unknown hand a few days out at sea; the murder of Mabel Page in 1904 and the astonishing efforts of the public to have her slayer pardoned; and, finally, a serio-comic episode of the early nineteenth century in which the Boorn brothers were convicted of murdering their brother-in-law, Russell Colvin, who turned up just in time to save them.

Mr. Pearson has attempted the dangerous task of dealing with reality. For any neophyte in the art of writing can construct an acceptable murder story. The formula is as follows: First, introduce your victim and, preferably, make him just a little unpopular; second, kill him. (The murder should, of course, be mysterious and, if possible, a bit outré.) Third, strew suspicion all over the shop. Fourth, bring in your official policemen. Fifth, send for the super sleuth. Sixth, disclose the most unlikely person in the cast as the murderer. But Mr. Pearson has scorned such stereotyped devices and has made his studies from life itself.

To be sure, there are precedents. Many a famous detective has written about his favorite subject — his own exploits. Criminals have written their confessions, and below-stairs periodicals have flaunted the bait of true stories and true confessions before their moronic audiences. But these stories on examination prove either to be uninteresting or artistically improbable — both fatal defects.

Mr. Pearson's studies fall in neither of these categories. He has selected unerringly cases which fulfil all the requirements, especially the Borden murder and the affair of the "Herbert Fuller", which together occupy about two thirds of the book. His other three cases may be dismissed rather briefly. In the Boorn case in 1812 one of the brothers made a circumstantial confession of a murder which never happened and as a result was nearly hanged. In 1904 in the little town of Weston a



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woman was murdered and a young man named Charley Tucker convicted of the crime on evidence which, while entirely circumstantial, was conclusive. Then ensued an extraordinary demonstration of mob sentiment. All possible pressure was brought to bear on the Governor of Massachusetts to pardon the murderer or commute his sentence; in short, there was an exhibition of maudlinism which reminds Mr. Pearson quite appropriately of Mark Twain's comments on the petition for the pardon of Injun Joe in "Tom Sawyer".

The third of the three shorter cases in the book, the murder of Benjamin Nathan, was a nine days' wonder, but lacked the necessary psychopathological ingredients. While the murderer of the Jewish philanthropist was never tried, for lack of sufficient evidence, there seems reason to believe that the case was simply one of burglarious entry, interruption, and murderous assault.

In the other two murders, however, Mr. Pearson quite palpably delights. Here, indeed, are all the necessary elements, and with the sure touch of an artist he lays them on — brutality, mystery, grotesque humor, appropriate settings. In the mind of your true connoisseur of murder there are but two sorts of stage settings: first, the one in harmony with the deed, isolation, fear, the wailing of the wind, madness and shrieks by night; second, a quiet peaceful scene, broad daylight, sunshine, happiness, good people, and then red handed murder crashing down.

The Borden case was an example of the latter; the "Herbert Fuller", of the former.

On July 3, 1896, a little ship, the "Herbert Fuller", set sail for the Argentine. Eighteen days later she returned to harbor with the dead bodies of the captain, his wife, and the second mate. In the middle of the night someone had stolen into the cabin with an ax and battered out their brains.

The whole affair was one of those tragedies of the sea taken from the pages of Russell or Melville; it might have been psychologized by Eugene O'Neill and presented at the Grand Guignol. The cast numbers seven: three victims, two suspects, an innocent bystander, and an interlocutor. From time to time, in minor rôles, five sailors appear. The three victims have already been enumerated. They occupied three rooms of the cabin. In the fourth room slept a Harvard student, Monks, the only passenger on board, who was taking a sea trip at the advice of his physician, in search of peace and quiet! At the helm on the night of the murder was an old sailor, Charley Brown, who was considered eccentric and talked to himself. Later it developed that he had once been insane for a short while. Pacing the deck was the first mate, Thomas Bram, a sinister figure whose personality is one of those psychological puzzles which crop up from time to time in murder cases.

At two o'clock in the morning the passenger, Monks, was awakened by a woman's scream. Sitting upright in his bunk, he listened carefully and heard "a gurgling noise" from the captain's cabin. He went in and found the captain dying of wounds and then, going into another room, he found the captain's wife murdered. Later on, the second mate's body was discovered. The weapon, a bloody ax, was subsequently found on deck.

For a week after these murders the "Herbert Fuller", with its ghastly freight, sailed back toward land. No one knew who the murderer was, but all knew he was on board, that every day he saw and spoke with them, that

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any night he might creep again about the ship, like Dracula, gorging himself with blood. Small wonder that few were the hours that anyone slept on board that vessel! There were two trials, and the first mate, Bram, was sentenced to life imprisonment. He was paroled fifteen years later, and in 1919 was given a full pardon.

But the psychological puzzle presented by Mate Bram was as nothing to the Borden case. At the time of the murder Lizzie Borden was a spinster of thirty two, a religious woman, active in church work, and of blameless character. Did she attack her aged stepmother with an ax or hatchet and, after leaving her battered and lifeless body in an upstairs room, go about her work quietly for an hour and a half and then, catching her father asleep on a couch, kill him in the same manner? This was the contention of the State of Massachusetts, who prosecuted her. Or, was there a mysterious intruder in that quiet frame house that hot August noonday, an incarnate spirit of evil, whom no one saw come and go or heard at his bloody work; who, as one writer explained it, "came and went as gently as the south wind, but fulfilled his mission as terrifically as a cyclone"?

The same writer points out that if there were a murderous intruder, he must have had the advantage of a series of coincidences which in their cumulative improbabilities were as one in a billion. He must avoid five persons to catch Mrs. Borden alone; he must kill her noiselessly and run the risk of her body's not being discovered for two hours, during which time he must lurk about the house and avoid several inmates. He must count on the servant's being asleep in the attic for a half hour, on the daughter's being out in the barn in the rear of the house for twenty minutes, on a guest's not returning in that time, on Mr. Borden's taking a nap, and finally, on escaping from the house in his blood stained garments with no one in the surrounding houses seeing him.

Mr. Pearson himself has his own belief in the matter, which may be read between the lines. He has told the story admirably. He might have called it "The Laugh on the Stairs". For it was testified at the trial that when Mr. Borden found the front door locked on that fatal August morning, the servant Bridget ran to let him in; and as she fumbled with the fastenings, she heard Lizzie laugh on the stairs or in the hall above. This hall above opened into the guest room, and also from the top of the stairs the floor of that room was visible. And even then, her head in a pool of blood, the murdered woman lay dead.

So to the crime itself, with all its terror and mystery, is added the touch of the grotesque, the outré, that laugh in the house of death.

The readers of mystery will smack their lips over this book. For, while the problem of who stole the Princess's pearls is quite engrossing and we all admire the reasoning in "The Purloined Letter", there is, after all, nothing like a good murder — the more sanguinary the better. Once having tasted blood, the reader of detective stories, like Shere Khan, is insatiable. The larceny of plans of submarines, no matter how internationally important, leaves him cold. He must have sudden death, and locked rooms and bloody finger prints, or life is a bore. To all such we recommend Mr. Pearson's pasticcio, done in all the colors of life, but dominating them all, the scarlet and sinister strain.

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Studies in Murder. By Edmund Lester Pearson. The Macmillan Co.

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# A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

## A NEW YEATS COLLECTION

By Norreys Jephson O'Conor

OF modern writers in English, perhaps none has so frequently revised and reissued his work as William Butler Yeats. In his "Later Poems" and "Plays in Prose and Verse", a collection made from his previous writings, it is interesting to see what he has omitted and what he has included — among the poems, "The Wanderings of Oisin" has been sacrificed; among the plays, "The Countess Cathleen". That a poem and a play which did so much to establish the author's reputation should thus be abandoned is a sign that Mr. Yeats has the artist's divine discontent; he is ever catching new glimpses of beauty and enlarging the boundaries of his art. This is what makes him one of the outstanding figures in contemporary letters, a leader of his generation and one who has best expressed its aspirations. He has developed the haunting irregular cadences of "The Wind Among the Reeds" into the free rhythms of "The Wild Swans at Coole" and "Michael Robartes and the Dancer", thus keeping pace with the gradual change from the æstheticism of the Eighteen Nineties to the verse experimentation and the objective point of view of the poets of the last decade. In his dramatic writing the powerful but somewhat conventional "Cathleen ni Houlihan" has been succeeded by the extravagant farce, "The Player Queen", which is entirely modern in temper; Decima has the independence and directness of a modern girl.

To the reader who knows something of the scope and the content of Gaelic literature, it will seem a paradox that Mr. Yeats, titular leader of the Celtic renaissance, has really made little use of the traditional stories of his country; he has introduced into his work many of the persons from the old sagas — Cuchulain, Guaire, Laegaire — but the half barbaric splendor, the virile romanticism, of the early stories, are changed; we are not carried back into early Irish civilization; rather we gaze into a crystal where we find the color and a mere suggestion of the grandeur of the ancient figures. This is not to deny beauty to the poet's work with Irish themes, but the beauty is created by his own distinct personality and owes comparatively little to the national literature from which the original inspiration was derived. By a wave of his enchanter's wand, the Celtic gift for style, he has completely transformed old themes into modern instances.

One of the surest indications of Mr. Yeats's genius is that, with the enlargement of his metrical bounds, he has not lost the power to write simple lyrics, such as originally charmed the readers of the late Eighteen Nineties. Nothing from his pen is more direct than the songs from "The Player Queen", or than "The Rose Tree", from the last section of "Later Poems". He has fused the appeal of tradition with the strength and the freshness of experimentation; he is

> Master of the still stars and of the flaming door.

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Later Poems. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co.

Plays in Prose and Verse, written for an Irish theatre. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co.



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## IN DEFENSE OF THE CONSTITUTION

By David Saville Muzzey

A FEW years ago a well known professor of American history published a little book called "A New Constitution for a New America", in which he criticized the Constitution as an outgrown instrument, framed in the days of a simple agricultural society, reflecting the now discredited philosophy of the eighteenth century, unresponsive to the popular will, hampered by its self imposed limitations in favor of the states, artificial in its system of representation, and generally inadequate, in its present form, to the government of a great industrial country. Mr. Beck's volume, on the other hand, is an enthusiastic defense of the Constitution as entirely adequate to America's needs, "yesterday, today, and tomorrow". Instead of proceeding, like Professor MacDonald, from a survey of our highly complex political and economic society to the consideration of the kind of constitution which a convention might draw up today, he accepts as axiomatic the finality of the Constitution of 1787 and judges the present age rather harshly for any sign of a disposition to alter or criticize it. "Remove not the ancient Landmark which thy fathers have set", is the motto which he prefixes to his book. It is not, therefore, an objective treatise on the history of the origin and adoption of the Constitution with which Mr. Beck is primarily concerned, although in the first fifteen chapters of his book he presents that history in a very interesting form. The real purpose of the author is to sound a warning against the present tendency toward innovation, lack of restraint, and disrespect for authority. He uses the Constitution for a text, but he might just as well have used the Ten Commandments, the Epistle to the Romans, or Burke's "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents".

Yet, in spite of his unqualified panegyric on the Constitution, Mr. Beck is by no means an adherent of the "filiopietistic" school of writers, who regard that instrument as a kind of miraculous revelation. He neither accepts Mr. Gladstone's famous dictum of "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man", nor agrees with Bancroft's description of the Constitution as a document "offered severally to the people of each state and by their united voice . . . made the binding form of government". He is as ready as Professor Beard (whose influence is clearly visible in his pages) to concede that the Constitution was the work of the propertied classes, framed primarily to stabilize credit, and adopted only after a bitter fight in many of the states. Indeed, it is just because it was the work of conservative leaders, who were wise and strong enough to resist the "democratic" tendencies of their own day, that the Constitution is fit to be a bulwark of republicanism today. Its strength is in the checks and restraints that it opposes to popular government — the protection of minorities, the guarantee of property, the paramount federal judiciary, the laborious process of amendment.

In his analysis and commendation of the basic principles of the Constitution (chapters 16–23) Mr. Beck has constantly in view the dangers of direct government. He warns again and again against Bolshevism. He sees in the present aversion to wholesome restraint and conservative leadership the opportunity of the demagogue. "No student of our institutions", he says (page 273), "can question that the Constitution is in graver danger today than at any other time in the history of Amer-

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ica. This is due not to any conscious hostility to the spirit or letter, but to the indifference and apathy with which the masses regard the increasing assaults upon its basic principles. Unless the American people awake to the necessity of defending their most priceless heritage there is manifest danger that within the lives of those now living the form will survive the substance of the faith. The thoughtful few who from time to time sound their warning are 'as one crying in the wilderness'. Their voices are lost in the roar of a mechanical civilization." In the closing chapters of the book Mr. Beck leaves the Constitution entirely and launches into a veritable jeremiad on the revolt of a shallow, soulless, pleasure mad, machine ridden, and money rotten society against constructive leadership and wholesome authority. Undoubtedly, the sermon is needed; but, unless the indictment is overdrawn, even the return to a reverence for the Constitution can hardly save us.

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The Constitution of the United States, Yesterday, Today — and Tomorrow? By James M. Beck. George H. Doran Company.

## PEPYS FROM THE PLYMOUTH ROCK

By Raymond M. Weaver

GAMALIEL BRADFORD has for years rated himself a collector of souls. And, as though he has suspected something either peculiar or original in this preoccupation, he has invented for it an ugly technical name; he would be known as a "psychographer". It is an ill favored name, and Mr. Bradford's own. To be the first "psychographer" — that, in the belief of some, is to be a new thing in literature. The New York "Times", jealous for Mr. Bradford's originality, once denied Lytton Strachey the laurels for being "the first author to show what can be done by applying psychological methods and insight to the writing of biography", allowing Mr. Bradford a proud ten years' priority. H. L. Mencken is more summary: "This Bradford is the man who invented the formula of Lytton Strachey's 'Queen Victoria'." All of which, in the light of Mr. Strachey's cool and declared assurance that he has invented nothing, but rather (unlike some of his most confident critics) has read Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" with respectful attention, makes this battle of the ancients and moderns gaily diverting. To the moderns belong both the ignorance and the ardor.

Neither Mr. Bradford, nor his master Mr. Strachey, has, of course, invented anything in the art of biography: Plutarch, Agnes Repplier, Marcel Schwob, each is an elder "psychographer". But in any art the palm must go, not to who does it first, but to who does it best. And now that Mr. Bradford, after living intimately with Pepys' Diary for thirty years, has been latterly moved to use it "for psychographic purposes", he has earned for himself nothing unique in glory.

"The Soul of Samuel Pepys" is an easy, entertaining book, and shallow by the very nature of its purposes. "The very amplitude of the Great Diary makes it difficult for hurried readers to approach. It has the abundance, the crowded, formless richness, the embarrassing complication of an actual lived life. And it seemed as if it might be possible to introduce a certain amount of order and clarity into the shapeless mass, so as to make it more available for those who have not the patience to deal with its tangled entirety." Mr.

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Bradford's book is designed not only for "the hurried reader", however; it is also consciously tempered to the taste and intelligence of "the divine average". Mr. Bradford says of Pepys: "As he was average in station, so he may be said on the whole to have been average in character; below the average in some points, perhaps decidedly above it in others, but on the whole, distinctly representative." It follows, of course, that Mr. Bradford makes no keen or radical exploration in what are, and aplenty, the paradoxes and mysteries of this extraordinary "average man". Rather, by making what is in effect an anthology from the Diary, he exposes the reader to Pepys' self betrayal, that the reader may solace his dumb isolation and secret intimacies by the pleasures of recognition — recognition untroubled by understanding. For Mr. Bradford has contributed little or nothing by way of insight. He comments upon Pepys' "indisposition to indulge in deliberate theoretical self-analysis" — a squeamishness before his own dissected soul in which Pepys was surely "average". Mr. Bradford respects Pepys' terror of indecent exposure of the hidden springs of his behavior — a delicacy on the part of this "psychographer" that would have shocked Jane Austen. At best, Mr. Bradford has done a good job of journalism upon Pepys, "a man amazingly like you and me". The book is amiably pitched in the tame and safe realm of commonplace and unction. It is a book for "the hasty reader" — a book for "you and me".

After Mr. Bradford in the first chapter has, in their externals, placed "The Man and the Diary", he offers an anthology in six chapters from Pepys' account of himself: Pepys and (1) His Office; (2) His Money; (3) Humanity; (4) His Intellect; (5) His Wife; (6) God. The conclusion is characteristic: "It is because the vast brooding consciousness of God alone gives such a life all its significance — and all its emptiness, and because I believe the busy, active, external, material life of America today, so much the life personified by the great Diarist, needs God more than anything else to save it."

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The Soul of Samuel Pepys. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## WHEN EDITORS WRITE VERSE

By David Morton

TWO editors of other people's poetry here lay aside the paste and shears and speak out in their own voices, as poets — Harriet Monroe, the redoubtable editor of "Poetry", in Chicago, and John Farrar, editor of THE BOOKMAN and of "The Bookman Anthology of Verse". Yet another, Franklyn Pierre Davis, clings to the less precarious rôle of editor and presents the fifth in his series of anthologies of newspaper verse.

Miss Monroe, in a prefatory note, offers her book more or less in the nature of a contemporary historical exhibit, and thus encourages the reviewer in opening the subject of poetic possibilities in the immediate and contemporary. Such discussion is the more strongly suggested because of Miss Monroe's famous attachment to the idea that life here and now is the proper business of poetry. While the inclusion in the book of the ecstatic "Columbian Ode" of thirty years ago serves to measure the temperamental distance from our own skeptical and disillusioned days, the element of contrast is more pointedly revealed in the effective title poem in two parts — "1823" and

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"1923". The first section, reconstructing the well ordered, provincial, and convention ridden world of a century ago, contrasts strangely with "1923", in which the busy, emancipated world bursts in its cosmopolitan entirety on the consciousness. One gets the feeling that here is an interregnum, with no gods ruling. The poem in its two parts is a brilliant piece of writing. One's thought toys with the query whether a poem which takes for its subject a passing phase of contemporary civilization is dealing with the permanent stuffs out of which lasting poetry is made. Perhaps the answer is affirmative in just the degree that the poem reveals and communicates significant phenomena in the human spirit as affected by the conditions and events recited. And in this poem there is the mood of wistful reminiscence, there is the sense of vastness, there are the emotions of wonder and terror — for us, today. Will the reader of 2023 feel them in the same way? Implied somewhere in the answer to that query lies the difference between lasting poetry and journalism.

"The Difference" is, by all odds, the most interesting poem in the book. In the section entitled "At the Prado", Miss Monroe displays an ability in portraiture — as in "Velasquez", for example — but the free verse which constitutes "Carolina Wood-cuts" and "Notes of Travel" fails of effectiveness through omission of the cardinal artistic necessities of selection and unity. "A Lady of the Snows", though, represents Miss Monroe's ability to indulge occasionally in a clear, appealing lyricism. On the whole, one closes the book grateful for the vivid and interesting title poem, two or three graphic portraits in bold, brief strokes, and a singing lyric.

If Miss Monroe never abandons Arnold's "high seriousness", Mr. Farrar parts company with his oversolemn and concerned generation, and offers, among other things, a delightful collection of light and whimsical verses to Amaryllis. Here — in the midst of the begoggled and ugly young men talking Freudian psychology to the ladies in the laboratory — steps the cavalier with graceful and extravagant compliment and pretty conceit. This sort of thing one doesn't expect to find in this scowling year of our Lord, but coming upon it, one lingers with joy and passes on with regret that we no longer know how to rest our terrible honesty with these charming and fanciful insincerities. Mr. Farrar's touch here is delicate and sure, and the result is that rare and difficult thing, captivating light verse.

A more serious speaking is heard — I am not certain it is a more valuable one — in the first section of the book, which aims, with a little too much rhetoric, at rather broad and more emphatic effects, and in the last section, which sets forward some portraits-in-incident of "war women", done with good feeling but with less sharpness and distinction than is necessary to make them rememberable, in the degree that the gestures of Amaryllis are rememberable.

Mr. Davis's "Anthology of Newspaper Verse for 1923" fails, on the whole, to give any feeling of quality. Apparently the collection is made with little or no regard for standards of excellence, the only requisite for inclusion being publication by a newspaper.

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The Difference, and Other Poems. By Harriet Monroe. Covici-McGee.
The Middle Twenties. By John Farrar. George H. Doran Company.
Anthology of Newspaper Verse for 1923. Edited by Franklyn Pierre Davis. Published by Mr. Davis at Enid, Oklahoma.

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# IN BRIEF REVIEW

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE'S new book "African Clearings" (Houghton Mifflin) contains much that is interesting even to one who is entirely out of sympathy with missionaries and their ways. Undoubtedly she is sincere; undoubtedly, too, she is as incapable of understanding the psychology of her black flock as she is of sensing the true portent of staccato drum talk, or the flickering forest shadows. Emphasis is too often wrongly placed; too much credence is put in surface things. The complacent smugness evinced over a heathen turned from his heathenism, jars. So do the gurgles of joy over a woman who embraces Christianity and covers up the body God gave her. There is real drama in the incident of the postboy who died rather than give up his mail pouch. It is dismissed in a short paragraph. But then he was probably a heathen. Had he died defending the Bible, his martyrdom would have been memorialized by a whole chapter. But these essays are interesting. As interesting as the letters, say, of a New England social worker who possesses a graphic pen, is a keen observer of trivial details, yet fails to understand the people among whom she works and cries "Success" when the village drunkard — unable to get more liquor — loudly extols the glory of water. *Ma yi ma simsan* — which, being interpreted, is, "I weep and I remember."

A collection of editorials may not sound like very inspiring reading, but when they are culled from the columns of the Emporia, Kansas, "Gazette", and the writer thereof is none other than William Allen White, it is a different story; not the endless rotation of tax reform, bonus, League of Nations, and local politics, but the emanations of a sympathetic, understanding heart as well as a keen and vigorous mind. When Helen Ogden Mahin in her introduction to Mr. White's "The Editor and His People" (Macmillan) explains that the "Gazette" has achieved its conspicuous influence and position by being "the unaffected expression of its editor's personality and the uncompromising organ of his convictions", we find it easy to agree with her. In editing the volume, Miss Mahin has displayed excellent judgment in grouping the selected editorials, which range from intimate, homely topics to subjects of national and international significance. Mr. White has prepared a brief introduction to each group and added characteristic footnotes in the light of thirty years in the editor's chair. As he expresses it, we now find the stand-patter gone and the progressive rampant in his place.

We presume that the proverbial rolling stone failed to accumulate a mossy covering because it was primarily occupied with the business of rolling. We of this enlightened age might term such futile activity mental petrifaction. How much more fruitful are the lapidary revolutions of E. A. Brayley Hodgetts, who gathered an immense amount of moss while rolling around from place to place! Mr. Hodgetts, in "Moss from a Rolling Stone" (Dutton), tells in a breezy newspapery manner anecdotes, incidents, and episodes of many years spent in travel and observation of



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the frailties of humankind. He is possessed of a keen sense of humor which brightens many pages of the book, and his style is brisk and refreshing. Mr. Hodgetts is apparently interested in everything, and succeeds admirably in arousing the same interest in the reader.

The short articles — extending from a paragraph to a few pages — selected by H. I. Woolf from Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary" (Knopf) are on whatever happened to interest, stimulate, or antagonize Voltaire at the time — including most of the things under the sun. They range from one end of the alphabet to the other and (originally published as "Questions on the Encyclopædia") end with a series of rhetorical questions without answers, entitled "Why?" The amazing variety in the subjects is equaled by the variety in their treatment, this including in generous measure the intellectual and temperamental qualities associated with Voltaire's name.

J. Arthur Thomson's "Science Old and New" (Putnam) illustrates, according to the author, one method of describing the changes in the science of biology since Darwin's day, that of "selecting a number of arresting topics and discussing these in the light of recent advances". What he so describes is the "artistic masterpieces" which the world exhibits, the "fascinating ingenuities of organization, and intricate interweavings that make a pattern" (Professor Thomson is a vitalist); and his book is a collection of short, easy, chatty discourses on such matters as wax, antlers, milk, slavery in the insect world, the human hand, and so on.

A book need be neither profound nor memorable to be an acceptable adjunct on a sightseeing tour. So "Your Washington and Mine" (Scribner) may make a pleasant companion on a trip to the nation's capital. Louise Payson Latimer is neither too garrulous nor too technical a guide to the sights of the District of Columbia. Her historical and political comment is sufficient to form a background to matter which is largely descriptive of the physical aspect of Washington and its environs. Illustrations are plentiful and interesting.

That many a great writer has fared badly at the hands of his slow witted public is a lamentable fact and undeniable. That from the foregoing circumstance one may justly conclude that obscurity implies genius is a favorite form of critical dementia. For some years past the name of Ambrose Bierce has been a thing for dealers in rare books to conjure with. So high are the prices of his first and second editions that they are beyond the reach of any but the illiterate. At last is the veil sundered! Those enterprising Brothers Boni have seen fit to remove the bushel whereunder shone the brilliance that was Bierce. "In the Midst of Life" can now be purchased for a moderate sum. But, as Mélisande so pitifully repeats, "I am not gay." We have so often heard "Bierce, the Master of the Terrible" — "Bierce, the Explorer of the Soul" that, perhaps, appetite has died from sheer longevity. More reasonably one decides that the esoteric fame of Ambrose Bierce had its origin in the critical fallacy mentioned above; like glowworms he shines only in the dark. These stories have the mark of the heavy hand upon them. Death and insanity furnish the themes for them all. The manner of telling is crude and wearisome in the extreme. Throughout the entire book runs a thread of almost childish interest in the cadaver

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that is faintly amusing when it is not utterly repulsive. "In the Midst of Life" is an unusually deadly piece of work — incidentally it marks the passing of one more literary illusion.

The name Raisuli is fairly familiar to most of us. "Oh, he's one of those Hindus or South African bandit chiefs, or something!" Rosita Forbes in "The Sultan of the Mountains" (Holt) elaborates upon this idea and relates in intimate detail the life of an exceedingly picturesque character. The habits, philosophy, and religion of Raisuli and his followers are set forth in a narrative of absorbing interest. Mrs. Forbes is very much alive to the romantic possibilities of her subject, depicting the vigorous, semi barbaric existence of the Sultan of the Mountains (as Raisuli is called) with a most commendable melodramatic touch. The adventures of Raisuli are legion; and as one sits of an evening and whirls in imagination on horseback behind the flying cohorts of the hero, participates in the beautifully ingenious torture of some malefactor, or plays at primitive politics, something of the barbarian in one cries out for the carefree abandon of life in Africa. Yet in the light of civilized morning, the jovial cop on the corner is most comfortably reassuring.

The many who know the "Memoirs" of Casanova only by reputation will hardly be persuaded by Havelock Ellis's "Casanova, an Appreciation" (Luce) that they have missed a great deal. The "Appreciation", a critical essay, precedes three illustrative selections from the "Memoirs", one of which tells of Casanova's start in life at Rome, another of his escape from the Venetian prison, and a third of his life at Paris. Interesting and enlightening as the introduction is, it is a little too much for the subject matter which follows, and it cannot stand by itself. Ellis hails the diary as delightful reading. He declares the autobiography has "deep and permanent interest" on three counts: as a psychological study of a human type, as a good story, and as a picture of the times. He compares it to the contemporaneous autobiographical writings of Gozzi, Rousseau, Restif de la Bretonne, and Madame Roland, all of which it may surpass. But under the three headings given, Pepys' Diary exceeds it as the study of a human type; the story of Cellini's escape from prison makes a far more interesting tale than does Casanova's; and the stories of both these two are at least equal to the selections given by Ellis as a portrait of the times in which the author lived. Perhaps the fault of the volume at hand must lie in the meagre 150 pages of excerpts. Certainly, the matter in them does not fulfil the expectations raised by the "Appreciation".

The campaign biography of tradition may be held to rank, as literature, with the dime novel. Both productions were interesting and stimulating; both were written about flawless and heroic protagonists; neither was expected to be any truer to life than the paintings on campaign posters. "Alfred E. Smith: An American Career" (Seltzer) might have been that kind of book; it isn't. True, for some ninety pages the biography tells a tale of early struggles and privations and of success in spite of them. But thereafter, the career and principles of Governor Smith are portrayed through selections from his speeches, supplemented by sufficient comment from the author to explain the circumstances under which they were delivered. These addresses are more than readable — they are inter-

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esting. Fortunately, Smith's education and audiences deterred him from employing the embellished type of oratory that prevailed until the beginning of the century and still largely taints political addresses. His language is conversational without being commonplace. His ideas are not obscured by festooned verbiage. On occasion he can be simple and lofty at once. Nothing in the book adequately explains how a man with Smith's meagre schooling grew to be the figure that his present position and his speeches and actions in that position show him to be. Contemporaneous writing is commonly weak in that respect. Henry Moskowitz deserves credit for producing a biography whose virtues are not the author's but Al Smith's.

Writing verse is just play to Edgar A. Guest. In his "Rhymes of Childhood" (Reilly, Lee) we can almost see the poet tossing off these stanzas while he shoots marbles with the boys, rolls up his pants to go fishing, or salutes the flag in a stirring paroxysm of patriotism. He would go the limit, we fancy, to taste, vicariously, the joys and sorrows of boyhood, even to the point of taking castor oil! Moreover, administering this remedy seems to be one of his emotional complexes, equaled in intensity only by his mother complex. From the time a baby is born to the day when it takes its first step, every phase of its life becomes a subject for ecstatic celebration. We believe that, among other honors, Mr. Guest should be nominated poet laureate of motherhood. A child to him is a "little chap", a "tiny tot", a "little feller", or even a "laddie"; and a father is "pa" to the end of time. There seems to be an idea, current among those who do not know his verse, that here is a poet who honestly echoes the colloquialisms of his time. But we have looked in vain, through this and other volumes, to find popular speech that postdates the James Whitcomb Riley period. After all, Mr. Guest's reputation is built upon slavish imitation of the Hoosier poet, so that it is doubtful if, at this late date, accurate reproduction of everyday speech would add to his fame.

In his "From Goethe to Byron" (Dutton), William Rose, M.A., Ph.D., lecturer in the University of London, King's College, traces broadmindedly "the development of *Weltschmerz* in German Literature from 'Werther' to the beginning of the Romantic Movement . . . the dissonance between the ideal and the real, and the inability to adapt the ego completely to reality". Encouragingly psychoanalytical for a "doctor's dissertation", this volume is both readable and illuminative unto our own — as the author argues, somewhat similar — days of *Sturm und Drang*. For, as Georg Brandes has well said elsewhere, "Literary history is, in its profoundest significance, psychology, the study, the history of the soul."

The peculiar advantage of "The True Story of Woodrow Wilson", by David Lawrence (Doran), lies in the fact that the author has had unusual opportunities for personal acquaintance with Mr. Wilson, and has been in a position to make direct observations on the actions of the former president from his Princeton days until his death this year. Mr. Lawrence has written a thoroughly readable biography, and one that casts many interesting sidelights on the individuality of one of the most enigmatical public figures of recent years; he writes largely with the aim of vindicating Wilson, if not the policies of Wilson, but he proceeds as a clear sighted journalist rather than as a

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hero worshiper, and the book gains considerably in value owing to the fact that he can discern the blots on the escutcheon of his subject as well as his shining merits.

We do not recall that the macabre art of Guy de Maupassant has ever been more effectively displayed than in "Day and Night Stories" (Knopf), a new volume in the series of collected novels and stories edited by Ernest Boyd. A large burden of the praise, moreover, must go to the translator, Storm Jameson, who has succeeded in preserving brilliantly such Gallic nuances of feeling as others have lost or deliberately evaded. That in the human symphony de Maupassant has heard the raucous notes of greed, lust, revenge, and stupidity more often than those sweeter strains of sympathy and love, is evident to all who know his work. Former collections have not perhaps made so apparent the fact that it is his attitude of artistic and unmoral cynicism that unifies one of the most monumental achievements of modern literature. This series contains several new additions to the list of stories already translated into English. The scholarly, delicate, and thoroughly sensitive handling creates for readers of de Maupassant a new insight into the French national character and a wider knowledge of the human heart.

"Europe Since 1789" by Edward Raymond Turner of the University of Michigan (Doubleday, Page) is a continuation of the author's earlier "Europe, 1450–1789" and a revision and amplification of his subsequent "Europe, 1789–1920". The history of Europe from the days of the Ancien Régime which preceded the French Revolution is, in the light of the Great War, brought down to the beginning of 1924, with chief emphasis upon the economic, social, diplomatic, and military. Professor Turner addresses himself primarily to the student of history, and rather less to the general reader than does either Hazen or Gibbons. The volume is printed in large, clear type, with marginal notes, maps, bibliographies, appendix, a comprehensive index, and other devices to aid the student. One wishes, however, that the work were issued in two volumes.

Any seeker for a handbook to the powers in England's labor government will find nothing better than "England's Labour Rulers" by Iconoclast (Seltzer). The necessity of including twenty eight figures — each with a full page, pen and ink portrait by Sidney L. Hydeman — in a gallery of less than one hundred and fifty pages, has somewhat cramped our author's style. He has had to content himself with little more than a recording of dates, places, and previous offices. Indeed, Iconoclast's efforts to inject human drama into his thumbnail sketches becomes at times almost ludicrously reminiscent of one's senior classbook. When, for instance, we have learned the salient facts of Colonel Josiah Wedgwood's interesting, perhaps stimulating, career, we are inclined to be amused to hear that "'Jos' is the soul of kindness and has hosts of friends." Nevertheless, within its limits, we can recommend "England's Labour Rulers" as the best thing of its kind.

"Two spiritual leaders have emerged in our generation into new light, and have become generally intensified living forces. They are St. Francis of Assisi and George Fox of Fenny Drayton." So declares Rufus M. Jones in his introduction to the revised edition of "The Journal of George Fox", pre-

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pared and edited by Norman Penney (Dutton). George Fox, who lived from 1624 to 1691 and is remembered chiefly as the founder of the Society of Friends, left a valuable religious autobiography, which first appeared in 1694, accompanied by a preface by William Penn; and it is this volume of confessions, condensed and corrected, that is now offered to the public. A portion of the original introduction by William Penn is reproduced; and the volume as a whole will prove interesting, as Mr. Jones well points out, because "it embalms and treasures up the spirit and life-blood of a brave and honest man".

Writing of contemporary thought movements in a style that is philosophical, candid, and provocative, Gertrude Besse King points to new "Alliances for the Mind" (Harcourt, Brace). Such thinking as goes into the making of these twenty odd essays and reviews implies a background of study and practice with which few modern critics are endowed. Mrs. King turns the bright shafts of her appraisal with equal facility on Einstein and Bertrand Russell, on Plato and the Moscow Art Theatre. Her critical reviews reveal deep and intelligent reading; her essays, an earnest attempt to rationalize human conduct. One feels that her study, for instance, of "The Servile Mind" is typical of her keen method of approach. This paper deals with the popular mind paralyzed in the phenomenon of war. If the author were living today, she would have a peculiar opportunity to observe popular thinking jelled into the mold of party psychology and mob judgment. What Walter Lippmann, in his excellent introduction to the book, calls her ability to help men find for one another "a friendly conception of the universe", casts upon the most difficult and abstruse subjects a play of kindly humor and original thought. She has her warm admirations and her profound and well based skepticisms. Her book reviews preserve a nice balance between her own mental leanings and those of the author, and, like the papers, assume the form of well rounded and organic pieces of prose. In a brief biographical note we are told that the author had in preparation at the time of her death a volume on philosophy. It is to be regretted that a mind which devoted itself so whole souledly to a sensible rationale of society should have ceased functioning before the completion of what would most surely have been a valuable contribution to present day philosophical research.

Contemporary political history in permanent form, aside from that set down with pathetic pains in the Congressional Record, too often partakes of the Record's flatulent asininity or degenerates into a campaign eulogy of a statesman and his career. It is apparent that the daily press, more than any other agency, influences the vote of the average man and woman. Because of the fact, however, that newspaper policies and party allegiances color and motivate this journalistic influence, it is gratifying to note that what is in effect a political chronicle and citizen's primer has been compiled by a shrewd woman observer in Washington. "Letters from a Senator's Wife" (Appleton) is the attempt of Frances Parkinson Keyes to describe, as graphically as possible, the machinery of government and the personalities of those whose business it is to keep this rather clumsy machinery going. Written quite frankly to entertain as well as instruct, these informal

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papers may seem to the male reader a bit clogged with descriptions of parties, luncheons, dinners, and the hats, gowns, and flowers that graced them. But back of such chatty and trivial detail moves a pretty accurate and unbiased record of the capital's business during the last few years, a record that sets forth the failures as well as the achievements of the makers of government.

There is a feast for someone in "A Thread of English Road" by Charles S. Brooks (Harcourt, Brace). But the feast is not, as might have been expected, for the lover of travel, of new-old discovery, and of the song of the road. Ignoring his more legitimate claims, it beckons lazily, instead, to the dilettante, the wanderer along the byways of whim and fancy. Mr. Brooks went with friends (one of whom has peppered the book with the most entrancing illustrations) on a bicycling tour of southern England. He brought back, instead of a journal of his experiences, a confession of all those delicious dreams and thoughts that were prompted by the things he saw. As a guidebook for those who would follow in his footsteps, it is, of course, frankly impossible. As a bouquet of word and thought, perfumed with a dash of history and of local gossip, it is fragrant and filled with charm.

It is surprising what a number of us are strangers to our own bodies. Many a man is far more familiar with the mechanism of his automobile than he is with his own inner workings. Yet "myself" is a fascinating study for most people, and it is quite essential that we should know enough of our interior geography to keep ourselves in running order. Why, then, this common ignorance? If it exists because most medical books and medical works are too heavy fare for the lay mind's digestion, Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart, in "The Commonsense of Health" (Doran), has performed a public service. He talks from the expert's point of view of body and health and the way to keep fit, but he manages to talk entertainingly and to keep the interest unflagging. His book, indeed, constitutes in itself a tonic that can be recommended to all who want the cobwebs of ignorance and of fear blown away.

When Anatole France discourses "On Life and Letters" (Dodd, Mead) there is a treat in store for a reader. The clear cut style of his essays holds through translation, the lucidity of his thought lends a charm to any subject he discusses. He calls these papers of his "literary tales" and is most animated in stating that they are in no sense critical. However that may be, they contain some of the wisest literary dictums upon French writers that have so far been uttered. De Maupassant, Bourget, Jean Moréas, and a number of minor authors more or less unfamiliar are here given their due first as personalities and then as writers. M. France's cynicism is, as usual, devastating. For instance:

> When biology has been created, that is in a few million years' time, we shall be able to construct a sociology. It will be the work of a great many centuries; after which it will be permissible to create an æsthetic science on solid foundations. But then our planet will be very aged, and near the limits of its destiny, . . . and the last human beings, withdrawn to the depths of the mines, will be less anxious to discuss the essence of the beautiful than to burn the last morsels of coal in the darkness before perishing in the midst of the eternal ice.

Gossip, easy unrestrained writing about persons and social events, is the

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intent of John Beresford in "Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" (Knopf). He succeeds agreeably. He would have succeeded admirably had he not burdened the book with lengthy paragraphs of historical authority and voluble footnotes. These rob the work of much intimate gossipy charm. The chapters on Charles I, Anne Hyde, and Queen Anne justly and interestingly present these famous, or infamous, personages. The book is worthy of perusal, however, if only for the two remaining chapters on John Donne, seventeenth century jester, and the Holy Mr. Herbert, religious poet, of whom little has been written in contemporary literature. Quotations from Donne, as the following on "humane knoledge", afford much pleasure.

All humane knoledge when it comes to trial,
Is like the Storks meat in a close mouth'd vial;
The Fox look'd, lik'd, lick'd, long'd (but not a pin
The better) he ne'er toucht the meat within.

In a score of papers which treat with urban simplicity Canadian characters, homely phases of life in the Dominion, and reminiscences of his own boyhood, Newton MacTavish has contributed something rare in Canadian literature — the humorous essay. The publication of the essays, under the general title of "Thrown In" (Macmillan Co. of Canada), was frankly undertaken to dispel the existing belief that Canadians have no particular genius for creative humor. Although Mr. MacTavish's humor has a fine, subtle quality, he is sparing in the use of it, and his work stands rather on the merit of his character delineations and analyses. When, in retrospection, he writes of humorous incidents of his childhood, as for example in "The Excursion", he comes closest to realizing his original intention.

"The Life of Olive Schreiner" by her husband, S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner (Little, Brown), is a vast and heavily documented compendium of material about a strangely vivid personality. A view of the complete background of her family life in South Africa is followed by scores of different, personal sketches of the energetic, courageous, idealistic little woman who, despite illness, fought throughout her life against all forms of injustice and intolerance. Much of the book is made up of extracts from letters and journals; it is rather the stuff of which a biography may be made than a finished biography in itself — except for the part, smaller in compass and greater in interest than might be expected, in which the husband tells his own thoughts about the genius who was his wife.

Jules Romains' "Eyeless Sight: A Study of Extra-Retinal Vision and the Paroptic Sense" (Putnam) is a subject concerning which it is quite possible to guess wrongly. So convincing are certain of his many no-less-than-astounding experiments, witnessed and vouched for not alone by such a leader in the fields of imaginative vision as Anatole France, but by an imposing number of Parisian scientists, physicians and surgeons, philosophers and psychologists of high repute! Personally, the skeptic within us argues (very possibly fatuously) that telepathy can explain away a lot of this "world-revolutionizing" discovery. But since Henri Bergson feels it wise to reserve final judgments as to its authenticity, perhaps it will not be foolish for us to do the same.

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# THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

*Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America*

*News! If the Monthly Score were a daily newspaper we might headline this instalment somewhat after this fashion:*

*E. BOK MISSING!*

*Mysterious Disappearance of Philadelphian's Autobiography from Monthly Score*

*Black Oxen Also Vanish*

*Explanation Offered, that Everybody Has Read Both Books, Generally Accepted*

*And that's that. Mr. Bok has been with us since the closing months of 1920, Mrs. Atherton not quite so long. We shall miss them both.*

*The rest of the changes in the July listings are about what might have been expected by anyone following the publishers' announcements. Edith Wharton always "makes" the Monthly Score whenever she publishes a new book, and so, we think without exception, does Dorothy Canfield. With the appearance of "The Home-Maker" in the fiction list this month Mrs. Fisher duplicates the performance of H. G. Wells last year, of being represented in both lists, since she is the translator of the "Life of Christ".*

*And, in spite of the defection of Mr. Bok, we still have H. G. Wells and "The Outline of History", now well along in their fifth year of popularity, among those present. — F. P. S.*

## FICTION

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | So Big | *Edna Ferber* | DOUBLEDAY |
| 2. | The Able McLaughlins | *Margaret Wilson* | HARPER |
| 3. | Told by an Idiot | *Rose Macaulay* | LIVERIGHT |
| 4. | The Home-Maker | *Dorothy Canfield* | HARCOURT |
| 5. | The Plastic Age | *Percy Marks* | CENTURY |
| 6. | The Interpreter's House | *Struthers Burt* | SCRIBNER |
| 7. | Old New York | *Edith Wharton* | APPLETON |
| 8. | The Call of the Canyon | *Zane Grey* | HARPER |
| 9. | Heirs Apparent | *Philip Gibbs* | DORAN |
| 10. | Lummox | *Fannie Hurst* | HARPER |

## GENERAL

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Life of Christ | *Giovanni Papini* | HARCOURT |
| 2. | My Garden of Memory | *Kate Douglas Wiggin* | HOUGHTON |
| 3. | Life and Letters of Walter H. Page | *Burton J. Hendrick* | DOUBLEDAY |
| 4. | The Dance of Life | *Havelock Ellis* | HOUGHTON |
| 5. | Etiquette | *Emily Post* | FUNK & WAGNALLS |
| 6. | Galápagos: World's End | *William Beebe* | PUTNAM |
| 7. | The Outline of History | *H. G. Wells* | MACMILLAN |
| 8. | Right Off the Chest | *Nellie Revell* | DORAN |
| 9. | The Outline of Literature | *John Drinkwater* | PUTNAM |
| 10. | The New Decalogue of Science | *Albert Edward Wiggam* | BOBBS |



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# IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR SIR:
In an admirable article by Roderick Stebbins in the June issue of your magazine, I note that it is said that Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol" has been translated into French, German, Swedish, Japanese, and *Swiss*. Was it not William Jennings Bryan who first discovered the Swiss Navy? With a navy, the gift of the Orator of the Platte, and a language, the gift of Mr. Stebbins, we may now look for almost everything worthwhile within the shadows of the snowclad Alps. But Dickens made the same mistake in "Martin Chuzzlewit".

Very truly,
JOHN L. MCVEY.

MR. BOOKMAN:
I read your article in the April BOOKMAN, "The Preacher and the Book Habit". The clergyman says you should let them assist you in making people read books. I, as a public school teacher, wish to make a plea for the children.

It is our business to teach the children nearly everything they know about books. We try to teach them to get ideas through reading books. But how few books we have. We try to create a love for reading good English Literature. We have *one* book to accomplish this purpose and that is the Public School Reader. Just read our third and fourth readers for yourself and try to imagine how much genuine pleasure an average child would receive from it, at the ages ten or eleven to fourteen years of age. . . .

For each grade we have forty eight children and the school board buys forty eight readers which are all exactly the same. During a lesson every child must be reading the same lesson and must listen while the teacher first explains and then questions them on the lesson. The brighter ones grasp it and then their minds may wander, even though they answer readily. The dull pupil cannot grasp it unless it is explained several times, and so it drags on.

Now would it not be a benefit to you and to us if the school board would buy forty eight different books for each grade, so that each child could read forty eight times as much English Literature as they are doing at the present time? Not only that but each child would be able to choose something interesting. During the eight years of public school life the average child would have the opportunity of reading three hundred and forty four books instead of four books, because one of our readers is used in two grades.

We have juvenile libraries but many mothers won't let their children go because they don't want to be responsible for the price of a few books. I sign library cards for children every year and I have never had to pay for a destroyed book yet. . . .

The textbooks they are given to read, especially hygiene, history, and geography, have the information put together in such a compact form, to save paper, that it is enough for the teacher to read with ease.

Instead of having forty eight histories they should have forty eight different biographies or stories with an historical setting. Every schoolroom should have a library, then, when the children grow up they will buy more books. . . .

The government is proud of its schools and they say, "What fine places for the children, better than we had when we were young", but are the books any better and are there any more of them? I don't think so. The teacher can only give the child a little start on the path of knowledge. She can give them a little taste of the different subjects. But when that is accomplished her work is done and then how can any results be obtained when the source of information is cut off? The public libraries will not supply this need and there is no use putting up that argument. The children should have literature of every kind within easy reach. They would appreciate it. They must get a start. After that they will read everything they see. They will have acquired the reading habit and you will sell more books.

Yours sincerely,
AMY E. V. PUTNAM.

DEAR SIR:
Midwestern Portrait! Ernest Boyd must have had an attack of indigestion when he wrote his article for the May BOOKMAN, a very bad attack. Let us hope it is nothing more.

I take exception to his remarks about the University of Chicago and Chicago in general. As a graduate of the University, some twenty years ago, having lived in the east for the past eighteen years, having mingled freely with the culture of Harvard and



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Boston, I speak with authority. Illinois and the University have produced men and women who are taking their places and taking them modestly in the affairs of the country. Chicago's grime, I do not care for, but I am proud of my native state and of the spirit of the old days. I cannot believe that spirit has passed away.

Why shouldn't they come east? Is their conceit more disagreeable or more penetrating than the conceit of easterners?

I have smiled blithely at slurs on westerners from all kinds of people — especially does it come from those who are not fit to tie the shoe strings of said westerners — to the worldly shrugs of the more enlightened. The shrugs are becoming lessened, for the right kind of easterners know many westerners who are not very different from themselves.

Dr. George Vincent, William Vaughn Moody, Dr. Judson, George Caterall, were a few of those with whom I studied at the University. Mr. Caterall was a most inspiring professor of history who died at Cornell when still a young man.

Henry Bacon, the designer of the Lincoln Memorial, was born in Watseka, Illinois. Before I knew that Mr. Bacon was from my state I was proud that an American could produce such a creation as the Lincoln Memorial.

I don't know the gentlemen whom Mr. Boyd has thought worthy of his pen but it is beneath THE BOOKMAN to give up their leading article to so many words and such foolish ones.

Mr. Boyd takes his pen in hand, writes, and reads: "By George that's clever now. Gave the old boys a rap. Well, they deserved it."

M. C. S.

MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:

I have been interested in your article, "Do Men Read?"

I want to tell you about our boys — I am librarian in a school library and I know intimately the thirteen hundred children of the school — and I find the boys who are from ten to fifteen years old read many more books, which cover a wider range, than do the girls.

All boys read stories of heroism and bravery, stories of inventors and inventions, stories of adventure, history stories and good biography.

After "Robin Hood", "King Arthur", "Siegfried" and "Roland", they like for example; Stucks's "Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled", Nansen's "Farthest North", "Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds", and Du Chaillu's stories of Africa.

They delight, too, in the "not true" stories of adventure — Dumas, Stevenson, Kipling, Masefield, Schultz, and all the other good thrillers with honest to goodness boys as chief performers.

Little girls, I find, have a much narrower range — fairy stories last far into the teens and boarding school stories always have a certain interest. Even little Japanese girls with big pink bows on their bobbed hair are great readers of the latter. The other type of girl is the one who reads boys' stories!

Here is the point: Mr. Farrar —

There are so few interesting books written for girls or about girls. The modern book for girls, for the most part, has a very affected, self righteous little heroine, with little humor and no experience.

"Little Women" always holds first place, because these children were honest kiddies with a real home and real duties. I am constantly amazed that there still are little girls who like Mrs. Whitney's books — even with their too obvious virtues the young girls in these books strike a sincere note.

Who are the girl characters who compare with the boys of Kipling, Stevenson, Booth Tarkington, Mark Twain, and other of the later writers for boys? One boy dismissed the subject in talking to me, "Aw, girls' lives aren't interesting!"

As to magazines, where is one for girls of that intermediate age to compare in interest with "Popular Mechanics", "Radio News", and "The Scientific American"?

They are actively interested in the illustrated parts of some of the great newspapers and in the London "Illustrated News" — and are very up to date in world events.

There seems to be little in the way of magazines for girls after the "St. Nicholas" age to the more or less sophisticated women's magazine. I am speaking of the junior high school age — the 7th, 8th, and 9th grades — from eleven to fifteen years.

A girl about fifteen, who had been in my library class, asked me to suggest a magazine for her — the mother was already taking the usual women's magazines, and the best of them print stories glamouring things which are less dangerous if frankly told.

This particular girl is intelligent, has rather an interesting and discriminating mind, fresh from journeys in her literature classes — but still a very young girl.

I suggested THE BOOKMAN — far beyond her of course — but I think her mind is original enough and she has sense enough to enjoy the touch of books and their authors without catching the spirit of the frank criticism of and by the moderns.

I am convinced there is a field for a magazine for these young things, which will be interesting and sufficiently girlish for them.

Very truly yours,

LAURA GROVER SMITH.

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# FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

*. . . . . guarda quanto Amore*
*Aguzza l'intelletto!. . . . .*

IT is in the first act of his "Aminta" that Torquato Tasso indites the above exclamation: "Behold how love sharpens the intellect!" With Tasso himself the exact opposite seems to have been the case: he loved much and the more he loved the more irrational he became, until death relieved him in 1595.

I make no attempt in the following paragraphs to substantiate Tasso's proposition, for, unlike the efficiency fiend, I hold "impossible" an adjective in good standing in my lexicon. Whether love makes the intellect keener or blunter might well have engaged the attention of a Dark Age thinker to whom time was of no concern and space limitless. To a reviewer of today, however, whose space is determined by a determined editor, and whose time is the asset, or liability, of others, Tasso's shout is suggestive only. It suggests that love may influence the intellect. A sudden attack of it may cause a student to fail in his examination, just as an unalloyed vein of it may enable a statesman to see that national hate accomplishes nothing. I approach the splendid translations of the month, consequently, from the point of view of love's general bearing on the intellect, and not in the conviction that a little of it is all that is needed to convert a dullard into a sage.

There were about two dozen English translations of "Aminta" when Mr. Grillo began his work. It is one of those immortal bits of epic fiction, in verse, which might well be reviewed as though it had appeared yesterday, and not in 1573. Under these conditions it would be decried as the chant of a mind collapsed from an excess of affection: Sylvia is deaf to Amynta's appeals; she has decided to remain faithful to her Diana. Friends endeavor in vain to show her that Amynta would be a good catch. Daphne aids Sylvia; Thyrsis, Amynta. Much surprising at the bath, and what today would be the equivalent of weekend and automobile parties, ensue. Sylvia remains obdurate, Amynta obsessed.

Sylvia goes on a grand wolf hunt, after the fashion of the emancipated lady who gets her job with the local light and traction company rather than become a home maker. She is killed; of course she is, for her veil has been found in the woods. Amynta has taken his life; of course he has, for Ergasto brings in the sad tidings of his death with all the arguments for such a voluntary departure. He has leaped from a soulless rock into the vale of tears below.

No, no, this is all exaggerated. Amynta had leaped from a precipice, headlong and resolved, but he had landed on a soft bush below, the same soft bush on which Sylvia, her tussle with the wolf over, had found herself. The veil was restored through the lost and found column. With Amynta by the bosom of his beloved, who is now as gentle as she once was cruel, the play is done. The two are joined in happy wedlock, Sylvia convinced that so much effort on the part of Amynta means fidelity forever, Amynta buoyed up by the consolation that while the wooing was a bit strenuous it was worth the trouble.



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Mr. Grillo has explained, in his sensible and illuminating essay on the pastoral drama, the state of affairs in sixteenth century Italy that made a play of this temper a glorious success; while his velvety prose translation, a page of his facing a page of Tasso, makes it seem reasonable for a publisher to bring out this book at this time: so much grace, so much charm, so much dignified handling of a potentially dangerous subject, so much beauty — and so much love. But whose intellect did it sharpen? Sylvia's.

There is such a thing as the "Romance mind". Tasso told a love story of unrelieved intensity. André Gide has done precisely the same in his novel entitled "Strait is the Gate", with this difference: Amynta won Sylvia; Alissa failed to win Jerome. The latter are cousins. Their love for each other was probably as strong as that of the protagonists in Tasso's pastoral. But the times have changed. Alissa learns that Jerome also takes kindly to her sister Juliette. That is enough: it makes Alissa feel that to give herself unequivocally to Jerome would be wrong. And consequently we have these two loving each other throughout the entire novel, once the expository introduction is over, with that burning yearning which has been focused in legions of Mediterranean epics to the delight of such readers as love a real love story, to the glory of Romance literature, and to the amazement of more practical people who fancy that the problem should have been settled with less sighing and more speed. Alissa dies. We are then given excerpts from her diary. The opening sentence reads: "My God, Thou knowest I have need of him to love Thee."

That is strong, but is it intellectual? In one of his letters Jerome writes with fervor but also with logic:

> Alissa, I love you too much to be skilful, and the more I love you the less I know what to say to you. Intellectual love? What am I to say to that? Since it is with my whole soul that I love you, how can I distinguish between my intellect and my heart?

That puts the affair on a more nearly practical basis. But even so it cannot be said that Alissa's love whetted her intelligence, unless undiluted happiness is to be found in complete renunciation. Jerome displayed sounder judgment. We are left with the feeling that after Alissa's death he sought a woman more inclined to say, "With all your faults I love you still." Sylvia won against a goddess; Alissa loses in the presence of her own sister.

As to "The Murder of Monsieur Fualdès", that is another story. It is a hate story. On March 19, 1817, Joseph Bernardin Fualdès went out from his home in the village of Rodez for a short constitutional before retiring. He never returned. The next morning his body was fished out of Aveyron Creek. In three hours the whole countryside was in a state of unexampled consternation. Who had stabbed, gagged, and drowned this faithful servant of the law, this onetime official of the Empire, this good Republican, this man who had figured intimately and importantly in such epoch making cases as those of Marie Antoinette and Marat?

The trial — a recital of which makes up the body of the novel — began. It lasted for days and weeks, for months and years. Citizens who had lived blameless lives were dragged to the bar, convicted on circumstantial evidence, and executed. The case took on international notoriety. And, significantly enough, M. Praviel's last chapter is entitled "The Death of a Saint". It leaves the reader under the impression that M. Fualdès was murdered by some plain assassins who escaped the hemp,

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while desirable citizens were made to die in infamy because they were in Rodez the night the deed was done.

In his bright introduction, M. Prévost tells us that the novel was first submitted to him for publication in the "Revue de France" (1910), and that it was read aloud to him. He adds: "No manuscript that is uninteresting can stand such a test." This is golden truth. A man who can stand it to have an author read from his own works may have love — love for the reader — but he is surely deficient in intellect. M. Prévost's praise then is high; and it is deserved; for the novel is a creation of unusual fascination. The truth is, hate may sharpen the intellect more than love. Of love there is but little here. The lawyers for the defense are professionals; the love that is made a part of the tale is shady. But of hate there is no end. And it is hate that makes such a lawsuit possible and keeps it going until justice has been blinded by disingenuous argument and deafened through mendacious evidence based on hearsay and submitted in the interests of scandal, which is the lowest form hate may assume.

Of the nine truly great Greek stories before us, I select "The Sin of My Mother" by George T. Bizyneos. This mother had had a little daughter. The father and mother had gone to a party one evening where cheap wine was plentiful and dancing unconfined. Late — for parents — they started home. The mother, tired as the caretaker of an infant may become, nursed the child in her bed, fell asleep while so doing, and woke up in the morning to find that her tiny baby had been smothered.

She prayed for another girl, but boys were born. She adopted a girl, christened her Annio, the name of the dead child, and tried in this way to feel that there had been no death in her family. It was an unfeasible scheme. Moreover, Annio died. She adopted a second girl who was ugly to look at and still uglier in disposition. It finally occurred to her one son George, the one she had seemed to slight, that there was something on her mind. He asked her point blank why she was so anxious to have a daughter. She told him the story of the smothered baby.

One day George chanced to be in Constantinople, where he was given an audience with His Holiness, the Patriarch. He explained the case of his mother and asked the Patriarch to absolve her. His Holiness did this gladly: he declared that her sin had been unintentional and that she might go in peace. The mother replied: "He is a celibate. He has never had children, and he cannot know what it is to kill one's baby." It was not love that sharpened this Greek mother's intellect; it was intellect that made her love intelligent.

Of the twenty priceless stories that make up the volume from Czechoslovakia, I select "The Vampire", by Jan Neruda, who died at Prague in 1891. A number of people had gone on an excursion from Constantinople to the island of Prinkipo — that now noted spot where, in the winter of 1918-19, Lloyd George and his colleagues at Paris-Versailles were minded to meet the fur lined Bolsheviks from Moscow with the view to patching up a peace. There were but few people in this party, the chief of which were two lovers and a young Greek who seemed to be an artist. The lovers were desperately in love, but she was dying slowly from a dread disease and he had taken her to Prinkipo for her health. The hotel proprietor refused to entertain the Greek because he was known as the vampire. That is, he would paint people who were on the verge of death, having an uncanny instinct regarding the time of ap-

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proach of the grim reaper. The lover in Prinkipo, hearing of this, and having noticed that the Greek was busy with brush and canvas, rushed at him, rolled him in the sand, and saw, to his intense dismay, that he had sketched the head of the lovely girl, her eyes closed and a wreath of myrtle on her brow.

There is no end to the things that a man may love; there is no limit to the types and classes of love. There is no similarity between the love of a mother for her child and the love of a man for a maid. This young Greek vampire loved corpses. There are characters in French literature that have had the same weird bent. R. Brimley Johnson has written a section of this new and sterling appreciation of Jane Austen in order to prove that what the author of "Pride and Prejudice" really loved was books. Mr. Johnson lays it down as a basic proposition, as a great truth, that Jane Austen's realism was based on books and not on human nature; that she wrote books not because she loved people or knew much about them, but because she loved books and knew much about them. She is alleged to have bought books, not because she needed them — for she already had copies of them — but out of a deep set solicitude lest they fall into unworthy, unloving hands. That would be book loving raised to the zth power, but would such a love sharpen the intellect? It depends. Tasso himself would have dubbed such an individual a man of gauche habits and uncouth heart.

In Léonie Villard's "Jane Austen" there occur these words of sober truth and sound reflection:

> The women who lead useless lives and bored existences — unloving mothers and indifferent wives, women whose beauty has been faded by time, though time has not developed their hearts and minds in compensation — are very numerous in Jane Austen's novels.

Of course they are, for Jane Austen treated primarily the English gentry, and of the four classes that make up human society in the established countries of the Old World, that is the class that is least capable of having its intellect sharpened by love, or its love made intelligent through the judicious use of intellect. To know great love or great hate, it is necessary to be either a vagabond, a hard worker, or a person with a pedigree.

To say that love sharpens the intellect is like saying that fire will make the tea kettle boil. Fire will do that, but that is by no means the only function it may and can perform.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

Aminta: A Pastoral Drama. Edited with an Essay on Renaissance Pastoral Drama, and Prose Translation from Torquato Tasso, by Ernest Grillo. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Strait is the Gate (*La Porte Etroite*). Translated from the French of André Gide by Dorothy Bussy. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Murder of Monsieur Fualdès. By Armand Praviel. Translated by Doris Ashley. With an Introduction by Marcel Prévost. Thomas Seltzer.

Modern Greek Stories. Translated by Demetra Vaka and Aristides Phoutrides. With a Foreword by Demetra Vaka. Duffield and Co.

Czechoslovak Stories. Translated from the Original and Edited with an Introduction by Sarka B. Hrbkova. Duffield and Co.

Jane Austen: A French Appreciation. By Léonie Villard. Translated by Veronica Lucas from *Jane Austen: sa vie et son œuvre*. With a New Study of Jane Austen, Interpreted through "Love and Freindship", by R. Brimley Johnson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

## *Notes on Contemporary Greece*

SINCE last March, the month of the writer's previous occupation of a part of THE BOOKMAN, the Neo-Hellenic literary group has had to witness, at a proximity somewhat unique, two momentous events. First, the enthu-

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siastic adoption of a republican form of government in a country that is of all countries the least hospitable to the letter of democracy; and secondly, the observance of the centennial of the death of George Noel Gordon Byron, the "Pilgrim of Eternity".

In spite of the more or less legendary and sentimental basis of Greek "byronophilia", it was an inspiring affair. Sir James Rennell Rodd, the author of that scholarly work "Customs and Lore of Modern Greece" (London, 1892), John Drinkwater, Lord Burnham, Harold Spender, and others were the official guests of the country and the recipients of honorary degrees from the National University. In this connection it is rather difficult for the writer of these lines to desist from calling attention to a review of Harold Nicolson's "Byron: The Last Journey" printed in the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post" of June 28, 1924. It is my opinion that the reviewer has been ungracious and that the poet was more capricious than indifferent with regard to the fortunes of Greece as a nation. As for the Greek character, certainly even he would have admitted that 1824 was no time for passing fair and comparative judgment. Notwithstanding the exaggerated skepticism of some of our contemporaneous "literati", I say, "*Magna est veritas et prævalet!*" It was Byron who sang:

> . . . And musing there an hour alone,
> I dreamed that Greece might still be free!

Greece has lost three notable writers during the past few months: Eftaliotes, Tsokopoulos, and Polemes. The first, an historian; the second, a playwright; and the third, one of the more popular bards: all earnest workers in the field of intellectual pioneering. John Polemes wrote fair narrative and lyric verses invariably woven in a rustic atmosphere. Of these the best known are included in the following four small volumes: "The Idylls of Theocritos", "The Old Violin", "Pacifica", and "Broken Marbles". The National Diploma of Merit in Arts and Letters was awarded to the last named a short time ago. Polemes was a native of the city of Athens, an advocate of the vernacular, and up to the outset of his brief illness the secretary of the School of Fine Arts of the National Polytechneio of Greece.

Mr. Ksenopoulos has been professionally taciturn for several months; occasionally, however, he is heard hurling his philippics against certain of his fellow craftsmen with whom he has been on strained terms for some little time. He has been accused of being a sort of Horatio Alger in the department of fiction, and he of course will confess to nothing of the kind.

Bertrand Russell's "Problems of Philosophy" has been put into plain modern Greek by the late Kostes Theotokes, the novelist. Edna St. Vincent Millay has been introduced to the modern Greeks through fragmentary translations from the pen of Leandros Palamas, the son of the national poet.

In my previous notes mention was made of the fact that the Neo-Hellenic novel is being diligently handled; it should have been added, however, that this form has as yet been semi successful. The modern Greeks have been figuratively fed with historical novels and histories pure and simple to a degree uncommon in other European countries, one of the causes of this fact being the extreme emphasis that has been placed upon the study of the historical muse by the educational leaders of this land ever since its political independence. For the same reason, Neo-Hellenic literature, undoubtedly humble in some respects, could, were it more accessible to the non-Hellenic world, show three or four

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historical writers of a decidedly universal appeal, men like Trikoupes, Paparegopoulos, Sathas, Philemon, and Lampros; at the present time there is naturally a reaction.

Very many among the writers of modern Greece write for what is practically nothing more than the pleasure of writing; this explains why in the National Library of Greece alone, the fine structure adjoining the grounds of the University, we find four men of promise, not to speak of other holders of sinecures such as Miltiades Malakasses of the Library of Parliament or Mr. Drossines, secretary of the Society for the Distribution of Useful Books and editor and publisher of that quite popular "Year Book of Greater Hellas", a publication somewhat similar to our collections of prose and verse. K. Varnales is an instructor in the Yimnassio of Piræus ("Yimnassio" is the modern Greek term for an academic high school of the Germanic type).

There are now in Athens six publishing firms of considerable strength: Eleftherouthakes, Vassiliou, Zekakes, Kornaros, Sitheres, and Saliveros. Some magazine and book publishing is being done in Alexandria, Egypt, but the ancient city is unquestionably the modern publishing centre even for those who live abroad.

The women of contemporary Hellas are by no means unrepresented in the field of letters; be it sufficient here to recall the names of only two of them, Julia Dragoumes and Miss Karaiskakes. The former is the author of "Under Greek Skies" (Dutton, 1913) and "Men of Athens" (Houghton Mifflin). The latter is a zealous student of German literature and evidently a descendant of one of the Greek chieftains in the War of Greek Independence.

Some of the new books in my memory are "The Political History of Modern Greece" by G. K. Aspreas, a poor translation of Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra", and an equally poor one of some of Heine's poems. In closing I should like to mention "Greek Life in Town and Country" (London, 1905) by Professor William Miller, the well known English Hellenist. Those of THE BOOKMAN'S readers who may be entertaining some curiosity as to this interesting nation will find the book full of attractive detail, thorough observation, and immeasurable power in presenting modern Greece without that proverbial bias of the average non-Hellenic Hellenist.

GEORGE SARANTON

### *Books and Ideals of Reconstruction*

IN the midst of political confusion and the general moral decay, there are always forces at work in this remarkable nation which serve ideal ends of reconstruction — cultural ends, educative, and ethical. Such an enterprise is to be the new Deutsche Buch-Gemeinschaft, which might be translated as the German Book Fellowship. This is an extension into vast dimensions of the idea of the Wegweiser Verlag, Verband der Bücherfreunde, which was described here not so long ago. The ideal which the Book Fellowship has set itself is the creation of a little home library for everyone. It plans to bring out books, beautifully bound, with leather backs, which are never to come on the market at all but will be available only for the members. As the intention is to fascinate the great masses in the interests of culture and spiritual education, the society has provided a most catholic and intriguing preliminary list of volumes which are to be available at once. The first volume is Goethe's "Faust", the second, "Niels Lyhne" by the famous

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Danish author J. P. Jacobsen. "Madame Bovary", "Dorian Gray", and "Oliver Twist" are among the fiction of this first selection. The section of serious literature is most enticing — history, natural history, Schopenhauer, "Modern Methods of Healing", jostle one another. The section of children's literature includes Grimm and Andersen.

No membership fee is to be exacted, but the members must pledge themselves to take four, eight, or twelve books a year, according to what they can afford. The dress of the books will undoubtedly be original and delightful, for this is in the hands of the well known poster designer Julius Gipkens. The society is perfectly up to date, and intends to employ film and radio in its propaganda as well as a fortnightly magazine, to be called "Das Zeitungs-Buch" (the Newspaper Book). This magazine is to be delivered regularly free of charge to all members. Lectures are also to be given at regular intervals in connection with the scheme, which is ambitious and comprehensive enough, since it aims at nothing less than the elevation and spiritual deepening of the mass mind through the influence exercised upon its reading matter. It is quite likely to be effective.

Gustav Frenssen has conquered a new literary territory by writing a successful epic around the personality of Bismarck. An earlier version was finished in 1913, but Frenssen has now rounded, completed, and changed his epic, not least in consequence of the change of heart from stamping patriotism to quieter and deeply founded love of country inspired by the events of the ten years separating the two versions.

Laurence Housman's brilliant feat of creative memory, "Echo de Paris", is now to be published in Germany by the S. Fischer Verlag. The German title is not yet fixed. Herman George Scheffauer is to make the translation.

The black wave of pessimism which rolled up over the face of European culture, as seen in Germany with Spengler's "Decline of the Occident", is rapidly giving way before a new wave of courage, confidence, and hope. The world has not lost, nor is losing, its soul, say these pioneers of hope; there is change, there is action, there is development. One of these affirmers, for whom the term optimist is too empty and too facile, is Emil Utitz, whose "Kultur der Gegenwart" is published by Ferdinand Enke, Stuttgart. He not only asserts in its very title that the present has a culture, and one that is still in process of growth; he also proceeds to expatiate upon it with many examples — a sympathetic guide to the thought of today and the immediate yesterday.

An important book with an abstruse title is Maximilian Neustadt's "Der Selbstwille als dämonische Urkraft" (Diskus Verlag Emil Krug, Leipzig). This thick volume is a pæan to individuality — it says: "Be, and the world is yours." It contains, by the way, many intimate and inconvenient truths about the true inwardness of war, and denies the existence of courage as such. All courage, says the author, is the desire not to be hurt; the enemy is removed, not out of hate, "patriotism", or enthusiasm, but simply in order that he may not remove oneself; the greatest "heroism" (this has been said before) is shown by those who are most afraid. The author's extreme logic leads him to rather hopeless conclusions, as when in his final pages he denies all plan or end to the scheme of nature and claims that everything happens and has its shape and purpose only according to the dictates of necessity; but his insistence upon the possibilities of the will is

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inspiring to the believer in personality.

In "Die Nordische Seele" by Dr. Ludwig Ferdinand Clauss (Verlag Max Niemeyer, Halle), a vast quantity of learned and learned sounding material is gathered which should be cheerful and exhilarating reading for the exponents of the theory of the "Nordic blond". Dr. Clauss goes so far as to call his "Nordic blonds" the *Rein-gearteten*, or pure blooded, pure of race, and to throw all other bloods together in one sack as *Mis-gearteten*, or impure blooded. He draws a rather unpleasant picture of his Nordics, incessantly engaging in quarrels which are always designated as "noble". His picture of the divided, mixed blood family, in which the little dark sister scolds like a virago and the large blond brother proudly endures, can be only comic to those who remember, for instance, the proud dignity of the Chinese or the furious temperamental outbreaks of the red haired. His picture of his heroes following their fate-determined course has intoxicated him to such an extent that he does not perceive that this bowing to a mysterious destiny is close akin to sheer eastern fatalism. Still, the whole, backed up by much citing of the saga of the Nibelungs, is a timely contribution to the great racial controversy.

More delineations of souls, but in quite another manner, without scholastic pedantry and indeed cloaked in popular phraseology, are the two books by Friedrich Lienhard, "Von Weibes Wonne und Wert" and "Von Mannes Wert und Willen", both published, delightfully bound and decorated, by Max Koch, Leipzig. Lienhard glorifies the masculine without depreciating the feminine, and paints an engaging picture of many sided womanhood. These are charming anthologies for youth, but not without inspiration for the full grown reader.

A new tendency toward mysticism, metaphysics, and philosophy is manifesting itself in the German literature of the moment. It is the natural tendency of a people whirling in chaos to seek some point of anchorage. At the same time there is — and such books as Herr Neustadt's are the signs of it — a desire to accentuate personal individuality as a protest against the leveling processes of democracy. For this reason Ford, hailed by some as a new evangel, is meeting with such bitter opposition from the individualists — as in the impassioned little book "Anti-Ford" by Peter Mennicken, published by Die Kuppel, Aachen. Against the Ford ideal of a perfectly regulated mechanical humanity, Mennicken sets up the ideal of human dignity, of the individuality which must not be pressed into a mold.

A striking and valuable study of one of Germany's ablest men of late years, Walther Rathenau, written by Kurt Sternberg, has been published by Verlag Dr. Walther Rothschild, Grunewald, Berlin. A curious fate seems to doom Germany to lose her ablest men in their prime — either by sickness or by the assassin's hand. The importance and significance of Rathenau as man, thinker, and statesman is well emphasized in this little volume.

A fascinating book for medical men and others, and a notable contribution to the literature of psychoanalysis and neighboring tracts of learning, is "Psychologie der Frau" by Wilhelm Liepmann (Urban und Schwarzenberg, Berlin). The clear, informative, and illuminating book consists of a series of lectures delivered by the famous specialist in Berlin. The startlingly frank "human documents" in the appendix are of deep psychological interest, medical-sexual-social confessions of the greatest poignancy.

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One of those thorough and comprehensive publications which the Germans delight to undertake and carry through is now in process of appearing. This is the "Handbuch der Literatur-Wissenschaft" edited by Dr. Oskar Walzel, published in Neubabelsberg near Berlin by the Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft Athenaion. This new Cyclopædia of Literature is guaranteed by a noble array of names of contributors. It is splendidly printed and illustrated, even with certain pictures in color. Judging by the "English Literature of the 19-20th Century", with which the first part opens, this work will satisfy the most exacting.

One of the most important figures in modern Austrian literature, Franz Kafka, has just died after a long illness. Although his production was small, consisting only of a few stories, his stylistic qualities set him in the forefront. He belonged to the circle Max Brod-Franz Werfel-Leonhard Frank. He was only forty one, and should have had many a fruitful year before him.

Alois Riehl, a famous professor of philosophy in Berlin, who has passed his eightieth birthday, has completed his great life work, "Philosophischen Kritizismus" (Philosophical Criticism). The first volume of this portentous work has reached its third edition, a new revision of the second volume is announced, and the third volume, which has for some time been eagerly awaited by scholars, is to appear some time this year. It contains a chapter on Kant's mathematical reflections.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

## CERTAIN CASUALS

By William Alexander Percy

BREASTFUL of shadow,
How proudly they go,
Secret in sorrow,
Silent in woe,

Never a light
Along lids to denote
All of the tears
Caught back in the throat.

Regal the place is —
Heaven or hell —
Fit to receive them,
Wounded so well.

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# THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

*Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see* THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, 1922, January, 1923); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August, 1923); III. Contemporary American Drama (see* THE BOOKMAN *from November, 1923 through July, 1924); IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

*The* BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of "The Saturday Review"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

*The Editor of* THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE short story will be the next subject of THE BOOKMAN'S series of club study outlines. And the first instalment of this program will appear in the magazine for October. Meanwhile we present a number of miscellaneous suggestions which we hope may be helpful to program makers.

*ILLINOIS craves a program on "The World Today".*

An excellent world history to use as a companion during the course is Fueter's "World History: 1815–1920" (Harcourt, Brace). If you wish to specialize on political problems and matters of international relations this book will give you material for many programs.

"The Trend of History" (Macmillan) is another good book on world problems of the present day.

How would this do for a tentative outline?

1. *America: Problems of Government.*
   Use Bryce's "Modern Democracies" (Macmillan), vol. 2, chapter on America; two papers pointing out our virtues and our defects in (1) national matters, (2) state matters.
   Reviews of recent memoirs of American statesmen.

2. *America: Social Problems in Fiction.*
   Reviews of novels dealing with the position of women.
   Reviews of novels concerned with the younger generation.
   Reviews of novels dealing with social responsibility.

3. *France of Today.*
   "How France Is Governed" by Poincaré (McBride) will give you material for a useful and interesting paper.
   "Twentieth Century French Writers" by Mme. Duclaux (Scribner) is full of helpful material for this part of the program.

4. *Italy.*
   You will find plenty of material in Tittoni's "Modern Italy" (Macmillan) and Cooper's "Understanding Italy" (Century). The latter has material on the Fascisti.
   "Plays of the Italian Theatre" (Luce) has excellent short dramas.

5. *Russia.*
   "Marooned in Moscow" by Marguerite Harrison (Doran).



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"Plays of the Moscow Art Theatre" (Brentano) or "The Russian Theatre" by Oliver Sayler (Brentano).

6. *Hungary.*
A sketch of political conditions.
Drama: Molnar's "Liliom" and "Fashions for Men" (Boni, Liveright).
Fiction: Cécile Tormay's "The Old House" (McBride).

7. *England.*
"England After War" by Masterman (Harcourt, Brace).
A survey of British fiction.

8. *The British Empire.*
"Development of the British Empire" by Robinson (Houghton Mifflin).
The situation (1) in Ireland, (2) in India, (3) in Canada.

9. *The Far North.*
"The Friendly Arctic" by Stefansson (Macmillan).
*The South Seas.*
Review of South Sea travel books.

10. *Distant Lands.*
"The Secret of the Sahara" by Rosita Forbes (Doran).
"Beasts, Men and Gods" by Ossendowski (Dutton).
"Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas" by Andrews (Doran).

11. *Scandinavia.*
The novels of Johan Bojer (especially "The Great Hunger"). They are now published by the Century Co.
You will find plenty of material in "Scandinavia of the Scandinavians" (Scribner), a general reference book.

*FROM a club near New York City comes a request for an outline to cover eighteen meetings, on the subject of "The Age of Johnson".*

1. *The Historical Events of the Age of Johnson* (a paper).
A paper on Rousseau and his influence, and one on the influence of Wesley and the revival of religion.

2. *The Rise of the Novel.*
The beginnings of the novel; "Robinson Crusoe".
Samuel Richardson. Read from "Pamela".
Henry Fielding. Read from "Amelia".
(Read Thackeray's lecture for material for paper.)

3. *The Minor Novelists.*
Laurence Sterne, "Tristram Shandy".
Tobias Smollett. Compare with Hogarth and show some of the latter's drawings.

4. *The Johnson Circle.*
Life of Dr. Johnson.
The Thrales.
Boswell. Read especially the book "Young Boswell".
Keep Boswell's Life on hand.

5. *The Club.*
Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, Malone.
Oliver Goldsmith.

6. *Edmund Burke.*
His political philosophy.
Burke as an orator. Show his connection with us.

7. *Thomas Gray.*
Read brief papers on Ossian and on Chatterton.

8. *Horace Walpole and "The Castle of Otranto".*
*The Collection of Percy's Reliques.*

9. *Lady Novelists.*
Fanny Burney; especially "Evelina".

10. *The Dictionary.*
*"The Idler" and its Relation to Journalism.*

11. *An American Contemporary: Benjamin Franklin.*

12. *William Cowper and George Crabbe.*

13. *Robert Burns.*

14. *Lord Chesterfield and London Society of the Period.*

15. *Richard Brinsley Sheridan.*
Read "The School for Scandal".

16. *Compare Goldsmith with Sheridan as a Dramatist.*
(The first program showed him as novelist.)

17. *The Continuing Vogue of Johnson.*
Show the influence of Johnson on Chesterton, and the way the Life is still read and admired.

18. *Read A. Edward Newton's play, "Dr. Johnson"* (Atlantic).

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# THE GOSSIP SHOP

"ARE you the Gossip?" demanded a visitor the other morning, and after we had confessed, tremblingly, she added: "Well, I just wanted to come in and have a look at you and a chat with you." Now that was nice — and we don't mind at all being interrupted by people who simply come to call and offer us news of writers in other parts of the land of the free. This friendly lady from the San Francisco "Chronicle" was none other than Loretta Ellen Brady, author of "The Green Forest Fairy Book" for boys and girls. She is really a story *teller;* you who live in New York or come here will find her any Wednesday afternoon in one of the large department stores where she holds a story hour. As soon as it gets cold, though, she will hie herself back to the coast. Miss Brady is undoubtedly an enthusiastic booklover who seems to be as interested in spreading contemporary literature throughout the west as she is in contributing to it. She was, that sunny morning, especially deploring the non-existence of any weekly literary reviews in her part of the country, and she was pleased to announce one that will shortly appear, "Our Own Opinion", edited by Gertrude E. Andrus of the book department of Frederick and Wilson in Seattle. Miss Brady believes that there is a field for some young lady to establish in one of the coast city newspapers a weekly book review section like that of the New York "Times" or "Herald-Tribune" or "Post".

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The results of spring cleaning are beginning to tell. Witter Bynner, in going through old papers, came across a sonnet written by him twenty years ago when he was on "McClure's". The occasion was the anticipation of a visit from Alice Williamson to members of the staff who had received many charming and witty letters from her. Mr. Bynner is grieved that he missed Mrs. Williamson recently when she was in Santa Fe. He says that the new Santa Fe company of artists are having "a whale of a good time and, though I am more than ever occupied, I find the new interest on the whole a spur to my writing. Haniel Long has joined us and with Alice Corbin, Willard Johnson, and Lynn Riggs, we are now five poets — to keep our end up against all these painters." Here is the sonnet:

To
*A*lice *W*illiamson

*L*ong had we waited with prepared eyes
*I*mpatient for the Lady to appear,
*C*ounting the days that slowly brought her near,
*E*ach one, O long enough to tantalise
*W*hichever of us were most dull or wise. . .
*I*magine then, the irritating fear
*L*est she who should at last in flesh appear
*L*ess worthy be than She of our surmise!

*I*nto this mortal, stuffy state of mind
*A*iry you entered like a touch of Spring!
*M*ind and all matters quick were unconfined
*S*o gladly did our hearts clasp hands and sing!
*O* but you caught us sudden as the wind! —
*N*or stayed, alas, with less elusive wing!

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The legends we build up for ourselves as children form an integral part of later development, we are told by the psychologists. Such a legend in the minds of three or four generations of Americans was the "Brownie" legend,



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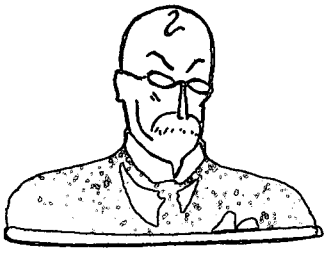
created and carried on through books and pictures from 1893 to 1918 by Palmer Cox. His death the other day at eighty four, in "Brownie Castle" at Granby, Quebec, reminded us forcibly that legend creators often become legendary; for to a host of people



*Palmer Cox*

Palmer Cox was much more of an unreality than his impish Brownies. He was, on the contrary, an exceedingly real person, as those of you who may have heard him speak at our BOOKMAN Week several years ago will remember. Six feet two, powerful, broad shouldered, yet remarkably gentle, he was an imposing old man. Mr. Cox was a Canadian, born and educated at Granby. He started life as a newspaper man, invented his Brownies, and became famous for them. His entire life was devoted to them, and he never attempted to write in other fields, or with other ideas. A memorable figure, this, in the annals of child literature.

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To anyone with a good batting eye, the Triangle Theatre in New York is probably easy to find, but for one who does not see eye to eye with Babe Ruth, discovery is not easy. For ourself, we felt like those gentlemen of infinite leisure who stroll about wearing large and originally spelled slogans on their persons. The fourth time around the block we were smiled upon warmly by the cigar store man. He evidently thought us an old and valued acquaintance. Whereupon we lifted up our famous dulcet tones to ask if he knew the hiding place of the Triangle, and he said, "Right where your feet iss. Go down." We went down and were interested to see on the wall opposite us an exhibition of the cartoons of Frueh, that artist of economy of line and penetrating humor. We had just discovered Raymond Hitchcock and George M. Cohan when the lights went down. The play was "Salome" and Joseph Battle, who did John the Baptist, was very good indeed. Aside from Mr. Battle, and the really beautiful costuming and interesting lighting (as fine as is to be seen in the city, by the way), the play was pretty dull. We undoubtedly lack the Elizabethan mind, but a bearded mask simulating the dripping head of a just killed man in the hands of his lover can never be anything but slightly funny to us. However, the most exciting part of the evening happened before the play. She was not on the program but suddenly appeared between the curtains, with a guitar in her hand. A ruffled taffeta dress was slipping off her shoulders and her short straight hair was bound with a wine colored ribbon that fell in loops to her arm. She smiled the most engaging smile that ever entranced an audience and then in a clear, sweet, untrained voice sang what would probably be called a Negro spiritual, but what sounded just then like the petaled road to glory. She sang several more spirituals in a manner that only jubilee singers usually achieve — they were life and love and worship, all healthy and most cheerfully voiced. When she paused for a moment a man called, "Give us Titanic, Virginia", whereupon Virginia sang a Negro ballad with a swinging refrain, and backed between the cur-

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tains probably happy in the knowledge that she had smiled her way into about one hundred and three hearts (all the theatre holds). The theatre these hot days and nights is offering very little amusement, our friends tell us — we don't know, so busy are we with our own two fondlings. "The Grand Street Follies" continue at the Neighborhood Playhouse, which is turning out anything but amateur productions nowadays. Aline MacMahon has so charmed the Shuberts with her imitation of Gertrude Lawrence of "Charlot's Revue" that she is signed up for thirty weeks, we understand. Several years ago an attractively illustrated book by Dugald Walker, called "Dream Boats" and meant for children, appeared. It was done as a play one night this July in another tiny New York theatre, in Cherry Lane. It strikes us that it is a waste of time to produce such fantasies unless they *mean* something — artistic backdrops and effective colors won't suffice. Your Gossip may never again be lured to Greenwich Village unless, of course, to go to the Provincetown Playhouse, which we are glad to see is expanding and has taken over the Greenwich Village Theatre for a long term lease. The forecast of productions to be made in the two houses during the coming season looks decidedly interesting. Speaking of little theatres reminds us of a letter from an irate author of one act plays, Colin C. Clements, associated with the Gloucester School of the Little Theatre held every summer in Massachusetts. There is a movement afoot to start an Association of Little Theatre Authors to stamp out play piracy. Apparently it is a grave problem, this matter of making amateurs and clubs pay up for the one act plays they give, and Mr. Clements is much exercised over it.

Not all the young novelists are turning playwright. Louis Bromfield, author of "The Green Bay Tree", has been up at Ipswich, Massachusetts, where Larry Barretto, author of "A Conqueror Passes", went to visit him. Mr. Bromfield is most likely writing three novels and simmering, simmering to produce a magnificent result in one. Mr. Barretto said he had just finished a novel dealing with New York life as it wraps itself around a westerner. The book will probably be called "To Babylon". Robert Nathan is working on a new novel, with interludes of evenings in which he improvises on the piano. A violinist usually improvises with him; but Mr. Nathan says his real wish is to write a symphony and fence every morning with a master of the foils. Howard Vincent O'Brien, author of "Trodden Gold", has completed a novel soon to be published; but the worst is that he insists on remaining in the advertising game, and when he comes to New York it is primarily on business. Business should come before pleasure only alphabetically.

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It's a good thing that our friends don't forget us in the summertime, or we should never be able to evolve the Gossip Shop. It's getting unbearably hot; with the warm air of an electric fan blowing on us, our head is getting heavier and heavier. Nora Archibald Smith, who writes us from Hollis, Maine, and who must be much cooler than we are today, says: "I think it is interesting in a literary way to find a story, written in early youth — at eighteen years, perhaps — still fresh and useful after thirty years." So do we, wherefore we publish Miss Smith's foreword to a tale composed in girlhood by Kate Douglas Wiggin and now first published in book form:

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"Love by Express", the novelette of Southern California life, privately printed and sold today by the Dorcas Society of Hollis and Buxton, Maine, was one of the earliest stories written by my sister, Kate Douglas Wiggin.

As to the exact year of its composition I am uncertain, for I share her indifference to dates and her inability to regard them as important. I know, however, that it was written in Santa Barbara, California, immediately after the publication in the "St. Nicholas Magazine" of her story for girls, "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers", and just before her attention was turned to the study of kindergartens. It thus represents the work of a novice in literature and must be judged from that standpoint and not from that of her later and more serious productions.

It has never heretofore been published under her own name, for although she rewrote it several times, — once, by the way, on a dear old farm near Groveville, Maine, — yet it never altogether suited her literary taste and remained year after year in her desk, taken out occasionally, dusted, repolished and returned to its seclusion.

In 1911, my sister and I were in need of some extra money for one of our charitable enterprises and I, who had always cherished a tender feeling for the youthful manuscript, begged that I might try to have it published, under a "nom de plume", if the author thought best, and that I might use the proceeds for our charity. Consent was finally given and the little book was launched at once, finding a safe harbor in the first magazine office to which it was sent. I recall that the editor in his letter of acceptance, pronounced it "the work of a writer of great promise" and we two, knowing the promise had long been fulfilled, smiled together over the happy phrase.

We signed the manuscript with the name of "Genevieve Knight", I remember, and the unknown Genevieve was for some time the recipient of marked attention from editors who wanted to see more of her work.

The story was published, the money spent, but the printed copy remained in the author's desk, as the manuscript had done, for by this time she felt it somewhat too juvenile and over-romantic to be added to her already long list of maturely-ripened books.

To the members of the Maine Dorcas Society, however, of which Kate Douglas Wiggin was long the beloved Honorary President, its very youth is charming, as well as the balmy air of Southern California that breathes throughout its pages and we believe that all its readers will share our pleasure in the book.

To California, then, because there it was composed and to Maine, because there it was re-written, the Dorcas Society dedicates this little volume, its second venture in publication.

The proceeds, like those of its first venture "Dorcas Dishes" will be devoted to the benevolent work of the Society and we believe that in so doing we are following the author's custom with all her writings and "lending it", in very truth, "to the Lord".

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The Gossip Shop wishes to go on record as having done its bit by the Democratic Convention. For one

*Will Rogers*

thing, we snook away from under the editorial eye and hied ourself to Madison Square Garden, where we enjoyed watching the unflagging enthusiasm and zeal of the valiant little band from West Virginia. We wore out our favorite radio battery in an effort to keep up with the balloting; we listened to the Mayor's concerts in a surprisingly transformed Washington Square; and we defended the honor of New York against the protests of a lady delegate who declared that no New Yorker had the courtesy to answer a telephone call. How could they, when they were all engaged in trying to force their way into the Garden? If the irate lady had looked about her, she would probably have discovered

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her missing friends. But the high spot of the Convention was to us the mammoth midnight show to which the Hippodrome invited visiting members of the press — "At least, that's what you're supposed to be", said Will Rogers, gazing suspiciously at the audience. Headliners from vaudeville and musical comedy stars furnished a bill which lasted without intermission until close to three o'clock. We remember most vividly Gilda Gray, Gallagher and Shean, Roy Cummings (who got the biggest "hand" of the evening), Cissie Loftus, Charles Ruggles, Johnny Dooley, Julius Tannen, Queenie Smith, and Johnny Burke. Mr. Rogers dashed over from the "Follies" — which opened that same night — to give his version of the progress of political events. He came in the guise of a fellow reporter, and assured the assembled scribes that he wasn't one of these fellows who go to conventions accompanied by the man who does the actual writing. "My stuff may be terrible", he asserted, "but I write it myself." How any one human can be in so many places at once as is Mr. Rogers, we fail to understand. F. P. A. once confided to us that he was the world's busiest man, but even he, we think, should cede the palm for industry to friend Will.

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We have caught exciting whispers of an autobiography to be published in the spring which seems destined to make a lively splash in the literary pool. Whether the fact that its author is a titled lady of high degree is an asset or a handicap we haven't decided. Heaven knows that there has been enough tripe written in the name of the aristocracy to make them all suspect. However, if the effect of reading the manuscript, as observed in the manner and bearing of those who have (said effect consisting largely of a dazed air and a far off look in the eye that responds to no treatment but must be allowed to wear itself off), is any criterion, "stunner" seems the correct word to apply to "The Last of a Race". We understand that the lady not only has something to say — so many of them have — but that she says it instead of skirting fearfully around the edge of it; and, most blessed of all, that she knows *how* to say it and relies for her effects on something more substantial than the divine right of a princess to give her memoirs to the public, with the result that the highbrows will savor it for its atmosphere and the lowbrows (like us) for the thrilling drama of its story. And — we may as well confess it because it's bound to come out sooner or later — our interest is not quite so impersonal as we would have it appear. We had the pleasure of meeting the lady and she made a deep impression on our susceptible heart. We have not in the course of our unpretentious career encountered more than six or seven princesses and this one has proved the most satisfactory. In fact, we knew she was one as soon as she stepped out of the elevator, because she held her white head so high and because the very stick she leaned on seemed proud to bear her weight. But we are no snob, and it was not until she began to talk to us that her enchanting accent and the twinkle of fun in her remarkably blue eyes and the breath of romance and magic that she exhaled and the enormous pearls in her ears and her exquisite manipulation of a cigarette completed our subjection, and we became aware of that internal swelling which warns us that we are again about to fall a victim to our emotions. And we hope her book sells a million copies!

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For our readers who like novels in serial form we have asked Gerald Carson to list the magazine serial fiction. This is the result. We had no idea there were so many, did you?

*Beginning in April*

One Way Street. By Beale Davis. Everybody's.
The Home-Maker. Dorothy Canfield. Woman's Home Companion.
The White Monkey. John Galsworthy. Scribner's.
A Portrait of a Man with Red Hair. Hugh Walpole. Harper's Bazar.
His Name was Jonah. George Weston. Ladies' Home Journal.

*Beginning in May*

The Valley of Voices. George Marsh. Red Book.
The Carolinian. Rafael Sabatini. Good Housekeeping.
Bill the Conqueror. P. G. Wodehouse. Saturday Evening Post (May 24).
Coming Through. Jack Bethea. Collier's Weekly (May 3).
Necklaces and Dan Wheeler. John I. Cockrane. Adventure (May 30).
The Unknown Quantity. Ethel M. Dell. McCall's.
Gentlemen in White. Hugh MacNair Kahler. Ladies' Home Journal.

*Beginning in June*

The Citadel. Joseph Husband. Everybody's.
Queen Bee. Zona Gale. Delineator.
"I, Charis, Take thee, Jan." Margaret Widdemer. Woman's Home Companion.
Pearl-Hunger. Gordon Young. Adventure (June 30).

*Beginning in July*

The Shoe Tree. Dana Burnet. Red Book.
The Finger of Fire. George Kibbe Turner. Everybody's.
The Beauty Prize. George Weston. Good Housekeeping.
The Innocents. Henry Kitchell Webster. Pictorial Review.
Lucienne. Jules Romains (translated by Waldo Frank). Dial.
The Permanent Deputy. Charles Wesley Sanders. McCall's.
Queen Calafia. Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Hearst's International.

*Beginning in August*

The Eternal Huntress. Rayner Seelig. Smart Set.
A White Stone. Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Woman's Home Companion.
Iroquois! Iroquois! Hugh Pendexter. Adventure (August 10).
The Pleasure Buyers. Arthur Somers Roche. Cosmopolitan.
The Fire Flower. Charles Saxby. Delineator.

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Robert Hillyer, the young poet of Boston and Harvard, has won another prize, that of "The Stratford Monthly" for the best poem published in their magazine over a period of three months. His poem was called "The Halt in the Garden". The next $100 quarterly prize will be awarded by "The Stratford Monthly" in September. Prizes for one act plays are being offered by various little theatre companies throughout the country. One of these is announced by the Huguenot Players of New Rochelle, New York. They will pay their usual royalties of $10 a performance plus a prize of $25. The play must naturally be original and unproduced, and should be submitted before February 1, 1925. The Plot Solution contest of the Laird Institute was won by Dorothy S. Spaulding of Springfield, Massachusetts, with second and third awards going to Elizabeth Price of Washington and Mrs. W. H. Little of Des Moines. The prizes offered by Southern Methodist University for the best poems written by undergraduates in American universities and colleges were awarded by Sara Teasdale, John Hall Wheelock, and Carl Sandburg as follows: First, to Ottys E. Sanders of Southern Methodist University; second, to Roberta Swartz of Mount Holyoke. Curiously enough, in 1923 Miss Swartz won first prize and Mr. Sanders second, for this same contest. The following announcement is made of prizes for next year:

In 1925 three prizes will be offered as follows: (1) A prize of one hundred dollars open to all American undergraduates: (2)

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a prize of fifty dollars open only to undergraduates in Texas colleges and universities; (3) a prize of twenty five dollars open only to students in Southern Methodist University. Mr. William Russell Clark, formerly Secretary of the Poetry Society of Texas, has generously offered to give the money for these three prizes. Contestants must send three typewritten copies of their poems. No contestant may submit more than 200 lines. Contestants are limited to one poem or a group of closely related short poems under a single title. No poem will be entered in the contest unless it is accompanied by an official statement certifying that its author is a *bona fide* resident undergraduate during the school year of 1924–25. The contest will close March 15, 1925. The judges will be announced in the fall of 1924. Manuscripts should be sent to the following address: Jay B. Hubbell, Lilly Professor of English, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

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Reports from our Paris tentacle would seem to indicate that the French climate is not at all unconducive to hard work. Donald Ogden Stewart, author of "Perfect Behavior" and "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind", has just put the finishing touches to a humorous novel, "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad". This book seems destined to be the first of a series concerning the adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Haddock. It would be unfair to disclose what happens to this admirable pair, but it may be said discreetly that from the moment they board the boat until the steward puts his head in the Haddock stateroom and shouts, "Europe! All Off!" the story moves in the best Stewart manner and promises much gaiety for winter reading. John Dos Passos, author of "Three Soldiers" and "Streets of Night", is also in Paris. His new (and third) novel is half completed. A play by him is in the hands of New York producers and will probably have its première this fall. He and Don Stewart have just set out for a trip to Spain. Christopher Morley and his family are in Brittany for the summer. Before he left for France Mr. Morley inscribed a leather bound copy of "Pandora Lifts the Lid" (written by him in collaboration with Don Marquis) for Mr. Marquis as follows: "To Don with the compliments of the author. C. D. M." Our Paris incarnation was hoping to catch a glimpse of the editor of "The Transatlantic Review". But at the moment Ford Madox Ford was in New York. "Moment" appears to be accurate, for according to all reports Mr. Ford took one look at the Convention, and thereupon boarded the next steamer back for Paris.

*Ford Madox Ford*

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It is a mystery to us how large organizations like the P.E.N. and the League of American Pen Women are ever started and how they gather momentum; so we were interested in the following story sent us by Miss Hinda Burke of Washington, D.C.:

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In a little red house, half hidden by rose bushes and vines, three kindred spirits met one evening a quarter of a century ago. That night the League of American Pen Women started on its way as a club for professional women writers. It was at the home of Margaret Sullivan Burke, newspaper correspondent. The idea at that time was in the form of a local project; but last April delegates from every state of the union converged upon Washington, under a national president.

For months previous to this first little meeting my mother had talked to me of this project for the benefit of women writers. I remember suggesting that men be included in the project, but no! The newspaper men had a press club and she wanted one for women. So a comment in a letter from the national president of today with reference to the April convention is quoted here: "America has never seen such a gathering in behalf of the fine arts; that the convention *will consist of women only makes it unique.*"

My mother gave the organization its first home. When the three founders issued a call for a public meeting seventeen pioneers responded, and they continued to meet at our home until the membership grew too large for a private house. She also gave it the name it bears. The members were all called upon for suggestions, and before a meeting my mother showed me a slip of paper upon which she had written several titles, the League of American Pen Women being one of them. She was quite proud and pleased when the club voted one of her suggestions.

Before me is a copy of their first constitution, with its clause defining their object: "To band together active press women or journalists, authors and illustrators for mutual benefit and for the strength that comes of union."

The picture of that first little meeting of three, however, stands more clearly before my mind's eye. Alas! only my mind's eye. In the middle of the front parlor three chairs drawn close together, three heads close together and three earnest faces. And I peeping through the portières at this group, small in number, but earnest of purpose. The parlor was small, but no grand salon was ever more artistic, the rug of old blue, the rose colored lights, and the great painting of Sappho, the Greek poetess, gazing pensively down over all.

Those three are scattered now: Anna S. Hamilton remains in Washington; Marion Longfellow O'Donoghue, niece of the poet, lives in sunny California; while the other sleeps in the cemetery under a grey stone inscribed "Margaret Sullivan Burke, Author and Artist".

The first president was known in Indiana many years ago as Maggie Lute Sullivan, author and artist, and one of her paintings was purchased by the governor and hung in the Executive Mansion. She afterward came to Washington, doing newspaper work at the Capitol, and was the first *woman* ever admitted to the Correspondents' Gallery there, most of her work in later life being along political lines.

Last April the national headquarters in Washington were humming in preparation for the coming national convention. While I was sitting there watching one of the secretaries dart from one telephone to another, making snatches at a typewriter between whiles, the memory of that quiet evening a quarter of a century ago impressed me by way of contrast.

The principal national officers elected this year are as follows: president, Mrs. Harry Atwood Colman; vice president, Mrs. Clarence M. Busch; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Hamlin Cogswell; treasurer, Mrs. Virginia King Frye.

And these are charged with the responsibility of carrying on the work begun by the first president of their organization.

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We have just passed through one of those great experiences of life comparable only, we imagine, to the throes of childbirth. Two of our plays were tried out and in the same week. We are still alive. Since one opened in Stamford, Connecticut, and one in Detroit, we divided ourself in two, and our Contributing Editor went to Detroit while we stayed here. After the openings it became apparent that both plays needed new last acts. Have you ever written a last act in three hours? Try it. The upshot of this experience, quite apart from whatever success came to the two plays, is that we find the drama, even in its most trying and practical aspects, fascinating. The actors gave us the most enthusiastic cooperation, likewise the managers. "The Awful Mrs. Eaton", in which we have tried to give a picture of Andrew Jackson's fight to win a place in Washington society for Peggy O'Neal Eaton, the wife of his secretary of war, opened in Detroit, where Jessie Bonstelle earned our lasting gratitude

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by giving in stock an elaborate and smooth production of a complicated play. This play opens in New York in August. The other play, "Nerves", is a story of the younger generation. It was produced, acted, and directed by young people. We are proud of that fact. It will come into town early in October. Since our thoughts have been lately so largely centred around these two plays, we felt that we could mention them here. To anyone with a nervous temperament we recommend theatrical experimentation for the absorption of any excess emotions.

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Postal cards from Italy, postal cards from Paris, postal cards from the Great Lakes come showering in. Also a card from Glacier National Park saying, "Seeing your magazine up here among the Indians reminded me of you." The one that appealed to us most was from Canada, from the gentleman whose list of the "Ten Books That Have Influenced Me Most" was published in the July issue. We repeat what we said then: we don't know him, but we think he must be delightful. His card said:

THE TEN BOTTLES THAT INFLUENCED ME MOST

1. Hennessy.
2. Canadian Club.
3. Swedish Punch.
4. Burnett's Gin.
5. Bacardi Rum.
6. Martini and Rossi Vermouth.
7. Sparkling Burgundy.
8. Messrs. Haig and Haig.
9. Messrs. Lawson.
10. Roget 1914.

We had quite a time choosing from among the lists of books. That of the honest lady who desires to remain strictly anonymous interested us, and we appreciated the long letter Edward E. Knott of St. Louis wrote us about the measles. We 'd like to publish his list of twelve books that did not contribute anything, but that's not in the game. We can't help though quoting him on "The Old School Speller" which did not aid and abet him because he "could never overcome the idea that it lacked originality". Here is his list of those volumes that made him bigger and better:

1. The Count of Monte Cristo: because Edmond became my *beau idéal* of a man.
2. Herodotus's History: because he taught me how little the world is.
3. Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare: because they created my love for the Bard.
4. Andersen's Fairy Tales: because they renewed my faith in fairies.
5. Twain's Joan of Arc: because it made Jeanne my ideal.
6. Epictetus and Marcus: because they are my bedtime books.
7. Lucian: because he taught me to read Epictetus.
8. The Bible: because it taught me what poetry meant.
9. Origin of the Species: because Darwin taught me how much the truth was worth seeking.
10. Cæsar's Commentaries: because Julius taught me to love men and hate posers.

The frank lady of San Juan, Porto Rico, gives these as the "literary influences of a misspent life":

1. Grimm's Fairy Tales.
2. Book of Common Prayer (including Psalter).
3. Life and Letters of Louisa M. Alcott.
4. Poems of Alfred Tennyson.
5. Songs from Vagabondia: Carman and Hovey.
6. Shakespeare's Sonnets.
7. Stalky and Co.: Kipling.
8. Die Sexuelle Frage: Forel.
9. Vanity Fair: Thackeray.
10. Eros: Emil Lucka.

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Our fourth children's book week contest is hereby announced. For the ten best essays written by boys or girls fifteen years or under, THE BOOKMAN offers ten prizes: first, twenty five dollars in cash; second, ten

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dollars' worth of books; and one book each for the other eight. Two of the best essays received before October 15 will be published in the Christmas number. The announcement of prize awards and the first and second prize winning essays themselves will be published in the January number. The subject for this year will be "My Book Friends at the Movies". Who are the ten or twelve characters from books that you have read that you'd like to take to a motion picture, and what picture would you visit with them? Choose your characters and describe the good time you imagine that you would have with them. Contributions must be not less than three hundred or more than eight hundred words in length; must be written in ink on one side of the paper only; must have name, age, and address of the contestant in the upper right hand corner; and be addressed to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest" in care of THE BOOKMAN. The statement of a parent or teacher vouching for the originality of the composition must accompany each paper. Manuscripts must be mailed to reach the BOOKMAN office no later than November 1.

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We listened in open mouthed rapture the other day while Konrad Bercovici told tales of his wanderings in Spain. He has just returned from several months in Europe, tanned and vigorous looking as ever, his brain filled with stories he is fairly itching to write. When he travels, he soaks himself in the color of a country. Anyone who has read his gipsy stories, a new collection of which is to appear this fall, or his gipsy play "Costa's Daughter" (to be produced soon on Broadway), can understand the zest with which he undertook the study of the Spanish gipsies. He made us shudder with his stories of the almost unbelievable poverty of the lower classes in Spain, a poverty that is endurable only because of the beneficent climate of the country and the happy go lucky temper of the people. Our eyes lit up when he pulled out of his pocket the most exquisite cigarette case we have ever seen — an ancient and marvelously wrought thing of gold and silver ornamented with turquoises — that

*Konrad Bercovici*

brought visions of the magnificence of the old alcaldes. It seemed appropriate, somehow, when this wanderer and teller of tales, whose wild, luxurious black hair and inky mustache always remind us of a brigand, laid on the desk of an editor friend of ours a wicked looking dagger of Toledo steel. The editor, by the way, is a law abiding citizen and family man, and he edits a woman's magazine! He's a true citizen of the world, this Bercovici. Recently he explored the varipeopled corners of New York City for a book of prose sketches, also coming out this fall, called "Around the World in New York". We remember with pleasure how we used to sit, late into the winter

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night, while he talked and talked of the strange and alien things he had uncovered in the hidden places of the metropolis, and drank quantities of Turkish coffee.

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Overheard at luncheon at the Embassy Club, London:

Michael Arlen (to his companion): "Well, old man, I must be going. You have a train to catch — I have a dinner engagement in Paris. You know the dreadful thing about this modern air travel is that the diameter of your hostesses has been enormously augmented. They wire you now from Paris before lunch and expect you to be on time for dinner. Fearful bore. . . .

"My new book — 'The Green Hat'? Splendid — my publishers have just told me the ten thousand mark has been passed, and only a fortnight since publication. . . .

"Well, I really *must* be off. So jolly to have had this spot of lunch with you. Goodby — goodby. So glad America likes 'These Charming People'. But 'The Green Hat's' better — yes, positively. See you in New York in October."

Despite the ardors and endurances of a lecture trip in the United States in the course of which he traveled more miles than are accredited to the combined American railroad systems and outdid the hardihood of the oldest veteran Erie commuter, Frank Swinnerton still speaks of the possibility of another visit "sometime in the future" but the next time to see his friends rather than the landscape. He is now hard at work on his new novel "The Elder Sister", which will probably be more like "Nocturne" in length and treatment than any of his recent books though the theme bears no resemblance to anything he has written. Your Gossip heard him read the opening chapters of this new story and was impressed by the vividness with which the figures of the two sisters emerged from a background drawn with the utmost simplicity and directness. Four days out of the week Mr. and Mrs. Swinnerton spend in their country home, a charming sixteenth century timber and brick cottage in Surrey. Here he divides his time between a garden of distracting beauty and his workroom in a detached studio at the rear of the garden. The Tokefield cricket pitch lies beyond the garden hedge, a plush-like expanse of rich green with the red roofs of the village at the far side, and from the upper windows of the Swinnerton cottage one may observe the rise and fall of mighty bowlers. Mr. Swinnerton has recently had news of the sale in America of the picture rights to "Coquette".

W. Somerset Maugham, who has recently bought a fine old house in Bryanston Square, London, has just finished his new novel. It will be published in book form in the United States in the spring of 1925. Toward the early autumn of this year he expects to set out for South America, about which he has a great curiosity. He will stop in New York on the way. His play "Our Betters", which had its première in New York a number of years ago with Chrystal Herne, is the hit of the London season.

Albert Mansbridge, president of the World Association for adult education and closely affiliated with the committees for the reorganization of the course in Oxford and Cambridge, has accepted the invitation of Chautauqua to deliver a series of addresses this summer at the fiftieth anniversary of the Chautauqua gatherings. He has in preparation an important volume on the growth of adult education throughout the world.

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